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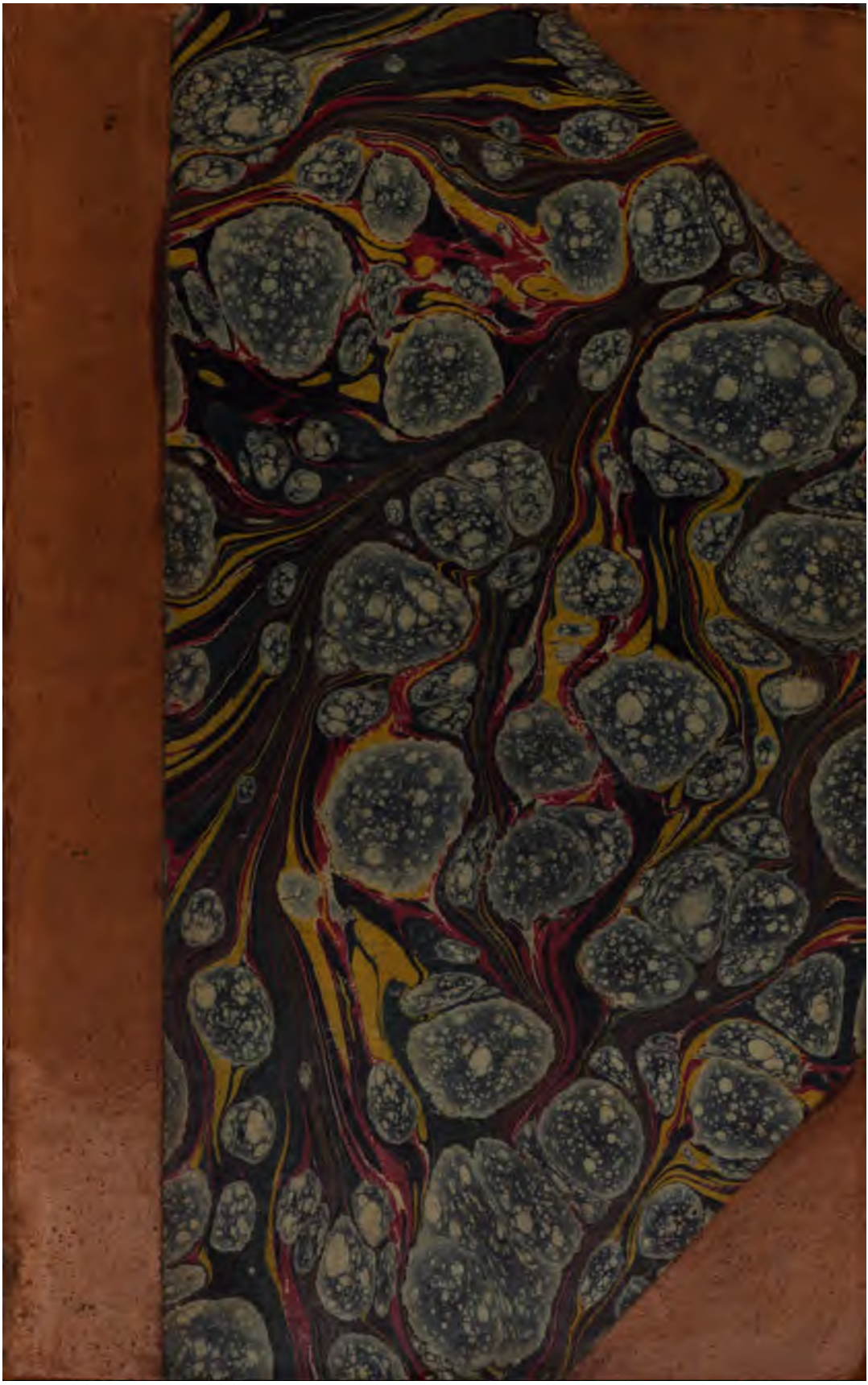

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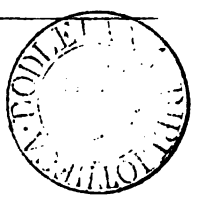

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH NAVY, AND THE NECESSITY OF A NAVAL BREVET.

We are aware that there are many other reasons, besides expense, which induce visionary and revolutionary partisans to rail, as they do, against the army and the navy, now that their services are supposed to be no longer required. There are certain topics which are very valuable to an orator on the hustings, and invariably conciliate the good opinion of a large portion of the public, who care little for sound sense or argument, for the best of all possible reasons, because either is above their comprehension. A would-be legislator knows that he is certain to raise a cheer if he declaims, or even stammers, upon such popular questions as the abolition of slavery, the pension and sinecure list, or, above all, the talismanic cry of reform. But slavery is abolished, much against the wishes of those who spouted most copiously for its abolition; for with that abolition has also been abolished their ephemeral influence, and the many good things which that influence put into their power. The pension and sinecure list has also been so pared down, that even Mr. Hume has nothing more to say; and as for reform, people begin to be fatigued with hearing or expatiating on its merits, when they cannot discover or prove that any advantage has hitherto been obtained. A portion of corrupt Tory boroughs have indeed been disfranchised, but many equally rotten Whig boroughs have been preserved, because the Whigs had the arrangement of the bill. If reform was really wished, like the Triumviri in former days, who met together with their respective lists of each other's friends, and their own enemies, and heroically sacrificed them in exchange, so should the Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, have met in secret conclave, and have disfranchised boroughs in exchange as the Triumviri sacrificed heads, then we should have had a real reform. How many counties or boroughs would then have been left as qualified to return members to parliament, it would be invidious to surmise; but if we may judge from the various cases of bribery on every side brought forward since the passing of the Reform Bill, we are inclined to think that there would be no occasion to go to the expense of a new House of Commons.

But if the above *ad captandum* questions have been worn threadbare, or have died a political death, still there is one subject which will last as long as there is a king upon the throne, or ministers in office, or a House of Lords, or a House of Commons. How long

these are to be suffered to exist, we cannot pretend to say; but when we hear such opinions expressed by the aristocracy as are ascribed to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, and such bills brought forward by his son, as the "*Sacrilege made easy Bill,*" we shall feel no surprise if some fine morning we wake up and find that his Majesty has posted to Hanover, that the several heads of the House of Lords adorn the several lamp-posts of Regent Street, that the National Assembly have already been summoned, and the guillotine is already hard at work in Trafalgar Square. The popular subject to which we refer, is retrenchment; and in the propriety of it we agree with the most radical, not like him to gain the plaudits and votes of the people, but from a conviction that the necessities of the country will each year increase, and therefore will each year more imperiously demand it. Many who are equally moderate with ourselves in their opinions, will join the factious on this question, although they will hold aloof from them in every other. But the Whigs have begun to find, now that they are in power, that the reiterated bringing up of this question is excessively troublesome and perplexing; they have discovered that, with all their boasted patriotism, their party is a party who cannot be held together without a *consideration;* and after having declaimed upon retrenchment until they were hoarse, that they might obtain power, now wish that the subject was not quite so often and inconveniently canvassed. They have discovered that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," and that there is no patriotism without pay; in short, that there are no men who will undergo the fatigues and responsibility of office for nothing. Even political dinners are very expensive, and how can a party be kept together in England without feeding them? Impossible.

We recollect a very amusing exhibition some years ago upon the stage at Astley's Amphitheatre—a castle defended by monkeys, and attacked by dogs. The former were supplied with large sticks, and certainly displayed great address against the rabid attacks of their assailants. Now that the monkeys should fight in their own defence was natural enough; but what surprised the audience was, that the dogs should display such fury in the attacks, as individually they could have no animosity against the monkeys. The *secret* was this. The dogs had been confined for some time without food, and were ravenously hungry. Underneath the battlements of the castle, at a height at which the dogs could scarcely reach with their utmost exertions, were hung *pieces of meat.* These were not perceived by the audience, and hence their surprise at the extraordinary efforts made by the dogs to get over the castle walls. The good people of England are the audience, the monkeys are those in office, and the dogs are the opposition.

We have said that we agree with others in the necessity of the greatest possible retrenchment; and it is because the country is in a state of the greatest possible suffering;—agriculture, which is the true staple of our wealth, is at the greatest depression;—thousands and thousands have emigrated, enriching other nations by the expenditure of those millions, the circulation of which would have so much contributed to relieve the distresses of their own countrymen;—internal

commerce at a stand, pausing to ascertain the effect of so much political excitement;—external commerce reduced to fractional gains by the competition of all Europe;—the wisdom of our ancestors repudiated, and the profits of our carrying trade thrown into the hands of foreigners by visionary enthusiasts;—the established religion of the country attacked by a party who can only hold their seats in office at the pleasure of a Catholic dictator;—innovation mistaken for improvement, and one of the chief supports of our revenue drawn from intemperance, arising from the misery of the lower classes, who have been reduced to it by four years of incompetent and disastrous maladministration. We have now found out the baneful effects of mock reform—we have witnessed a nation, disgusted with the inefficiency of its rulers, call out for the one man able to take the helm in such tempestuous seas, and steer the shattered vessel of the state into the haven of safety—we have beheld the unheard-of tribute paid to merit, that of a nation remaining without rulers, a monarch without advisers, and all Europe in anxious impatience, for the space of three weeks, awaiting the decision of that great man whose presence was to restore confidence, and produce universal satisfaction—we have seen this man presiding at the helm for a short period, and the whole country, with the exception of a faction, indulging in the most sanguine hopes;—and, alas! we have seen all their hopes disappointed by this faction, which, sooner than allow Sir Robert Peel to save the country, joined themselves with a traitorous party; and against the wishes of the king, the aristocracy, and the nation at large, these renegades have triumphed, proving the fact, that by means of a mock Reform Bill, the people of England are no longer duly represented in the House of Commons.

Next to the interest of the national debt, the heaviest tax upon our heavily taxed country, is the dead weight, or the pension and half-pay of the army and navy. That both services are much more extensive than we require, even in time of war, is undeniable, and the nation have therefore grounds of complaint. But if what is done cannot be undone without injustice, it is at the same time imperative that some steps should be taken to relieve the country from a burthen which every year it will be less able to support. Of the pensions there is little to be said; they were granted upon much too liberal a scale, but time is rapidly providing a remedy for the evil. It certainly appears but just, that after twenty-one years' servitude a man should be entitled to a pension; but it was overlooked at the time that thousands had entered the service at so early an age, that they had accomplished their servitude in the prime of life. The great error was not stipulating that not only they should prove a servitude of twenty-one years, but also that they had arrived at a certain age, (say, fifty-five or sixty;) so that although the party had retired upon a well-earned pension, there should have been a fair prospect of his not remaining too long as a burthen to the country. This was the more necessary, as during the first years of his servitude he was learning his duty, and was hardly worth his provisions and his pay. But we shall dismiss this subject with the remark, that such a regulation should now be made; and in proceeding to the question of half-

pay, we shall confine ourselves to the navy, as what we have to bring forward relative to that service will, with some modifications, be equally applicable to the other.

We do not accuse the nation of ingratitude. When they required our services they were liberal and grateful, but the times are sadly changed. We can remember the time when the navy was the delight, the pride, the cherished portion of an enthusiastic country—when every gazette was filled with the details of its prowess, and every port with the proofs—when victory after victory was the source of universal congratulation and exultation in every county, in every town, and even in every house in the united kingdom—when it was looked upon, as it really was, as the bulwark of the nation—when even the appearance of a little midshipman in his uniform at one of the theatres, would create more sensation than that of the reigning belle of the metropolis, or even royalty itself. What are they now? Dead weight. Their services are no longer required, and the expense is enormous. Like a man who in his ardour has made a large settlement upon his mistress, which, when he is tired of and has abandoned her, he pays with the utmost reluctance; so has the navy now become a source of discontent and unwilling expense to the nation. This is but natural; we must take man, whether in a mass or as an individual, not as he ought to be, but as he is, and expect no more. We can expect no other feeling in the present exhausted state of the country, even if the navy list was not larger than what it should be; but this is not the fact, it is much larger than would be required even in time of war, and therefore, if it is to remain so, the nation will have just grounds of dissatisfaction. On the other hand, there has been great hardship suffered by a portion of the navy, as we shall show hereafter. There are many points to be considered, not only as to the claims of the navy on the one hand and the country on the other, up to the present time, but also as to what force ought to be kept up by the nation in time of peace, so as to hold herself prepared for war. It is our intention to enter fully into this subject, and to try whether we cannot reconcile these conflicting interests, and propose such measures as will eventually relieve the country, without injustice to a service to which she is indebted for her present pre-eminence, and without whose services she can never expect any future security.

We have said we have no reason to accuse the nation of ingratitude, and, notwithstanding, a portion of the navy have been unfairly treated. We have acknowledged that the number of officers on the list are more than requisite even in time of war; but it also must be remembered, that large as the number is, it would have been much increased if every officer had received his deserts. The latter fact is as undeniable as the former. At the time that England was at war with the major part of Europe and America, not only were her ships but half manned, but there was a dearth of midshipmen. How many midshipmen were serving at the end of the war it is impossible precisely to say, but allowing the ships to have had but two-thirds of the complements allowed, there could not have been less than six or seven thousand. At that time the country required their services, and the services of a midshipman are of more value than has usually been

imagined. They are the link between the officers and the men, which, if not complete, the chain of discipline would be broken. But we are not now to expatiate upon the value of midshipmen. The case between the midshipmen and the country is simply this. They entered the service at a time when their services were important, with the hopes of promotion and provision for life. The service is one of activity, hardship, and danger, and of such a peculiar nature as to unfit them for any other profession. They have spent the flower of their existence in the service, and now that the country no longer requires them, is it fair or just to throw them on the wide world without indemnification? Such was the case of the midshipmen, and the country had to choose between an increase of her burthens, or be guilty of injustice. It is now twenty years since the close of the war, and we now inquire, what has been done? We reply, that much has been done, more than the exigencies of the nation could well afford, much more than it can continue to sustain. At the close of the war, in the year 1815, six hundred and sixty lieutenants received their commissions, and since that year up to the present, the whole number of lieutenants made amount to upwards of 1800. This cannot be considered as unhandsome on the part of the nation. The fact is, that since the peace, the promotion in all classes has been very considerable, as we shall prove by the navy list.

Total list of Post Captains	. 766,	out of which made since 1 Jan. 1815	. 359
Commanders	. 850	. . . . .	. . 553
Lieutenants	. 3,084	. . . . .	. . 1,838

But large as this promotion appears to be, it must be recollected that we have had twenty years of peace, and during that time one half of those on the navy list at the close of the war, now sleep with their fathers. The country, therefore, has not had an increase of burthen, at least we believe not, further than what it suffers from a decrease of means. Let it be remembered, that out of the six or seven thousand midshipmen who were serving at the close of the war, only 1,838, or about one-third, have obtained their rank—indeed, not so large a portion, as a great many on that list of 1,800 did not enter the service until after the peace. What then have become of all the rest? After serving fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years in a subordinate rank, they have been refused employment, or have retired disgusted and heart-sick from hope deferred. Those who have had friends to assist them, have turned to other sources of livelihood, and we are grieved to add, that too many who, by their valour and their zeal, have contributed to the glory of their country, have lain down and died of a broken heart. Yet to have done justice to all was impossible. How heavy the responsibility then of those in power, who may have turned a deaf ear to merit, and for political and party interests may have bestowed the meed upon the undeserving! We have entered more fully upon the hard case of the junior officers, as we shall eventually prove that the effective state of the service will wholly depend upon the arrangements which may be made relative to this class. That there is much discontent and grumbling among the higher grades is certain; but the fact is, that every one is apt to value himself too highly.

We grant that in some cases it is well founded, but in most without a cause. Length of servitude is a claim invariably brought forward; but, at the risk of offending many, we are much inclined to dispute this claim. Long service during the peace certainly is no claim to promotion, and long service during war without promotion, (we refer to the higher grades in the service,) although there is occasionally grounds of complaint, in most cases proves either that the party was not deserving, or that there were others who were more deserving than he was. That the patronage of the Admiralty has been, in the hands of our respective governments, a strong engine of political power, and that hundreds have been made from favour and affection, is not to be denied, but we have carefully watched the naval service for many years, and we will say, although many have been made without claims, that seldom to our knowledge has a claim for gallantry and good conduct been brought forward without having been acknowledged. We will conclude these remarks by pointing out that the half-pay of the navy must be considered in the light of a pension to those who are no longer able to serve, and as a retaining fee to those who are. No officer can draw his half-pay without taking an oath that he has no other office under government, and is not in the service of any foreign power; and no officer can leave the country without permission, and renewing that leave as soon as it expires.

We have stated the case fairly between the English navy and the country up to the present time, and we have now to consider what measures can be taken so as to relieve the nation, and at the same time to ensure a sufficient number of officers, should their services be required in a war, and that without injustice to any party. But before we enter into this subject, it is necessary that we should point out—

1st. That our navy is not only too extensive and too burthensome, but that it is even larger than we require in case of war.

2nd. That from circumstances, and under the present arrangements, it is ineffective in parts, and that extensive as is the list, we shall not be able, in case of war, to find the officers we require in every department.

Having established these facts, we will then proceed to point out by what means the expense may be reduced, and the service be rendered effective, without injustice to any party.

Let us first examine what is the actual force of our navy which can be brought forward in case of a war. In so doing we shall include all ships building. At a rough estimate, but quite sufficient for our purpose, our naval force consists of one hundred sail of the line, one hundred frigates, and one hundred and thirty-five sloops and brigs. We have taken them according to their ratings and classes, and find that to man them all with the officers allowed, we should require

	Post Captains.	Commanders.	Lieutenants.
	201	134	1,402
Our Navy List holds on it as effective	766	850	3,084

not including nine retired post captains, and one hundred and eighty-two retired commanders. If it be inquired whether we consider the

naval force in shipping which we have mentioned above as sufficient in time of war, we reply, that it is more than sufficient to meet most exigencies, and at all events quite sufficient to commence a general war. During the latter part of our conflict, in which America was also opposed to us, our force was too much frittered away in smaller craft, and not sufficiently concentrated. We had more vessels, but not so effective a fleet upon the whole.

It may be as well to observe here, that to complete the same force with the mates and midshipmen *allowed* to be rated on the books of the different vessels, we should require of the junior officers 3,152. This does not include the volunteers of the first class, who would amount to 1,406, making a total of 4,558 junior officers necessary for their equipment. We shall refer to this hereafter.

We have not at present a list of the vessels in the French navy, but, as near as we can recollect, it amounts to more than half of our own in the number of the vessels. We have, however, a list of their officers for 1835, which we will put in juxtaposition with our own.

	Admirals, and retired.	Post Captains, and retired do.	Commanders, and retired do.	Lieutenants.
English	208	775	1,034	3,084
French	29	140	89	435

We think that we have fully established that our navy list is much larger than is required even in time of war, or than the country can afford to maintain, and we shall now proceed to our second assertion, that, from circumstances, it is not effective in all its departments.

We feel that we enter upon rather a delicate subject—one which may procure us the ill-will of men whom we admire and we respect—men of whom the nation have justly reason to be proud, and yet, after all, we are only about to tax with a misfortune, and not a fault; and further, we are not going to be so invidious, as to select any one individual, but to make general remarks. What we are about to assert is an unpleasant truth, and we must therefore trust to the better feelings of the parties resuming their ascendancy after a few hours' reflection, and a few twinges of the gout and rheumatism, at the time that they read this portion of our article. They are welcome to throw down the Magazine, and vent their anger in the words of the old commodore—

> "What no more to go afloat, blood and fury, they lie,
> I'm a sailor, and only——"

—if they were only *three score*, we should have been premature in our remarks, but the fact is, that many of them are much nearer four score, and therefore we shall assert, by another portion of the song—

> "That the bullets and the gout, have so knock'd their hulls about,
> That they'll never more be fit for sea."

Of course, we refer to our present list of admirals. We are aware of the exceptions, but they only prove the truth of the general assertion. The fact speaks for itself. During the rapid promotions to the list of admirals, it was seldom that an officer obtained the rank until he was past fifty. If he did, he was considered as a young admiral. Now to

fifty add twenty years for the peace, and the sum will be seventy. We believe that we know the age of every admiral in the service, and have the paper in our possession. We will not print it, as some of them flirt a little yet, but we find by this list that the *average* age of the admirals is seventy-six. We do not mean to say but that many are now just as competent, as full of zeal and energy, as ever they were; but this we do say, that however fresh they may be in their intellects, their constitutions will not, after a twenty years' residence on shore, bear up against the fatigue and constant excitement of a sea life, and that a couple of winters in command of the channel fleet would lay the majority of the list under hatches; and we assert it too with the conviction that death has more trouble in killing an old admiral than any other class of people. Still they must haul down their flags to him at last.

We have been looking over the list, and decide that Sir Edward Brace is the freshest man among them. Hardy is moored at Greenwich, much too soon for his country's good; and as for Sir George Cockburn, we require him as First Lord of the Admiralty, a situation he should have held some time ago. But we forget that we were not to mention names; we were about to select those who are still serviceable, but by so doing we should imply that those not mentioned were not so, and therefore we must adhere to our general assertion.

We cannot help here remarking, that it is a strange anomaly putting a civilian at the head of the Admiralty; and it is most indefensible, for the reason, although not avowed, is as discreditable as it is notorious. The asserted reason is the very contrary from the true. They say that an admiral who has been so long in the service, must have a great many followers, and that he will show partiality in promoting them. Now, that an admiral of eminence will have followers is certain, and that he will prefer advancing those with whose merits he is well acquainted, is not surprising; but surely, if an officer has by his courage and conduct raised himself so conspicuously as to be selected to fill so high a station, it is but fair to infer, that those whom he has taken under, and who have proved themselves deserving of, his protection, must be officers of merit, and are worthy of being selected. But the above reason is not the true one; it is, on the contrary, as follows, and was introduced during the height of old Tory misrule. Government discovered, that with a naval First Lord, the patronage of the Admiralty was not so wholly at their disposal as they could wish. They found that a naval lord not only could fully appreciate, but would consider, the claims of the officers, and preferred rewarding services done at sea, to services done to government; and this did not suit them. As for talking about the First Lord having naval lords as advisers, that is nonsense. Advisers have no power, and, moreover, no responsibility. If the nation is really anxious for economy during peace, and energy during war, and justice being done to merit, let them have a naval First Lord of the Admiralty, and certainly, of all the officers now on our list, there is no man so competent, and in every respect so well qualified, as Sir George Cockburn. At the same time that we give our free opinion on this point, let it not be supposed that we would infer that there have not been lay first

lords who have wished to be impartial, especially latterly; but they have laboured under a great disadvantage in not understanding the routine of the service, or not being able to appreciate the various claims; they have been obliged to trust to the advice and opinion of others, who are without responsibility, until they have been seated a sufficient time at the board to understand the routine of the service, and to disembarrass themselves from leading-strings.

With every respect for the admirals at present on our list, we must invalid the majority for harbour duty, and assert, that if a war should in a few years hence break out, we should not be able to select a sufficient number, as nearly all, from age and infirmity, would be prevented from accepting a command. Now there is no portion of our navy which it is so imperative should be effective, as the list of admirals. The responsibility of an admiral is immense, for on the fleet which he commands may, as it more than once did, during the last war, depend the safety of the nation. And be it observed, that allowing most of the present admirals on the list to have passed away, and their vacancies to have been filled up by the *senior* captains, we should not be better off. There is little or no difference between their respective ages, for although we have so many young men on the post list, yet the average age is sixty, owing to the advanced age of those who are on the top of it. Here then the service is, and if some remedy be not applied, will, when required, prove to be, *vitally ineffective.*

That the lists of post-captains, commanders, and lieutenants, are effective, there can be no doubt. We shall therefore pass them over, and proceed to those who are not on the list—the midshipmen, whose cause we must plead, not only on account of the injustice with which they have been treated, but also because we are convinced that it is one of the utmost importance, if we wish to retain an effective navy. It is universally acknowledged, that there is no service in existence which has done its duty better, or been more valuable to a state, than the navy of Great Britain. Yet, strange to say, it is the only service which we know of, in which young men are induced to enter, without any *surety* of future benefit or indemnity for their exertions. The case of the thousands of midshipmen who were cast adrift at the close of last war, is a proof of our assertion, and we exclaim against it as an act of cruelty and injustice. That the Admiralty have felt the truth of what we here state, and at the same time have been obliged to extend to them nothing but *pity*, in consequence of their hands being tied up by the necessities of the state, is most certain; and although not warranted in redressing former grievances, they have made such regulations as in future to prevent the admission of so many into the service. This has been judicious and considerate, as it will give a *better* chance of promotion to those who now enter, (what that better chance may be, we will show directly,) but at the same time, in this view of the question, we are on the horns of a dilemma; either we shall at the commencement of a war not have sufficient junior officers for our fleets, or we must admit more into the service, without, indeed, we again resort, as was the case at the opening of last war, to the plan of putting the men before the mast on the quarter-deck as officers; the very worst plan that can be resorted to, and the bad

effects of which have but very lately disappeared from the service. We have stated, that to man our present naval force, we shall require 4,538 mates, midshipmen, and volunteers. As the latter are always to be procured, we shall base our calculations upon the mates and midshipmen. The number allowed by the rules of the service to man our present navy, is 3,152; and we cannot do without them. It is astonishing how much the discipline suffers from the want of midshipmen, and it should be here observed, that, during the war, ships were permitted to, and did, bear many more on their books than the prescribed allowance. Let us examine what prospects we have of obtaining this supply in case of a war, and in so doing, we must assume some period to which we may calculate. We will say five years. The number of midshipmen still *hanging on* in the service, is not very easy to be obtained, still we can very nearly approximate to the truth. There are ninety-seven vessels at present in commission, and the number of mates and midshipmen allowed to be borne on their books is six hundred and sixty-one. By an Admiralty order to provide for a portion of those who otherwise might starve, each ship is permitted to bear two Admiralty midshipmen in lieu of two men. We shall take it for granted that all these vacancies are filled up, and they will amount to one hundred and ninety-four. Then there is another employment found for midshipmen now-a-days, in which if they do not learn all their professional duties, they at least learn one part of them, which is, to *keep watch:* we refer to the coast guard, and we believe we are correct in stating, that every lieutenant employed on this service is allowed two midshipmen. The number of lieutenants employed are three hundred and eight; we may therefore calculate that there are six hundred and sixteen midshipmen walking the beach, and *sniffing the gale for gin.* These three items will give a total of 1,471 midshipmen and mates. The last time that the Admiralty attempted the census, we are informed that the calculation was about 1,700, but we prefer taking the smaller estimate.

We must next proceed to ascertain the proportion of volunteers now in the service, and what may be the increase of our junior officers in five years, according to the present regulations.

The ninety-seven vessels in commission as the peace establishment, are allowed at the time that they are fitted out to enter on those books four hundred and thirty-six volunteers of the first class. Now there is little difference in our peace establishment from year to year, one ship replacing another that is paid off, and each ship is retained in commission for three years. It is true, that by the regulations of the Admiralty, a volunteer may be rated as a midshipman, after having served two years in that capacity; but as there are but seldom vacancies, this permission will not much increase the number. We may, therefore, as four hundred and thirty-six are allowed to be entered every three years, estimate the annual admission at one hundred and forty-five.

We will just examine whether, in five years, we shall have a sufficiency to meet the demand which may be required. We have in the service 1,471, and 145×5 years, will give $725 + 1{,}471 = 2{,}196$ mid-

shipmen, making no allowance for casualties or promotion. We have shown that the lowest number required will be 3,152.

But the above is of little consequence compared to the other view, which we are now about to take, of this question, which is, as to what are the prospects of those young men who are now in and continue to enter the service, and we submit, whether in justice even the small number of one hundred and forty-five per annum ought to be permitted to enter the service, if the present regulations are adhered to. What is the rate of promotion now a-days? Let us examine the navy list, and take the four last years.

Lieutenants promoted in		1831	37
Ditto	ditto	1832	46
Ditto	ditto	1833	38
Ditto	ditto	1834	40
			4)161
Mean promotion of Midshipmen to Lieutenants . .			40

As this promotion has been regulated by a plan of not promoting one lieutenant until three are off the list, it may be taken as the general average of future promotion. Now, one hundred and forty-five young men are entered into the service every year, out of which only thirty-eight can receive their commissions, and we have already 1,471 midshipmen in the service, most of whom have already served their six years, and passed their examination.

Let us first calculate how long it will be, at the present rate of promotion, before these 1,471 will all have been promoted. It will be between *forty* and *forty-one* years!! And the evil will, each year, be on the increase, for assuming that we have twenty years peace with the same regulation holding good—

Midshipmen already in the service	1,471
Volunteers brought forward in twenty years .	2,900
40)4,371(109 years	

So that, entering the service at twelve years old, some of the midshipmen will have to attain the age of one hundred and twenty-one years (that is, if they can) before they will obtain their rank!!!

This is a charming prospect for our young heroes, yet still it is undeniably the fact that such is the prospect before them. And yet if we wish to keep the service in any way efficient, we must enter these young men. Must not we, then, have recourse to some other arrangements, by which the service may be rendered effective, and at the same time we may not be guilty of such monstrous injustice?

Having proved that we have a navy list much too extensive, even in time of war, and also explained in what departments our service is defective, we shall proceed to lay before our readers a plan by which there would not only be a large sum saved to the country, but we should be fully prepared in the case of emergency. That this plan, if acted upon, would operate gradually, is true, as it will be only in full activity when a large proportion of the present officers on the list

shall have died off, but to propose any other would be an act of injustice. Still, the sooner the plan is acted upon, the sooner the country will be released. The half-pay of the admirals, post-captains, commanders, and lieutenants, at present on our navy list, amounts to the sum of 760,000*l.*, or nearly so. Our calculations were made a few months back, and the list has been somewhat reduced, still it is an approximation sufficient for our purpose. We propose to render the service much more effective, to do injustice to no one, to do justice to many, and at the same time to reduce the expense of the navy list to about 428,000*l.*, which will be a saving to the country of about 332,000*l.* per annum. We will at once lay before our readers our proposed scale, to which the list should be confined, and then comment upon its provisions in detail.

Admirals 45.			£.	s.	d.
Admirals, red, white, and blue	5 of each,	15, at 2*l.* 2*s.* per day	11,497	10	0
Vice-admirals, ditto	5	15, at 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*	8,896	17	6
Rear-admirals, ditto	5	15, at 1*l.* 5*s.*	6,843	15	0
Admirals by *Brevet*	155	at 12*s.* 6*d.*	35,359	7	6
Post-captains	300	10*s.* 6*d.*	57,480	0	0
Post-captains by *Brevet*	100	10*s.*	18,250	0	0
Commanders	200	8*s.* 6*d.*	31,025	0	0
Commanders by *Brevet*	200	6*s.*	21,900	0	0
Lieutenants	1,500	5*s.*	136,875	0	0
Lieutenants by *Brevet*	2,500	at 40*l.* per year	100,000	0	0
		Expense of proposed navy list	428,127	10	0

Present Navy List, with amount of Half-Pay.

			£.	s.	d.
208	Admirals		109,179	0	0
109	Post-captains	at 14*s.* 6*d.*	28,842	2	6
150	ditto	12*s.* 6*d.*	34,218	15	0
553	ditto	10*s.* 6*d.*	105,968	12	6
150	Commanders	10*s.*	10,995	0	0
841	ditto	8*s.* 6*d.*	130,460	2	6
482	Lieutenants	7*s.*	61,575	10	0
700	ditto	6*s.*	75,750	11	0
2,225	ditto	5*s.*	203,031	5	0
			£759,960	7	6
		Proposed List	428,127	10	0
		Saving to Nation	£331,832	17	6

REMARKS UPON THE PROPOSED ALTERATION IN THE NAVY LIST.

Admirals.—Although every lad enters the service, with a firm conviction of his one day being an admiral, that is no reason why we should have two hundred and eight admirals on the list;* when, in the most active and extended war, we cannot find employment for thirty. The respectability of a service is not increased by the highest

* The list of admirals has been reduced by death, since these calculations were made. They are not now more than one hundred and sixty-five. Death has been busy with them, but we could renew the whole on that account.

grade becoming too common, and forty-five admirals are quite sufficient for the dignity of the service, and more than sufficient for its demands.

Admirals by brevet.—Although forty-five admirals, receiving the full-pay of admirals, are quite as many as are required, still it does not always follow that among these forty-five we can find men who are competent for active service; and as it is of the most vital importance that our fleets should be entrusted to active and talented officers, we propose that there shall be one hundred and fifty-five admirals by brevet, taken from the list of post-captains, from which the Admiralty may select those whom they consider the most efficient, in case they cannot find them on the list of admirals. Admirals by brevet, when appointed to command as admirals, to be on precisely the same footing as other admirals, but with one exception, that they cannot be appointed as admiral of a sea-port, that privilege being reserved wholly for the admirals.

There are two reasons which require that there should be admirals by brevet; the first is, in justice to those officers at the head of the post-captains' list, who would wish to obtain their rank before they die, of which, if the list of admirals was reduced to forty-five, they would stand but a poor chance; and the other is of the greatest importance. There always has been a great difficulty in the naval service, arising from post-captains obtaining the rank of admiral by seniority alone. This difficulty was apparent at the time when Nelson so distinguished himself as commodore. The Admiralty appreciated his valour, and wished to employ him as admiral, but to so do they were compelled to make a numerous batch of admirals out of those who were senior to him on the list, merely that they might be able to give him a command.

Now if this plan be acted upon, the difficulty will be removed. We propose that one hundred and forty brevet admirals shall be made from the head of the list of post-captains, out of which there can be little doubt but we can find the officers we require; but as it may so happen that the Admiralty may require the services of an officer, who is not so high on the list, or may, on account of his services, wish to pay him that compliment, we propose that fifteen vacancies are left to be filled up at the selection of the Admiralty, without regard to seniority. As this will be a new feature in the service, it should be carefully guarded by regulations, so as to prevent abuse, such as a certain length of servitude as post-captain, having received medals or orders, having been one of a whole who have received the thanks of the nation, &c.; in short, it must be given for services alone. But these regulations should be made by the king in council.

Holding the rank of brevet admiral not to prevent the officer from taking the command of a ship as post-captain, where he may hoist his pennant as commodore, receiving but the pay according to the rating of the ship, unless he commands the squadron, and has been especially selected for that purpose.

Post-Captains.—We have already shown that the number of post-captains required for our service during war, does not exceed two hundred. We do not, therefore, reduce the list too much in pro-

posing three hundred, especially as there are one hundred post-captains by brevet.

Post-Captains by brevet.—We have continued the brevet through the list, from a desire of economy, and also because it will enable the Admiralty to reward officers with their rank with little extra expense to the nation. Post-captains by brevet to be appointed either to a post-ship or a sloop, receiving their pay when employed, according to the rate of the vessel.

Commanders.—The commanders' list is at present the most disproportioned of the whole, to the wants of the service. We have shown that one hundred and thirty-four commanders are about the number required for our service during war, and we have now, with retired commanders, one thousand and thirty-four on the list. We propose, therefore, two hundred, which, as there are two hundred commanders by brevet, will be more than sufficient for the service, and quite as many as the nation can afford to pay.

Commanders by brevet.—Commanders by brevet to be appointed to the command of sloops and brigs as commanders, or to act, if their services are required, as first lieutenants to post ships.

Lieutenants.—The number of lieutenants required for the service during war is, as we have shown, about 1,402, and we have therefore reduced the list to 1,500, not that that number would really be sufficient, were it not that we propose 2,500 lieutenants by brevet.

Lieutenants by brevet.—This is the most important point in the proposed alteration; important not only as an act of justice, but as ensuring a supply of good officers.

In the first place, what can be more absurd than that a nation should incur the heavy expense of the pay and provisions of lads for six years, during which they are learning the duties of their profession, and then, as soon as they are rendered capable and efficient officers, of not securing their services, but turning them adrift?

In the second place, what can be more inequitable than to induce a young man to abandon all his other prospects, and having unfitted him for any thing else, to tell him that you no longer require him, and that he may go to the devil and starve?

It may be said, that the half pay of 40*l.* per annum is not sufficient; we reply, that it is quite as much as the nation can afford; and as no young man is now permitted to enter the service unless his friends can allow 40*l.* or 50*l.* per annum, with their assistance, it will enable him to shift until he obtains a higher grade.

But the pay is of little importance; the boon of a brevet commission would be gladly received, even without pay. At present these young men are positively nothing. Give them their rank, let them have their commission as an officer, and then they are *something*, and moreover their services are secured to their country.

We propose that there should be little or no difference in the full and half-pay of these officers, as the expense of their provisions when employed must be taken into consideration—that they should wear the half epaulette, or strap—only be amenable to a court-martial, and that the captain be justified in entrusting them with the charge of a watch, if their services are required. Nevertheless, they are to perform the

duties of mates, when ordered to join in the capacity of brevet lieutenants, and remain with the midshipmen as before; they are, however, to have this advantage—

That they may be appointed to a ship as lieutenants, and during the time they are so employed, will mess with the gun-room officers, and receive all the pay, and enter into all the rights, of a full lieutenant, wearing for the time the uniform.

Midshipmen who have passed their examination, and are strongly recommended to be eligible immediately to the rank, and without they have misconducted themselves, to be entitled to it after they have passed, and can show two years subsequent servitude. Once having received the brevet commission, to be under the same control as other officers, relative to employment in foreign service, and leave of absence.

We have now laid our plan before our readers; we acknowledge that it requires much canvassing, and that there are many points to be considered which we have not entered upon; but as no plan is at first perfect, it is better to give but the general outline, for if deserving of attention it will not be lost sight of, and the defect may be remedied. There is one point upon which we have not touched, the length of time necessary to serve in each grade. This must remain to be regulated. We must, however, observe, that the list being so reduced, the promotions should be suffered to take place from brevet to brevet. We mean to say, that a brevet commander may be promoted to the rank of a brevet post-captain, without it being necessary that he should have worked his way up to the full commanders' list; otherwise there would be little or no promotion. At the same time, a *portion* of each brevet list should be reserved, to be filled up by seniority from the list below, as vacancies may occur.

But it is unnecessary to enter into all these details at present. We have done our duty—we have pointed out the defects in the present system, and proposed a remedy. We have pointed out the injustice of the service, and shown a way of indemnification, and at the same time, we have had in view what is equally important—that economy and retrenchment which the exigencies of the nation so imperatively demand. If this plan, with or without modification, should be adopted in the navy, we trust that it will be but a precursor to a similar arrangement in the army, where the disproportion between the demand and the supply is even more ludicrous. We have only two hundred and eight admirals, but we have about five hundred and twelve field marshals and generals, and staff officers without number; to that extent, indeed, that if our present army were divided among them, their respective commands would remind us of the army of one drummer, one fifer, and one private, commanded by the great general Chrononhotonthologus in the play, who dismisses them with,

"Begone, brave army—and don't kick up a row."

THE SAGE'S ADVICE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

" An ancient philosopher once told a maiden who sought his counsels, as to what she should do in the world, ' to live, love, and hope;' and that by so doing she would be fulfilling the end of her being."

LIVE, but beware of living for thyself,
Live not for earth's low vanities, nor aim
At the acquirement of frail heaps of pelf,
Or the still frailer laurel-wreaths of fame;
Maiden, such joys a fleeting transport give,
Wouldst thou be truly wise—for others live.

Live for the poor and destitute, explore
The haunts of ignorance, of want, and strife,
Relieve their inmates from thy worldly store,
And give them the more precious bread of life;
While heaven's bright glories to their eyes are shown,
Thou in their happiness shalt find thine own.

Love, but love wisely, not too well, reflect
That slights and falsehood thy young dreams may chill,
Nor e'er from love unmingled bliss expect,
The idol of thy heart is human still;
The union sought by thee, may be thy share,
And much, perchance, be still thy lot to bear.

Bear with thy partner's faults, nor such reveal
Even to the kindest and the fondest friend,
Let gentleness attemper still thy zeal,
Nor vainly strive his errors to amend,
Unless to the rich treasures of thy mind,
Meekness and stedfast piety be joined.

Consult his feelings, and with watchful care,
His worldly interests guard from fraud and hurt,
Commend him to the Lord in frequent prayer,
And ever thy best influence exert
Gently to draw him from this worthless sod,
Winning his thoughts, his words, his heart to God.

Hope, and hope warmly—hope success may crown
Thy schemes to help thy brethren on the earth,
But shrink not from stern disappointment's frown,
The purest hopes are not of mortal birth;
But on the wings of faith triumphant rise,
To seek eternal blessings in the skies.

Thus living, to assist and serve thy race,
Thus loving, with a pure and holy truth,
Thus hoping, for Almighty aid and grace;
Maiden, serene and blest shall be thy youth,—
Duty thy guide, thou shalt be kept from ill,
And well the purpose of thy life fulfil.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

I THINK some people shook me by the hand, and others shouted as I walked in the open air, but I recollect no more. I afterwards was informed that I had been reprieved, that I had been sent for, and a long exhortation delivered to me, for it was considered that my life must have been one of error, or I should have applied to my friends, and have given my name. My not answering was attributed to shame and confusion—my glassy eye had not been noticed—my tottering step when led in by the gaolers attributed to other causes; and the magistrates shook their heads as I was led out of their presence. The gaoler had asked me several times where I intended to go. At last, I had told him *to seek my father*, and darting away from him, I had run like a madman down the street. Of course he had no longer any power over me; but he muttered, as I fled from him, "I've a notion he'll soon be locked up again, poor fellow! it's turned his brain for certain." As I passed along, my unsteady step naturally attracted the attention of the passers by; but they attributed it to intoxication. Thus was I allowed to wander away in a state of madness, and before night I was far from the town. What passed, and whither I had bent my steps, I cannot tell. All I know is, that after running like a maniac, seizing every body by the arm that I met, staring at them with wild and flashing eyes; and sometimes in a solemn voice, at others in a loud, threatening tone, startling them with the interrogatory, "Are you my father?" and then darting away, or sobbing like a child, as the humour took me, I had crossed the country, and three days afterwards I was picked up at the door of a house in the town of Reading, exhausted with fatigue and exposure, and nearly dead. When I recovered I found myself in bed, my head shaved, my arm bound up, after repeated bleedings, and a female figure sitting by me.

"God in heaven! where am I?" exclaimed I faintly.

"Thou hast called often upon thy earthly father during the time of thy illness, friend," replied a soft voice. "It rejoiceth me much to hear thee call upon thy Father which is in heaven. Be comforted, thou art in the hands of those who will be mindful of thee. Return thy thanks in one short prayer for thy return to reason, and then sink again into repose, for thou must need it much."

I opened my eyes wide, and perceived that a young person in a Quaker's dress was sitting by the bed working with her needle; an open Prayer Book was on a little table before her. I perceived also a cup, and parched with thirst, I merely said, "Give me to drink." She arose, and put a teaspoon to my lips; but I raised my hand, took the cup from her, and emptied it. O how delightful was that draught! I sank down on my pillow, for even that slight exertion had overpowered me, and muttering, "God, I thank thee!" I was

[1] Continued from vol. xiii. p. 355.

immediately in a sound sleep, from which I did not awake for many hours. When I did, it was not daylight. A lamp was on the table, and an old man in a Quaker's dress was snoring very comfortably in the arm-chair. I felt quite refreshed with my long sleep, and was now able to recall what had passed. I remembered the condemned cell, and the mattrass upon which I lay, but all after was in a state of confusion. Here and there a fact or supposition was strong in my memory; but the intervals between were total blanks. I was at all events free, that I felt convinced of, and that I was in the hands of the sect who denominate themselves Quakers: but where was I? and how did I come here? I remained thinking on the past, and wondering, until the day broke, and with the daylight roused up my watchful attendant. He yawned, stretched his arms, and rising from the chair, came to the side of my bed. I looked him in the face. "Hast thou slept well, friend?" said he.

"I have slept as much as I wish, and would not disturb *you*," replied I, "for I wanted nothing."

"Peradventure I did sleep," replied the man; "watching long agreeth not with the flesh, although the spirit is most willing. Requirest thou any thing?"

"Yes," replied I, "I wish to know where I am?"

"Verily, thou art in the town of Reading in Berkshire, and in the house of Pheneas Cophagus."

"Cophagus!" exclaimed I; "Mr. Cophagus, the surgeon and apothecary?"

"Pheneas Cophagus is his name; he hath been admitted into our sect, and hath married a daughter of our persuasion. He hath attended thee in thy fever and thy frenzy, without calling in the aid of the physician, therefore do I believe that he must be the man of whom thou speakest; yet doth he not follow up the healing art for the lucre of gain."

"And the young person who was at my bedside, is she his wife?"

"Nay, friend, she is half-sister to the wife of Pheneas Cophagus by a second marriage, and a maiden, who was named Susannah Temple at the baptismal font; but I will go to Pheneas Cophagus and acquaint him of your waking, for such were his directions."

The man then quitted the room, leaving me quite astonished with the information he had imparted. Cophagus turned Quaker! and attending me in the town of Reading. In a short time Mr. Cophagus himself entered in his dressing-gown. "Japhet!" said he, seizing my hand with eagerness, and then, as if recollecting, he checked himself, and commenced in a slow tone, "Japhet Newland—truly glad am I—hum—verily do I rejoice—you, Ephraim—get out of the room—and —so on."

"Yea, I will depart, since it is thy bidding," replied the man, quitting the room.

Mr. Cophagus then greeted me in his usual way—told me that he had found me insensible at the door of a house a little way off, and had immediately recognised me. He had brought me to his own home, but without much hope of my recovery. He then begged to know by what strange chance I had been found in such a desolate

condition. I replied, " that although I was able to listen, I did not feel myself equal to the exertion of telling so long a story, and that I should infinitely prefer that he should narrate to me what had passed since we had parted at Dublin, and how it was that I now found that he had joined the sect of Quakers."

" Peradventure—long word that—um—queer people—very good—and so on," commenced Mr. Cophagus; but as the reader will not understand his phraseology quite so well as I did, I shall give Mr. Cophagus's history in my own version.

Mr. Cophagus had returned to the small town at which he resided, and on his arrival he had been called upon by a gentleman who was of the Society of Friends, requesting that he would prescribe for a niece of his, who was on a visit at his house, and had been taken dangerously ill. Cophagus, with his usual kindness of heart, immediately consented, and found that Mr. Temple's report was true. For six weeks he attended the young Quakeress, and recovered her from an imminent and painful disease, in which she showed such fortitude and resignation, and such unconquerable good temper, that when Mr. Cophagus returned to his bachelor's establishment, he could not help reflecting upon what an invaluable wife she would make, and how much more cheerful his house would be with such a domestic partner. In short, Mr. Cophagus fell in love, and like all elderly gentlemen who have so long bottled up their affections, he became most desperately enamoured; and if he loved Miss Judith Temple when he witnessed her patience and resignation under suffering, how much more did he love her when he found that she was playful, merry, and cheerful, without being boisterous, when restored to her health. Mr. Cophagus's attentions could not be misunderstood. He told her uncle that he had thought seriously of wedding cake—white favours—marriage—family—and so on; and to the young lady he had put his cane up to his nose and prescribed, " A dose of matrimony—to be taken immediately." To Mr. Cophagus there was no objection raised by the lady, who was not in her teens, or by the uncle, who had always respected him as a worthy man, and a good Christian; but to marry one who was not of her persuasion, was not to be thought of. Her friends would not consent to it. Mr. Cophagus was therefore dismissed, with a full assurance that the only objection which offered was, that he was not of their society.

Mr. Cophagus walked home discomforted. He sat down on his easy chair, and found it excessively uneasy—he sat down to his solitary meal, and found that his own company was unbearable—he went to bed, but found that it was impossible to go to sleep. The next morning, therefore, Mr. Cophagus returned to Mr. Temple, and stated his wish to be made acquainted with the difference between the tenets of the Quaker persuasion and that of the Established Church. Mr. Temple gave him an outline, which appeared to Mr. Cophagus to be very satisfactory, and then referred him to his niece for fuller particulars. When a man enters into an agreement with a full desire to be convinced, and with his future happiness perhaps depending upon that conviction; and when, further, those arguments are brought forward by one of the prettiest voices, and backed by the sweetest of smiles,

it is not to be wondered at his soon becoming a proselyte. Thus it was with Mr. Cophagus, who, in a week, discovered that the peace, humility, and good will, upon which the Quaker tenets are founded, were much more congenial to the true spirit of the Christian revelation than the Athanasian Creed, to be sung or said in our Established Churches; and with this conviction, Mr. Cophagus requested admission into the fraternity, and shortly after his admission, it was thought advisable by the Friends that his faith should be confirmed and strengthened by his espousal to Miss Judith Temple, with whom, at her request—and he could refuse her nothing—he had repaired to the town of Reading, in which her relations all resided; and Pheneas Cophagus, of the Society of Friends, declared himself to be as happy as a man could be. "Good people, Japhet—um—honest people, Japhet—don't fight—little stiff—spirit moves—and so on," said Mr. Cophagus, as he concluded his narrative, and then shaking me by the hand, retired to shave and dress.

In half an hour afterwards Ephraim came in with a draught, which I was desired to take by Mr. Cophagus, and then to try and sleep. This was good advice, and I followed it. I awoke after a long, refreshing sleep, and found Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus sitting in the room, she at work and he occupied with a book. When I opened my eyes, and perceived a female, I looked to ascertain if it was the young person whom Ephraim had stated to be Susannah Temple; not that I recollected her features exactly, but I did the contour of her person. Mrs. Cophagus was taller, and I had a fair scrutiny of her person before they perceived that I was awake. Her face was very pleasing, features small and regular. She appeared to be about thirty years of age, and was studiously neat and clean in her person. Her Quaker's dress was not without some little departure from the strict fashion and form, sufficient to assist, without deviating from, its simplicity. If I might use the term, it was a little coquettish, and evinced that the wearer, had she not belonged to that sect, would have shown great taste in the adornment of her person. Mr. Cophagus, although he did not think so himself, as I afterwards found out, was certainly much improved by his change of costume. His spindle-shanks, which, as I have before observed, were peculiarly at variance with his little orbicular, orange-shaped stomach, were now concealed in loose trowsers, which took off from the protuberance of the latter, and added dignity to the former, blending the two together, so that his roundness became fine by degrees, and beautifully less as it descended. Altogether, the Quaker dress added very much to the substantiality of his appearance, and was a manifest improvement, especially when he wore his broad-brimmed hat. Having satisfied my curiosity, I moved the curtains so as to attract their attention, and Cophagus came to my bedside, and felt my pulse. "Good—very good—all right—little broth—throw in bark—on his legs—well as ever—and so on."

"I am indeed much better this afternoon," replied I; "indeed, so well, that I feel as if I could get up."

"Pooh!—tumble down—never do—lie a bed—get strong—wife—Mrs. Cophagus—Japhet—old friend."

Mrs. Cophagus had risen from her chair, and come towards the bed, when her husband introduced her in his own fashion. "I am afraid that I have been a great trouble, madam," said I.

"Japhet Newland, we have done but our duty, even if thou wert not, as it appears that thou art, a friend of my husband. Consider me, therefore, as thy sister, and I will regard thee as a brother; and if thou wouldst wish it, thou shalt sojourn with us, for so hath my husband communicated his wishes unto me."

I thanked her for her kind expressions, and took the fair hand which was offered in such amity. Cophagus then asked me if I was well enough to inform him of what had passed since our last meeting, and telling me that his wife knew my whole history, and that I might speak before her, he took his seat by the side of the bed, his wife also drew her chair nearer, and I commenced the narrative of what had passed since we parted in Ireland. When I had finished, Mr. Cophagus commenced as usual, "Um—very odd—lose money—bad—grow honest—good—run away from friends—bad—not hung—good—brain fever—bad—come here—good—stay with us—quite comfortable—and so on."

"Thou hast suffered much, friend Japhet," said Mrs. Cophagus, wiping her eyes; "and I would almost venture to say, hast been chastised too severely, were it not that those whom he loveth, he chastiseth. Still thou art saved, and now out of danger; peradventure thou wilt now quit a vain world, and be content to live with us; nay, as thou hast the example of thy former master, it may perhaps please the Lord to advise thee to become one of us, and to join us as a Friend. My husband was persuaded to the right path by me," continued she, looking fondly at him; "who knoweth but some of our maidens may also persuade thee to eschew a vain, unrighteous world, and follow thy Redeemer in humility?"

"Very true—um—very true," observed Cophagus, putting more Quakerism than usual in his style, and drawing out his ums to treble their usual length; "Happy life—Japhet—um—all at peace—quiet amusements—think about it—um—no hurry—never swear—by-and-by, heh!—spirit may move—um—not now—talk about it—get well—set up shop—and so on."

I was tired with talking so much, and having taken some nourishment, again fell asleep. When I awoke in the evening, friend Cophagus and his wife were not in the room; but Susannah Temple, whom I had first seen, and of whom I had made inquiry of Ephraim, who was Cophagus's servant. She was sitting close to the light and reading, and long did I continue to gaze upon her, fearful of interrupting her. She was the most beautiful specimen of clear and transparent white that I ever had beheld—her complexion was unrivalled—her eyes were large, but I could not ascertain their colour, as they were cast down upon her book, and hid by her long fringed eyelashes—her eyebrows arched and regular, as if drawn by a pair of compasses, and their soft hair in beautiful contrast with her snowy forehead—her hair was auburn, but mostly concealed within her cap—her nose was very straight but not very large, and her mouth was perfection. She appeared to be between seventeen and eighteen years old, and as far

as I could ascertain, her figure was symmetrically perfect. Dressed as she was in the modest, simple garb worn by the females of the Society of Friends, she gave an idea of neatness, cleanliness, and propriety, upon which I could have gazed for ever. She was, indeed, most beautiful. I felt her beauty, her purity, and I could have worshipped her as an angel. While I still had my eyes fixed upon her exquisite features, she closed her book, and rising from her chair, came to the side of the bed. That she might not be startled at the idea of my having been watching her, I closed my eyes, and pretended to slumber. She resumed her seat, and then I changed my position and spoke, "Is any one there?"

"Yes, friend Newland, what is it that thou requirest?" said she, advancing. "Wouldst thou see Cophagus or Ephraim? I will summon them."

"O no," replied I; "why should I disturb them from their amusements or employments? I have slept a long while, and I would like to read a little I think, if my eyes are not too weak."

"Thou must not read, but I may read unto thee," replied Susannah. "Tell me, what is it that thou wouldest have me read? I have no vain books; but surely thou thinkest not of them, after thy escape from death."

"I care not what is read, provided that you read to me," replied I.

"Nay, but thou shouldest care; and be not wroth if I say to thee, that there is but one book to which thou shouldest now listen. Thou hast been saved from deadly peril—thou hast been rescued from the jaws of death. Art thou not thankful? And to whom is gratitude most due, but to thy heavenly Father, who hath been pleased to spare thee?"

"You are right," replied I; "then I pray you to read to me from the Bible."

Susannah made no reply, but resumed her seat, and selecting those chapters most appropriate to my situation, read them in a beautiful and impressive tone.

If the reader will recall my narrative to his recollection, he must observe, that religion had had but hitherto little of my thoughts. I had lived the life of most who live in this world, perhaps not quite so correct in morals as many people, for my code of morality was suited to circumstances; as to religion, I had none. I had lived in the world, and for the world. I had certainly been well instructed in the tenets of our faith when I was at the Asylum, but there, as in most other schools, it is made irksome, as a task, and is looked upon with almost a feeling of aversion. No proper religious feelings are, or can be, inculcated to a large number of scholars; it is the parent alone who can instil, by precept and example, that true sense of religion, which may serve as a guide through life. I had not read the Bible from the time that I quitted the Foundling Hospital. It was new to me, and when I now heard read, by that beautiful creature, passages equally beautiful, and so applicable to my situation, weakened with disease, and humbled in adversity, I was moved even unto tears.

Susannah closed the book and came to the bedside. I thanked her:

she perceived my emotion, and when I held out my hand she did not refuse hers. I kissed it, and it was immediately withdrawn, and she left the room. Shortly afterwards Ephraim made his appearance. Cophagus and his wife also came that evening, but I saw no more of Susannah Temple until the following day, when I again requested her to read to me. I will not detain the reader by an account of my recovery. In three weeks I was able to leave the room; during that time, I had become very intimate with the whole family, and was treated as if I belonged to it. During my illness I had certainly shown more sense of religion than I had ever done before, but I do not mean to say that I was really religious. I liked to hear the Bible read by Susannah, and I liked to talk with her upon religious subjects; but had Susannah been an ugly old woman, I very much doubt if I should have been so attentive. It was her extreme beauty—her modesty and fervour, which so became her, which enchanted me. I felt the beauty of religion, but it was through an earthly object; it was beautiful in her. She looked an angel, and I listened to her precepts as delivered by one. Still, whatever may be the cause by which a person's attention can be directed to so important a subject, so generally neglected, whether by fear of death, or by love towards an earthly object, the advantages are the same; and although very far from what I ought to have been, I certainly was, through my admiration of her, a better man. Moreover, I was not a little in love. As soon as I was on the sofa, wrapped up in one of the dressing-gowns of Mr. Cophagus, he told me that the clothes in which I had been picked up were all in tatters, and asked me whether I would like to have others made according to the usual fashion, or like those with whom I should, he trusted, in future reside. I had already debated this matter in my mind. Return to the world I had resolved not to do; to follow up the object of my search appeared to me only to involve me in difficulties; and what were the intentions of Cophagus with regard to me, I knew not. I was hesitating, for I knew not what answer to give, when I perceived the pensive, deep blue eye of Susannah fixed upon me, watching attentively, if not eagerly, for my response.

It decided the point. "If," replied I, "you do not think that I shall disgrace you, I should wish to wear the dress of the Society of Friends, although not yet one of your body."

"But soon to be, I trust," replied Mrs. Cophagus.

"Alas!" replied I, "I am an outcast;" and I looked at Susannah Temple.

"Not so, Japhet Newland," replied she, mildly; "I am pleased that thou hast of thy own accord rejected vain attire. I trust that thou wilt not find that thou art without friends."

"While I am with you," replied I, addressing myself to them all, "I consider it my duty to conform to your manners in every way, but by-and-by, when I resume my search——"

"And why shouldst thou resume a search which must prove unavailing, and but leads thee into error and misfortune? I am but young, Japhet Newland, and not perhaps so able to advise, yet doth it appear to me, that the search can only be availing when made by

those who left thee. When they wish for you they will seek thee, but thy seeking them is vain and fruitless."

"But," replied I, "recollect that inquiries have already been made at the Foundling, and those who inquired have been sent away disappointed—they will inquire no more."

"And is a parent's love so trifling, that one disappointment will drive him from the seeking of his child? No, no, Japhet; if thou art yearned for, thou wilt be found, and fresh inquiries will be made; but thy search is unavailing, and already hast thou lost much time."

"True, Susannah, thy advice is good," replied Mrs. Cophagus; "in following a shadow Japhet hath much neglected the substance; it is time that thou shouldst settle thyself, and earn thy livelihood."

"And do thy duty in that path of life to which it hath pleased God to call thee," continued Susannah, who with Mrs. Cophagus walked out of the room.

Cophagus then took up the conversation, and pointing out the uselessness of my roving about, and the propriety of my settling in life, proposed that I should take an apothecary's shop, for which he would furnish the means, and that he could ensure me the custom of the whole Society of Friends in Reading, which was very large, as there was not one of the sect in that line of business. "Become one of us, Japhet—good business—marry by-and-bye—happy life—little children—and so on." I thought of Susannah, and was silent. Cophagus then said, I had better reflect upon his offer, and make up my determination. If that did not suit me, he would still give me all the assistance in his power.

I did reflect long before I could make up my mind. I was still worldlily inclined; still my fancy would revel in the idea of finding out my father in high life, and of once more appearing as a star of fashion, of returning with interest the contumely I had lately received, and re-assuming as a right that position in society which I had held under false colours.

I could not bear the idea of sinking at once into a tradesman, and probably ending my days in obscurity. Pride was still my ruling passion. Such were my first impulses, and then I looked upon the other side of the picture. I was without the means necessary to support myself; I could not return to high life without I discovered my parents in the first place, and in the second, found them to be such as my warm imagination had depicted. I had no chance of finding them. I had already been long seeking in vain. I had been twice taken up to Bow-street—nearly lost my life in Ireland—had been sentenced to death—had been insane, and recovered by a miracle, and all in prosecuting this useless search. All this had much contributed to cure me of the monomania. I agreed with Susannah that the search must be made by the other parties, and not by me. I recalled the treatment I had received from the world—the contempt with which I had been treated—the heartlessness of high life, and the little chance of my ever again being admitted into society.

I placed all this in juxtaposition with the kindness of those with whom I now resided—what they had done already for me, and what they now offered, which was to make me independent by my own

exertions. I weighed all in my mind; was still undecided, for my pride still carried its weight; when I thought of the pure, beautiful Susannah Temple, and—my decision was made. I would not lose the substance by running after shadows.

That evening, with many thanks, I accepted the kind offers of Mr. Cophagus, and expressed my determination of entering into the Society of Friends.

"Thou hast chosen wisely," said Mrs. Cophagus, extending her hand to me, "and it is with pleasure that we shall receive thee."

"I welcome thee, Japhet Newland," said Susannah, also offering her hand, "and I trust that thou wilt find more happiness among those with whom thou art about to sojourn, than in the world of vanity and deceit, in which thou hast hitherto played thy part. No longer seek an earthly father, who hath deserted thee, but a heavenly Father, who will not desert thee in thy afflictions."

"You shall direct me into the right path, Susannah," replied I.

"I am too young to be a guide, Japhet," replied she, smiling; "but not too young, I hope, to be a friend."

The next day my clothes came home, and I put them on. I looked at myself in the glass, and was any thing but pleased; but as my head was shaved, it was of little consequence what I wore; so I consoled myself. Mr. Cophagus sent for a barber and ordered me a wig, which was to be ready in a few days; when it was ready I put it on, and altogether did not dislike my appearance. I flattered myself that if I was a Quaker, at all events I was a very good looking and a very smart one; and when, a day or two afterwards, a reunion of friends took place at Mr. Cophagus's house to introduce me to them, I perceived, with much satisfaction, that there was no young man who could compete with me. After this I was much more reconciled to my transformation.

Mr. Cophagus was not idle. In a few weeks he had rented a shop for me, and furnished it much better than his own in Smithfield; the upper part of the house was let off, as I was to reside with the family. When it was ready I went over it with him, and was satisfied; all I wished for was Timothy as an assistant, but that wish was unavailing, as I knew not where to find him.

That evening I observed to Mr. Cophagus, that I did not much like putting my name over the shop. The fact was, that my pride forbade it, and I could not bear the idea, that Japhet Newland, at whose knock every aristocratic door had flown open, should appear in gold letters above a shop-window. "There are many reasons against it," observed I. "One is, that it is not my real name—I should like to take the name of Cophagus; another is, that the name, being so well known, may attract those who formerly knew me, and I should not wish that they should come in and mock me; another is——"

"Japhet Newland," interrupted Susannah, with more severity than I ever had seen in her sweet countenance, "do not trouble thyself with giving thy reasons, seeing that thou hast given every reason but the right one, which is, that thy pride revolts at it."

"I was about to observe," replied I, "that it was a name that sounded of mammon, and not fitting for one of our persuasion. But,

Susannah, you have accused me of pride, and I will now raise no further objections. Japhet Newland it shall be, and let us speak no more upon the subject."

"If I have wronged thee, Japhet, much do I crave thy forgiveness," replied Susannah. "But it is God alone who knoweth the secrets of our hearts. I was presumptuous, and you must pardon me."

"Susannah, it is I who ought to plead for pardon; you know me better than I know myself. It was pride, and nothing but pride—but you have cured me."

"Truly have I hopes of thee now, Japhet," replied Susannah, smiling. "Those who confess their faults will soon amend them; yet I do think there is some reason in thy observation, for who knoweth, but meeting with thy former associates, thou mayst not be tempted into falling away? Thou mayst spell thy name as thou listeth; and, peradventure, it would be better to disguise it."

So agreed Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and I therefore had it written *Gnow*-land; and having engaged a person of the society, strongly recommended to me, as an assistant, I took possession of my shop, and was very soon busy in making up prescriptions, and dispensing my medicines in all quarters of the good town of Reading. And I was happy. I had employment during the day; my profession was, at all events, liberal. I was dressed and lived as a gentleman, or rather I should say respectably. I was earning my own livelihood. I was a useful member of society, and when I retired home to meals, and late at night, I found, that if Cophagus and his wife had retired, Susannah Temple always waited up, and remained with me a few minutes. I had never been in love until I had fallen in with this perfect creature; but my love for her was not the love of the world; I could not so depreciate her—I loved her as a superior being—I loved her with fear and trembling. I felt that she was too pure, too holy, too good for a vain worldly creature like myself. I felt as if my destiny depended upon her and her fiat; that if she favoured me, my happiness in this world and in the next were secured; that if she rejected me, I was cast away for ever. Such was my feeling for Susannah Temple, who, perfect as she was, was still a woman, and perceived her power over me; but unlike the many of her sex, exerted that power only to lead to what was right. Insensibly almost, my pride was quelled, and I became humble and religiously inclined. Even the peculiarities of the sect, their meeting at their places of worship, their drawling, and their quaint manner of talking, became no longer a subject of dislike. I found out causes and good reasons for every thing which before appeared strange, sermons in stones, and good in every thing. Months passed away—my business prospered—I had nearly repaid the money advanced by Mr. Cophagus. I was in heart and soul a Quaker, and I entered into the fraternity with a feeling that I could act up to what I had promised. I was happy, quite happy, and yet I had never received from Susannah Temple any further than the proofs of sincere friendship. But I had much of her society, and was now very, very intimate. I found out what warm, what devoted feelings were concealed under

her modest, quiet exterior—how well her mind was stored, and how right was that mind. Often when I talked over past events, did I listen to her remarks, all tending to one point, morality and virtue; often did I receive from her at first a severe, but latterly a kind rebuke, when my discourse was light and frivolous; but when I talked of merry subjects which were innocent, what could be more joyous or more exhilarating than her laugh—what more intoxicating than her sweet smile, when she approved of my sentiments? and when animated by the subject, what could be more musical or more impassioned than her bursts of eloquence, which were invariably followed by a deep blush, when she recollected how she had been carried away by the excitement?

There was one point upon which I congratulated myself, which was, that she had received two or three unexceptionable offers of marriage during the six months that I had been in her company, and had refused them. At the end of that period, thanks to the assistance I received from the Friends, I had paid Mr. Cophagus all the money which he had advanced, and found myself in possession of a flourishing business, and independent. I then requested that I might be allowed to pay an annual stipend for my board and lodging, commencing from the time I first came to his house. Mr. Cophagus said I was right—the terms were easily arranged, and I was independent. Still my advances with Susannah were slow, but if slow, they were sure. One day I observed to her, how happy Mr. Cophagus appeared to be as a married man; her reply was, "He is, Japhet; he has worked hard for his independence, and he now is reaping the fruits of his industry." That is as much as to say that I must do the same, thought I, and that I have no business to propose for a wife, until I am certain that I am able to provide for her. I have as yet laid up nothing, and an income is not a capital. I felt that whether a party interested or not, she was right, and I redoubled my diligence.

(To be continued.)

THE COMPLAINT OR REMONSTRANCE OF THE COLOUR BLUE,

FORWARDED TO THE EDITOR OF THE METROPOLITAN, BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

IMMATERIAL though I be,
(So at least the wise agree,)
Though on the pupil of your eye,
'Mid evanescent rays I lie,
With them to live, with them to die;
Yet frown not, smile not, scorn not, if you please, sir,
That I, 'mid other transient bubbles, seize, sir,
A corner in your magazine,
To show my wit, and vent my spleen;

That I, like other "airy nothings," claim
"A local habitation and a name;"
And that the atoms of the colour Blue
Should club, as other angry atoms do,
And this petition, or remonstrance, frame.

Sir, in the world's first ages,
By poets, painters, sages,
Was I not ever termed *celestial* Blue?
Cerulean, colour of the arching sky,
Reflected in one grand expansive hue,
On the broad oceans that beneath it lie?
Young Green was nursed upon the lap of earth,
But *I* from the empyrean sprang to birth.

Such was my greatness and my power!
And yet within a lady's bower,
What colour deckt the meekest flower?
The same that on the firmament was set,
Arrayed the perfum'd violet;
Or dwelt within the depths of beauty's eye,
Calm in its shrouded purity;
Or on her snowy temple lightly drew
The wandering vein of heaven's own hue.

I weep—and azure tears o'erflow
My gilt-edged paper, white as snow;
I weep to think upon the rage,
That hath possessed this scorning age;
This age of pun and *soubriquet*,
When not e'en *I* escape the play,
Of wordy witlings ever mocking;
Who, when a lady reads and writes,
Or such lines as these indites,
Or talks of nations and their rights,
Dub her a "*Blue* stocking."

When gentlemen and ladies, with lank hair,
And turned-up eyes, and long grave faces,
Distribute tracts, exhort you to beware,
In unknown tongues, with sad grimaces,
Proving the world one universal snare,
Baited with folly and disgraces:
To wound my feelings, such unhappy wights
Are named *Blue* lights.

Behold yon war-ship in her pride!
Soon will she stem the battle's tide,
Her sides are big with death;
But her sails are yet unfurled,
And her pennon lightly curled,
Waves to the breeze's breath.
Why are those women rushing,
All pale and breathless to the shore,
Hearts beating and brows flushing,
For those they never may see more?
Wherefore at this moment run to greet her?
Alas! they spy,
With straining eye,
The ominous *Blue* Peter!

When hungry husbands coming late,
Important from affairs of state,
From City or the House, are made to wait
For that first object in their daily fate,
Their dinner:—When mammas perceive
Their giddy daughters, without leave,
The rich peer's eldest son to grieve,
And with the handsome young one weave
A merry waltzing measure,
Thoughtless of all but pleasure:—
When a young lordling full of life and fun,
Turning a sudden corner meets a dun:—
What colour do these people take? is't true
They all look *Blue*?

Another point I wish to clear;
Pray tell me why, when ghosts appear,
Or other goblins are expected
From the dark shades below;
The coming of spirits are all reflected
In flames of *bluish* glow?
Fires, candles, lamps, assume the fatal hue,
They all burn *Blue*.

And there's another kind of *spirit*,
That doth my luckless name inherit;
A *spirit* more destructive far
Than pestilence, or dark-browed war:
In want, and woe, and dire disgrace,
The monster showed its haggard face,
And the affrighted world, as it flew in,
Groaned out *Blue* ruin!

Nor is this all—the tint of heaven,
E'en to the imps of ill are given;
Their brimstone jackets thrown aside,
They robe themselves in *Blue*;
And then 'tis said, blown up with pride,
Their course on earth pursue.
So, when madam takes the dumps,
Or when her spouse looks grave and mumps,
Or aunty moans o'er this world's folly,
Or fair Miss Kate is melancholy:
Whence the source of all their evils?
They're haunted by *Blue* devils.

O shame!
Yet pardon me, there 's one nickname
I love, and never will disclaim:
English sailors gave it me;
It is their type—and chivalry,
Among her banners proud and free,
Boasts none more stainless or more bold;
To honour I indeed were cold,
Could I withhold it where 'tis due;
So, gallant sir, with pride to *you*,
I sign myself "*True Blue!*"

E. B. E. N.

Rio de Janeiro, April 1835.

DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

CHAPTER X.

Brussels, May 22nd.

AMONG the *lions* of Brussels, a dog was pointed out to me, as he lay on the pavement in front of the House of Assembly. It was a miserable looking cur; but he had a tale extra attached to him, which had magnified him into a lion. It was said that he belonged to a Dutch soldier, who was killed in the revolution, at the spot where the dog then lay, and that ever since, (a period of four years,) the animal had taken up his quarters there, and invariably lain upon that spot. Whether my informant lied, and the dog did not, I cannot pretend to say; but if the story be true, it was a most remarkable specimen of fidelity and ugliness. And he was a sensible dog, moreover; instead of dying of grief and hunger, as some foolish dogs have done, he always sets off for an hour every evening to cater for his support, and then returns to pass the night on the spot. I went up to him, and when within two yards, he thought proper to show his teeth, and snarl most dogmatically; I may therefore, in addition to his other qualities, state that he was an ill-natured dog. How far the report was correct, I cannot vouch; but I watched him three or four days, and always found him at his post; and after such strict investigation, had I asserted ten years instead of four, I have a prescriptive right, as a traveller, to be believed.

It is singular that it is only in England that you can find dogs, properly so called; abroad they have nothing but curs. I do not know any thing more puzzling than the genealogy of the animals you meet with under the denomination of dogs in most of the capitals of Europe. It would appear as if the vice of promiscuous and unrestricted intercourse had been copied from their masters; and I am almost tempted to assert, that you may judge of the morality of a capital from the degeneracy of the dogs. I have often, at Paris, attempted to make out a descent, but found it impossible. Even the late Sir G. Naylor, with all the herald's office even for double fees, could not manage to decipher escutcheons obliterated by so many crosses.

I am very partial to dogs, and one of my amusements, when abroad, is to watch their meetings with each other; they appear to me to do every thing but speak. Indeed, a constant and acute observer will distinguish in dogs all the passions, virtues, and vices of men; and it is generally the case, that those of the purest race have the nobler qualifications. You will find devotion, courage, generosity, good temper, sagacity, and forbearance; but these virtues, with little alloy, are only to be found in the pure breeds. In a cur it is quite a lottery; he is a most heterogeneous compound of virtue and vice, and sometimes the amalgamation is truly ludicrous. Notwithstanding which,

[1] Continued from vol. xiii. p. 356.

a little scrutiny of his countenance and his motions, will soon enable you to form a very fair estimate of his general character and disposition.

One of the most remarkable qualities in dogs is the fidelity of their attachments; and the more so, as their attachments are very often without any warrantable cause. For no reason that can be assigned, they will take a partiality to people or animals, which becomes so dominant, that their existence appears to depend upon its not being interfered with. I had an instance of this kind, and the *parties* are all living. I put up at a livery stables in town, a pair of young ponies, for an hour or two. On my taking them out again, the phaeton was followed by a large coach dog, about two years old, a fine grown animal, but not marked, and in very poor condition. He followed us into the country; but having my establishment of dogs, (taxes taken into consideration,) I ordered him to be shut out. He would not leave the iron gates, and when they were opened, in he bolted, and hastening to the stables, found out the ponies, and was not to be dislodged from under the manger without a determined resistance. This alternate bolting in and bolting out continued for many days; finding that I could not get rid of him, I sent him away forty miles in the country; but he returned the next day, expressing the most extravagant joy at the sight of the ponies, who, strange to say, were equally pleased, allowing him to put his paws upon them, and bark in their faces. But although the ponies were partial to the dog, I was not; and aware that a voyage is a great specific for curing improper attachments, I sent the dog down the river in a barge, requesting the men to land him where they were bound, on the other side of the Medway; but in three days the dog again made his appearance, the picture of famine and misery. Even the coachman's heart was melted, and the rights and privileges of his favourite snow-white terrier were forgotten. It was therefore agreed, in a cabinet council held in the harness room, that we must make the best of it; and, as the dog would not leave the ponies, the best thing we could do, was to put a little flesh on his bones, and make him look respectable. We therefore victualled him that day, and put him on our books with the purser's name of Pompey. Now this dog proved that sudden as was his attachment to the ponies, it was of the strongest quality. He never would and never has since left these animals. If turned out in the fields, he remains out with them, night as well as day, taking up his station as near as possible half way between the two, and only coming home to get his dinner. No stranger can enter their stables with impunity, for he is very powerful, and on such occasions very savage. A year or two after his domiciliation, I sold the ponies, and the parties who purchased were equally anxious at first to get rid of the dog; but their attempts like mine were unavailing, and like me, they at last became reconciled to him. On my return from abroad, I repurchased them, and Pompey of course was included in the purchase.

We are none of us perfect—and Pompey had one vice; but the cause of the vice almost changed it into a virtue. He had not a correct feeling relative to *meum* and *tuum*, but still he did not altogether

steal for himself, but for his friends as well. Many have witnessed the fact of the dog stealing a loaf, or part of one, taking it into the stables, and dividing it into three portions, one for each pony, and the other for himself. I recollect his once walking off with a round of beef, weighing seventeen or eighteen pounds, and taking it to the ponies in the field—they smelt at it, but declined joining him in his repast. By-the-by, to prove that lost things will turn up some day or another, there was a silver skewer in the beef, which was not recovered until two years afterwards, when it was turned up by the second ploughing. One day as the ponies were in the field where I was watching some men at work, I heard them narrating to a stranger the wonderful feats of this dog, for I have related but a small portion. The dog was lying by the ponies as usual, when the servants' dinner-bell rang, and off went Pompey immediately at a hard gallop to the house to get his food. "Well, dang it, but he is a queer dog," observed the man, "for now he's running as fast as he can, to *answer the bell.*"

CHAPTER XI.

May 23rd.

With all the errors of the Catholic religion, it certainly appears to me that its professors extend towards those who are in the bosom of their own church a greater share than most other sects, of the true spirit of every religion—charity. The people of the Low Countries are the most bigoted Catholics at present existing, and in no one country is there so much private as well as public charity. It is, however, to private charity that I refer. In England there is certainly much to be offered in extenuation, as charity is extorted by law to the uttermost farthing. The baneful effects of the poor laws have been to break the links which bound together the upper and lower classes, produced by protection and good will in the former, and in the latter, respect and gratitude. Charity by act of parliament has dissolved the social compact—the rich man grumbles when he pays down the forced contribution—while the poor man walks into the vestry with an insolent demeanour, and claims relief, not as a favour but as a right. The poor laws have in themselves the essence of revolution, for if you once establish the right of the poor man to any portion of the property of the rich, you admit a precedent so far dangerous, that the poor may eventually decide for themselves what portion it may be that they may be pleased to take, and this becomes the more dangerous, as it must be remembered, that the effect of the poor laws is *repulsion* between the two classes, from the one giving unwillingly, and the other receiving unthankfully. How the new Poor Law Bill will work remains to be proved; but if we may judge from the master-piece of the Whigs, the Reform Bill, from which so much was expected, and so little has been obtained, I do not anticipate any good result from any measure brought forward by such incapable bunglers. But to return.

That the Catholic laity are more charitable is not a matter of surprise, as they are not subjected to forced contributions; but it appears

to me that the Catholic clergy are much more careful and kind to their flocks than our own. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when even now the majority of our clergymen are non-residents, expending the major part of the church revenue, out of the parish, leaving to the curate, who performs the duty, a stipend which renders it impossible for him to exercise that part of his Christian duty to any extent—for charity *begins* at home, and his means will not allow him to proceed much farther.

But the *public* charitable institutions abroad are much better conducted than those of England, where almost every thing is made a job by hypocrites, who work their way into these establishments for their own advantage. It is incredible the number of poor people who are effectually relieved on the continent in the course of the year, at an expense which would not meet the weekly disbursements of a large parish in England. But then, how much more judicious is the system! I know for a fact, that in the county where I reside, and in which the hard-working labourer, earning his twelve shillings a week, is quite satisfied if he can find sufficient *bread* for his family, (not tasting meat, perhaps, ten times during the whole year,) that those who were idlers, supported by charity, were supplied with meat three or four times a week; nay, even the felons and prisoners in the county gaol were better fed than was the industrious working man. And this is what in England is called charity. It is base injustice to the meritorious. But most of the charitable institutions in England are, from mal-administration, and pseudo-philanthropy, nothing more than establishments holding out premiums for vice. I should like to be despotic in England for only one year!!

Among the institutions founded by Catholics, and particularly deserving of imitation, that of the Sœurs de la Charité appears to be the most valuable. It is an institution, which, like mercy, is twice blessed, it blesses those who give, and those who receive. Those who give, because many hundreds of females, who would otherwise be thrown upon the world, thus find an asylum, and become useful and valuable members to society. They take no vows—they only conform to the rules of the sisterhood during the time that they remain in it, and if they have an opportunity, by marriage or otherwise, of establishing themselves, they are at free liberty to depart. How many young women, now forced into a wretched, wicked life, would gladly incorporate themselves into such a society in England; how many, if such a society existed, would be prevented from falling into error!

It is well known, that to support a large community, the expenses are trifling compared to what they are when you have the same number of isolated individuals to provide for. A company of two or three hundred of these sisters living together, performing among themselves the various household duties, washing, &c., and merely requiring their food, would not incur the same expense in house rent, firing, and provisions, as thirty or forty isolated individuals. Soldiers in barracks are even well fed, housed, and clothed, at a much less expense than it costs the solitary labourer to eat his *dry bread* in his own cottage; and the expenses of such communities, if once established, would very soon be paid by their receipts.

It would be a double charity, charity to those who would willingly embrace the life, and charity to those who might require their assistance. It is well known how difficult it is to obtain a sick nurse in London. It is an avocation seldom embraced by people, until they are advanced in years, and all feeling has been dried up by suffering or disappointment. Those who undertake the task are only actuated by gain, and you can expect but eye-service. Not being very numerous, and constantly in demand, they are overworked, and require stimulants in their long watchings. In fact, they drink and dose—dose, and drink again.

But how different would it be if these establishments were formed! Those who are wealthy would send for one of the sisters when required, and if the illness were tedious, her services could be replaced by another, so that over-fatigue might not destroy watchfulness and attention to the patient. You would at once feel that you had those in your house in whom you could confide. If your means enabled you, you would send a sum to the funds of the charity in return for the service performed, and your liberality would enable them to succour those who could only repay by blessings. A very small subscription would set afloat such a charity, as the funds would so rapidly come in; and if under the surveillance of the medical men who attended the hospitals, it would soon become effective and valuable. I trust if this should meet the eye of any real philanthropist who has time to give, which is more valuable than money, that he will turn it over in his mind;—the founder would be a benefactor to his country. And may it also find favour in the sight of those who are so busy legislating for cattle and the Lord's day—perhaps even my friends Buxton and Lushington will take it up, for, as the dress of the sisterhood is invariably *black*, at all events, it will be the *right colour*.

CHAPTER XII.

May 25th.

I have been reading Bulwer's "Student," and I prefer some parts of it to all his other writings. As a whole "Eugene Aram" is the most perfect; but either Bulwer mistrusts his own powers, or I am mistaken when I assert, that he is capable of much more than he has yet achieved. What he has as yet done, is but the clearing off before you arrive at the heart of the quarry. His style, as a specimen of the English language, richly, yet not meretriciously ornamented, is peculiar to himself. There is room for much disquisition in many parts of the "Student," and I doubt if Bulwer could hold his ground, if many of his premises were attacked, as although always brilliant and original, they are not always satisfactory. His remarks upon authors and their works are most assailable. I agree with him, as I do with the phrenologists, only in part; however, as a brother author, I will do him a friendly turn, and bring forward evidence in support of his arguments.

In reading Mrs. Trollope's "Belgium," I observed, that in every chapter, she expatiated on gastronomy. I think that I reckoned eight-and-twenty times in the two widely printed volumes, and I

mentioned it to Murray. If there was a beautiful view, she broke off her raptures because dinner was ready; if the fatigue had been great, she was consoled with her dinner; if she was on a hill, she walked down to her dinner; if she was in a valley, she walked up to it; and if on the level ground, she walked to it. Now, when I read this chapter of the "Student," I said to myself, if there be any truth in these remarks, Mrs. Trollope must be a capital hand at the knife and fork, and not at all troubled with *dyspepsia*, as are the American ladies, by her account. I knew that she had dined with ———, and in the afternoon when we met I inquired. The reply was, "Ah! mon Dieu! elle a furieusement d'appétit et mange comme quatre."

There are all manner of deaths in this world besides dying. There are political deaths, as Brougham's, dead in the eye of the law, like a convict transported for life, &c.; but the worst death, after all, must be a literary death, that is to say, when a man has written himself *down*, or written himself *out*. It is analogous to the last stage of a consumption, in which you believe you are not going to die, and plan for the future as if you were in perfect health. And yet to this complexion must all authors come at last. There is not a more beautiful, or more true portrait of human nature, than the scene between the Archbishop of Grenada and Gil Blas, in the admirable novel of Le Sage. Often and often has it been brought to my recollection, since I have taken up the pen, and often have I said to myself, 'Is this homily as good as the last?' (perhaps homily is not exactly the right name for my writings). The great art in this world, not only in writing, but in every thing else, is to know when to leave off. The mind as well as the body must wear out. At first, it is a virgin soil, but we cannot renew its exhausted vigour, after it has borne successive crops. We all know this, and yet we are all Archbishops of Grenada. Even the immortal Walter Scott might have benefited by the honesty of Gil Blas, and have burnt his latter homilies, but had he had such an unsophisticated adviser, would he not, in all probability, have put him out by the shoulders, wishing him, like the venerable hierarch, "a little more taste and judgment."

Since I have been this time abroad, I have made a discovery, for which all prose writers ought to feel much indebted to me. Poets can invoke Apollo, the Muses, the seasons, and all sorts and varieties of gods and goddesses, naked or clothed, besides virtues and vices, and if none of them suit, they may make their own graven image, and fall down before it; but we prose writers have hitherto had no such advantage, no protecting deity to appeal to in our trouble, as we bite our pens, or to call upon to deliver us from a congestion of the brain. Now being aware that there were upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand canonized saints on the Roman calendar, I resolved to run through the catalogue, to ascertain if there was one who took prose authors under his protection, and to my delight, I stumbled upon our man. By-the-by, Tom Moore must have known this, and he has behaved very ill, in keeping him all to himself. But I must introduce him. It is the most holy, and the most blessed Saint Brandon. Holy St. Brandon inspire me, and guide my pen while I record thy legend! In the first place, let me observe that our patron saint was

an Irishman, and none the worse for that, as Ireland has had as good saints as any in the calendar. And it is now clear that he does protect us prosaic writers, by the number of reporters and gentlemen of the press which have been sent over from the sister kingdom. But to proceed.

Saint Brandon, it appears, was a reading man, and amused himself with voyages and travels, but St. Brandon was an unbeliever, and thought that travellers told strange things. He took up the Zoology of Pliny, and pursued his accounts of "Andres vast, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." He read until his patience was exhausted, and, in a fit of anger, he threw the manuscript into the flames. Now this was a heavy sin, for a man's book is the bantling of his brain, and to say the least, it was a literary infanticide. That very night, an angel appeared to him, and as a penance for his foul crime, (in the enormity of which every author will agree with the angel,) he was enjoined to *make the book over again*, no easy task in those days, when manuscripts were rare, and the art of book-making had not been invented. The sinner, in obedience to the heavenly mission, goes to work, he charters a vessel, lays in provisions for a seven years voyage, and with a crew of seven monks, he makes sail, and after going round the world seven times, during which the world went round the sun seven times, he completed his task in seven volumes folio, which are now out of print. Probably, being in manuscript, he took it up to heaven with him as a passport into paradise. For this miracle—and certainly with such a ship's company, it was a miracle—he was canonized, and is now the patron saint of all prose authors, particularly those whose works are measured by the foot rule.

And now that I have made known to my fraternity that we also have a saint, all they have to do, is to call upon him six or seven times, when their brains are at sixes and sevens. I opine that holy St. Brandon amused himself with hazard during his voyages, for it is quite clear that, with him, *seven's the main.*

May 26th.

Quitted Brussels. I don't know how it is, but I never have been able to get over a very unpleasant sort of feeling, when paying a long bill.

(To be continued.)

LOVE IN ADVERSITY.

BY L. M. MONTAGU.

Though the *last* hope we cherished
Is faded and gone,
Yet love, ever faithful
To death, will live on;
And the frowns of the cold world
We fly from, shall be
But as seals to the bond
Of affection to thee.

Though we fly to the desert,
Like Eden's lost pair,
Yet green spots will rise
When thy footsteps are there;
And the waterless sands
Yield their fountains of life
To the cares, the devotion,
The tears of a wife.

Oh! it was not when fortune
And friendship were thine,
Thou couldst judge of a heart
So devoted as mine;
When joy hung its light
On each garland I wove;
Ah! where was the *test*,
Or the *trial* of love?

From the darkness and depth
Of the waters of woe,
Like the pearl that it cradled
In ocean below,
Love rises above
The dark breakers that roll
To shine as a gem
In the crown of the soul.

Then say not rude fate, Love,
Has stript us of all,
Nor lament that I wed thee;—
I would not recall
The vow that I plighted
For aught 'neath the skies,
The fortune I wedded
Is still in those eyes.

TOUR OF MOUNT ÆTNA.[1]

CHAPTER II.

Leave Nicolosi—Tre Castagne, different places known by the common name of Aci—Calatabiano—Communicative Host—Castagno de' Cento Cavalli—Late Eruption—Randazzo—Sicilian mutton—Bronte—Lord Nelson—Murder of the Contessa L——— by her Husband—Error of Ricupero, Gioeni, and Spallanzani—Circumference of Ætna.

We left Nicolosi next morning early, and soon arrived at the charming village of Tre Castagne, delightfully embowered in a magnificent grove of chesnut trees; there are also in this neighbourhood some of the largest oaks I have ever seen. The country through which we passed might, for beauty and fertility, vie with the celebrated Tempe, or with the Elysian fields themselves. We breakfasted under the shade of a wide-spreading chesnut,

"So vast, he looked the father of the wood;"

and enjoyed the delicious scenery of these favoured regions at our leisure. Resuming our journey, we passed the celebrated monastery of "Maria di Valverde," at which we alighted to view the church, and examine a miraculous picture of the Virgin, said to have been brought from heaven by an angel. I cannot say, however, that it does much credit to the celestial painter, whoever he may be. The church and monastery were founded, according to Pirro in his "Sicilia Sacra," by a penitent robber, who having long laid the country under contribution, was directed to take this method of disposing of his ill-gotten treasures by the blessed Virgin, who appeared to him in his sleep, and commanded him to build a church to her on the spot where he then lay. A festival was instituted in consequence, which is observed with great solemnity on the last Sunday in August, when the temple is visited by a vast conflux of people from the surrounding country.

The scenery between this place and Aci Sant' Antonio is no ways inferior to that through which we had just passed. Aci Sant' Antonio is a small town, containing about three thousand souls, situated on a plain of lava, now covered with the most luxurious vegetation. Almost all the towns and villages in this neighbourhood are called by the common appellation of Aci, in remembrance of the Sicilian shepherd crushed to death by Polyphemus; they have some particular adjunct to distinguish them, such as—

Aci Reale.

Aci Catena, a fine town, with three thousand five hundred souls.

Aci Marina, a village on the coast.

Aci Santa Lucia, a hamlet.

[1] Concluded from vol. xiii. p. 406.

Aci Bonaccorso, a village.

Castel Aci, a village.

Aci Sant' Antonio, a neat town, containing a population of three thousand.

Aci San Filippo, containing a population of four thousand.

Leaving all these Acis behind, we entered a wood, which is also called the " Bosco d'Aci:" it abounds in chesnut and mulberry trees of magnificent growth, the shade of which was highly refreshing to travellers, who had been exposed to the ardour of a Sicilian sun in June. To our right lay the fertile plains styled the " Coste di San Giovanni di Mascali," abounding in corn, oil, wine, and fruits, in endless variety. There is also much game in the neighbourhood, hares of great size and excellent flavour, with numbers of the red-legged partridge; but the flesh of this bird acquires a bitter taste from its feeding principally on the myrtle-berry. We shot as we came along, and by the time we arrived at Calatabiano, had provided ourselves with a respectable supper, in case the landlord should prove insufficiently provided to answer the demands of a party so large and so hungry as ourselves. Never did St. Julian, the patron saint of travellers, inspire wayfaring mortals with a happier thought; dried kidney beans, lupines, eggs, and garlic, was all mine host of Calatabiano could afford us. To make up for the scantiness of his fare, he plied us with compliments in profusion, assuring us that had he known such illustrious travellers were on the point of honouring Calatabiano, he would have been better provided; although he acquainted us with what we had already perceived, that he was not an innkeeper by profession, but a *galant 'uomo*, who supported himself by the manufacture of spades, shovels, pickaxes, horseshoes, and other articles for the honest inhabitants of Calatabiano: it was true that when travellers of consequence, such as our excellencies, happened, which was very rare, to pass through the village, and he was thoroughly assured of their respectability, he usually invited them to sojourn under his roof during their stay. How long he would have gone on in this strain, there is no saying, accompanying every word with the grimace and gesticulation common to the lower classes of Sicilians, had we not, alarmed by the rapidity and perseverance of his elocution, cut him short, by requesting he would lead us to an apartment. We were accordingly shown out of the shop, in which we had been standing during his harangue, into an inner room, which served also for a kitchen, and was in every respect worse than the one we had quitted; but we preferred it, imagining we should, at least, have it to ourselves, but we were never more disappointed. Our eternal host burst on us every moment, told more stories in an hour than I could repeat in a day, and expressed considerable mortification at our sparing him the trouble of roasting our game, entering into a long dissertation on the culinary art, with an encomium on his own proficiency, from which I could collect that he held few dishes to be good without a plentiful proportion of oil and garlic.

After supper, arranging our mattrasses on the damp mud floor, we threw ourselves down; but scarcely had we got our talkative host out of the room, by extinguishing the light, as a polite hint for him to

depart, when, as at a signal given, guests still more unwelcome made their appearance, if I may use the expression, in the dark. Fleas, spiders, bugs, mosquitoes, sand-flies, cock-roaches, with other genera and species innumerable, made a simultaneous attack upon us in all parts: we turned, we tumbled, we roared, we swore, we scratched, we caught, we killed, but all in vain: our blood-thirsty assailants were too numerous, too daring, and too hungry to be repelled. It was evidently long since they had made so delicious a meal. It will scarcely be believed, that even in this state of purgatory, we at length fell asleep, thanks to our exertions on the preceding day. But we had not long sunk into soft forgetfulness before the silken bands of sleep were burst asunder by a noise like the discharge of artillery, or the explosions of Mount Ætna, proceeding from the adjoining apartment. One of us rose to ascertain the cause of this horrible disturbance: it was our indefatigable landlord, who was making up for the time he had lost in our company, by working at his anvil during the night. We could not help smiling in the morning at the motley condition of our features, which bore evident marks of their being the leavings of the plentiful banquet we had afforded to so many voracious hordes.

Calatabiano is situated on the side of Ætna: it is a miserable village, though dignified by the inhabitants with the appellation of town: its human population is scanty, but for vermin, I will back it against any three cities in Europe.

Having taken, I hope, an eternal adieu of our loquacious host, who made several desperate efforts to detain us, by beginning various stories, to which we resolutely turned a deaf ear, we rode on before breakfast to Lingua Grossa, a small town, containing two thousand inhabitants, prettily situated on a declivity. It owes its name to the rustic pronunciation of the people of the district. As this was a convenient spot for fixing one's quarters when visiting the "Castagno de' Cento Cavalli," and the eruption of the preceding year, which I was anxious to examine after the extinction of the conflagration, we left our horses at the very indifferent inn of the place, and provided ourselves with mules, the paths being too rugged for the former animals. In the neighbourhood of Lingua Grossa is a fine forest of pitch trees, of which the inhabitants extract and prepare the juice.

The leaves and branches of the "Castagno de' Cento Cavalli" are a magnificent spectacle, and seem a forest in themselves; but the trunk by no means corresponds with the expectations raised of it. It has all the appearance at present of five distinct trees; if it be but one, as is generally allowed, it must, when entire, have been the wonder of the vegetable creation: it measures in circumference one hundred and sixty-four feet, a truly prodigious size. There are several others in the vicinity, which would be reckoned of extraordinary growth at a greater distance from this colossus of the woods. Carrera, who wrote in 1635, describes this tree. Without agreeing with him that it must have existed thousands of years, it is certainly very ancient, as it was nearly in the same state in his time as at present: he says that twenty-seven horsemen entered at once into its hollow, and that a flock of three hundred sheep have sometimes found refuge there;

the same author also mentions certain oaks near Tre Castagne, which six men holding by each other's hands could scarcely encompass.

We next proceeded, under the direction of our guide, to visit the scene of the eruption of the preceding year. After four hours ride, wearrived at the foot of the hill which overlooks the plain where it took place; leaving our animals there, we ascended to the summit, and precipitated ourselves down the declivity of ashes sloping into the valley, nearly in the centre of which rises the hill which poured forth the torrent of lava; our guide indeed remonstrated, and we had not calculated the ascent on our return; a few minutes took us to the bottom, and we crossed the plain, sinking deep at every step in the fine black sand. We found the height of the hill to be about three hundred feet, and had great difficulty in making our way to the summit. The crater is about fifty yards in diameter, and was still exhaling smoke: the lava had every where externally assumed the appearance of other streams of sciara, that is, of large rocks and stones confusedly heaped one upon another, except in the immediate vicinity of the mouth, where it was almost smooth. In the crater it still felt hot to the hand, and a stick inserted into the crevices took fire. We found several pieces of scoriæ so perforated, as to resemble sponges, and very light; scoriæ similar to these have probably occasioned the mistake of several travellers who have numbered the pumice stone among the productions of Ætna, which in reality is not found on the mountain. The lava of this eruption is of a horn-stone base; it is more than usually porous, but hard, and contains shoerls and feltspars: we perceived some of the former loose among the ashes, but they are by no means so abundant here as on Monte Rosso. It being late we left this spot, in hopes of being able to reach Lingua Grossa in good time for supper, but were sadly disappointed in our expectations; we found to regain the height from which we had descended into the valley, an undertaking which had nearly defied our strength, and reduced us to take our night's lodging *al fresco*, and supperless, in the gloomy vale into which we had penetrated with so much ease; it was literally

> Facilis descensus Averni,
> Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hoc opus, hic labor est.

In climbing this steep acclivity, which was covered to some depth with a coating of fine sand and yielding cinders, we could scarcely make good a single pace in five; the ashes constantly gave way under our feet, and we often retrograded two steps instead of advancing one; if by accident we met with a stone which showed its head above the sand, we found by experience that we could not trust our weight upon it, without risk of being rolled down again like the stone of Sisyphus to the bottom of the ascent, and having our Herculean task to commence afresh: at times we strove to help ourselves with our hands, but these not only served to loosen more effectually the light ashes, but it also filled our eyes, mouths, ears, and nostrils with the subtle dust, which rolled down in suffocating clouds on the rearmost of the party. Every third minute we were obliged to turn round and throw our-

selves on our backs to repose, or, almost fainting, to apply our parched lips to a flask of brandy which we fortunately had with us, and which we may thank for having accomplished our task, at least for that night. At each halt we cast our anxious eye down to observe our progress, and cheerless indeed was the prospect of the valley below, which at every step seemed obstinately to preserve the same distance. I have ascended many of the steepest mountains of Europe, but I never underwent a fatigue so sharp and painful as the present: suffice it to say, that it was half-past six when we left the plain, and that we did not regain the brow of the hill until a quarter after ten. We found our attendants, who were with the mules, in astonishment at our protracted stay, and although we made the best of our road, it was one o'clock before we reached Lingua Grossa, where a good supper and a few glasses of excellent Ætna wine soon recruited our exhausted spirits.

We breakfasted next day at Castiglione, a town built on the rocky summit of an Ætnæan hill. Three miles from this place is Francavilla, beautifully situated on the side of a steep ascent, from whence there is a fine view of the plains at the foot of the mountain. In the neighbourhood of Francavilla is the river of the same name, one of the principal streams which supply the Alcantara; on its banks, and in the adjacent country, flourish a number of very fine plane trees. We left Motta Camastra, a village on the summit of a hill, which appeared almost inaccessible to our right, and passed on to Auricella, or, as it is commonly called, Rocella, situated also, like most other places in the vicinity, on the top of a lofty mountain.

When we arrived at Randazzo, we inquired for the inn, and were shown to a wretched fandaco, the door of which was open, but on alighting from our horses we did not find it so easy to effect an entrance; a goat, of a most venerable aspect, with a beard that swept the ground, and seemed to speak him the father of many generations, presented his formidable horns, and kept us at bay, nor would he relinquish his position until in our impatience we violated the sanctity of his person by the application of some smart strokes of the whip; having forced an entrance *vi et armis*, an old woman conducted us to certain miserable chambers, each furnished with a bedstead, on which lay what had, from the inequalities of its surface, more the appearance of a sack stuffed with pebbles than a mattrass, the duties of which it was destined to fulfil. On our consulting our host, who now came in, concerning our supper, he assured us we should want for nothing, but should have all the place afforded: but what was that? Was there any fish?—None at present, but there would be some to-morrow; could we have a beef-steak?—No; beef was rarely killed at Randazzo. A pork chop?—He was afraid not; was there *castrato* or *moutone?* both of which signify mutton; he paused for a moment, and then said, that with a joint of mutton he believed he could furnish us, and that it should be on the table in about two hours: this was good news, and we got ready for supper. Our host kept his word, soon after the appointed time a huge quarter of mutton smoked upon our board; but ye immortal gods! what mutton! the body of Cycnus was not more impervious to the lance of Achilles, than this invulnerable joint to our

knives, whilst its acute odour drew tears from our eyes; a dreadful suspicion came across my mind; I seized my hat and rushed into the yard, where, alas! my worst fears were fatally confirmed. His hoary hide, half stripped from his aged body, his throat gashed by an unseemly wound, with one of his fore quarters missing, hung by his hind legs on the wall, the venerable patriarch who had so valiantly opposed our entrance. Overcome with sorrow, I hastened back to relate the melancholy tale to my companions, whose veneration for the departed was too great to allow them to continue their carnivorous attempts on his mangled members: one of us only, inattentive, like Ceres, from excessive grief when she devoured the shoulder of Pelops, applied a mouthful to his lips, which he pronounced, probably from respect to his deceased acquaintance, not so bad as he had anticipated, whilst another observed, that although our host had served us with *moutone*, he certainly had not given us *castrato*.

Having supped tolerably, after all, without our host's mutton, we retired to scratch, for I am convinced that the fleas, bugs, spiders, &c., of Randazzo were a colony from Calatabiano, so similar were their bites and their voracity; we slept, however, soundly on our flinty couches, in spite of our numerous bedfellows, till dawn, when we rose to resume our journey, after disbursing rather largely for our accommodation; I venture to say, that no gourmand ever paid more for the best Southdown mutton than we for the unfortunate hircus which had been sacrificed in our honour. Near Randazzo is the singular "Lago di Gurrita," through which the river Giudicello is said to pass like the Rhone through the lake of Geneva. Eight miles from Randazzo is the monastery of "Santa Maria detta Maniaci;" a mile above the convent once stood the castle of Maniaci, built in the year 932, by George Maniaces, prefect of Sicily, in commemoration of a famous victory gained by him over the Saracens, but no vestige of it is at present remaining. Continuing our circuit round the mountains, through a country of great fertility and beauty, but inferior in both respects to the delicious plains on the other side, we arrived at the modern town of Bronte, which contains about seven thousand inhabitants, where they prepare an excellent wine, known by the name of Bronte Madeira. This is the place which gave the title of Duke to Lord Nelson. One of the least creditable passages in the life of this great man, was his interest and friendship with the Court of Naples; nor can we easily forgive him the execution of the brave, the liberal, the enlightened Caracciolo, when the admiral of a free nation consented to administer to the vengeance of a despot, and a British man-of-war was prostituted to the office of a Neapolitan scaffold.

But his lordship on this occasion yielded to softer solicitations than those of the king of Naples or his ministers. Nelson was so great a character, and his virtues so overbalance his defects, that we need not fear, in this instance, to give him up to the justice of history. England owes more to him than to any other man of the age; during his lifetime he was the scourge of her enemies, and he died in the very act of securing her safety; until the last hope of the enemy's navy was crushed at Trafalgar, she was never safe from invasion: had that glorious action terminated differently, the torrent of those armies which

afterwards overwhelmed and subdued the continent, would have been turned upon England.

Having dined at Bronte, and drank to the memory of the British hero, in a bumper of the wine of the place, we pushed on to Troina, which we had fixed on for our night's residence. It is a considerable town, containing a population of about six thousand souls, situated on a height in a magnificently wooded country; there are some ruins of the ancient place still remaining; the citadel is said to have stood on the site of the great church; it was ruined by Count Roger, who recovered it from the Saracens. We found here what, in Sicily, may pass for a comfortable inn. Loquacity seems the vice of Sicilian landlords; our host related to us the story of the Countess L———, who a few years since was murdered by her husband at some place in the vicinity. It appears that the count had surprised his lady in a very suspicious situation with her paramour; being armed, the latter fell an immediate victim to his fury, but the former contrived to effect her escape to the house of her relations, who, dreading the fiery temper and determined character of the count, under pretence of punishment, but in reality for the sake of security, had her placed in the public prison. One evening the count having gained admission, by pretending a wish for reconciliation, he murdered his unfortunate wife, as she vainly supplicated for mercy on her knees, with nine blows of a stiletto, in the presence of the terrified female who was in attendance upon her.

Next morning we proceeded down the beautiful Val di Troina, and crossing the Fiume Salso, arrived at Centorbi, the ancient Centuripæ, a town containing three thousand inhabitants, built on a steep and rugged rock, with five points, which have caused it to be compared to a star-fish. It is one of the oldest places in Sicily, and was founded by the Siculi: it was formerly of great size and renown, but was razed to its foundations A. D. 1232, by the Emperor Frederic III., for having rebelled against him. The country round is very fertile. Salt of a red colour is found in the vicinity.

Leaving Centorbi, we passed through the miserable village of Carcaci, situated in a swamp, and consequently subject to that dreadful visitation, the malaria. The few sickly objects, who came to the doors to see the strangers pass, from their deplorable appearance excited my commiseration. Poor as this hamlet is, it gives the title of duke to one of the most respectable families of Catania. Crossing the Semathus, by the "Ponte di Carcaci," we again returned to the skirts of Ætna, from which we had diverged a little, to visit Troina and Centorbi. We passed the night at Aderno, the ancient Hadranum, which at present contains a population of five thousand souls. Plutarch mentions this place, in his life of Timoleon; the inhabitants were famous for their peculiar worship of the god Adranus, whose fane, said to have been guarded by a thousand dogs, must have resembled a kennel rather than a temple.

At a short distance from Aderno is the neat town of Biancavilla, which lies at the foot of Ætna. Not far from this place is Paterno, from which one of the richest and most powerful princes of Palermo

derives his title. It was this nobleman, who, by his dexterous management, allayed the passions of the armed populace of Palermo, at a time when the most dreadful excesses were apprehended, and procured the peaceable entry of the Neapolitan army into the capital in 1820, a most important service, for which he was neither properly thanked or rewarded. Many years since, this prince was captured on his passage from Palermo to Naples, by a corsair, and taken to Algiers; his ransom was fixed at one million of Spanish dollars, but was finally reduced to six hundred thousand, which enormous sum he was compelled to procure and pay, before he was permitted to depart. By prudent management he restored his estates, which this drain had somewhat involved; and is now, and has long been, accounted the richest proprietor in Sicily, although the estates of the Prince of Butera, the first peer of the realm, are more extensive.

Paterno, which is supposed by Cluverius to be built on the site of Kybla Major, lies on a beautiful inclined plain of Ætna, and is a place of some importance, with eight thousand inhabitants; the present town was founded by Count Roger to contain his stores and magazines during the siege of Catania. Bel Passo and Mal Passo are situated in the midst of dreadful lavas, which destroyed the beautiful country in their neighbourhood. Passing through Val-corrente, we came to "Motta sant Anastasia," a lovely village, from whence there is a superb view of the plain of Catania. The small town of Misterbianco, four miles from that city, is the Monasterio Bianco of Fazzello.

After an absence of eight days we re-entered Catania. Having thus made a complete tour of the mountain, I may be expected to say something of its circumference. That Gioeni and Ricupero should exaggerate a little in their description of this lovely mountain, of which they are natives, is excusable; but it is surprising, that the generally accurate Spallanzani should copy their errors, as he does, when he makes the following comparison between Ætna and Vesuvius:—

	Ætna.	Vesuvius.
Height	2 miles	1 mile
Size of crater	1 mile to 6 miles	1½ mile
Extent of lavas	15, 20, 30 miles	7 miles
Circuit	180 miles	30 miles

Now I cannot see how any reasonable calculation can accord to Ætna the prodigious circumference of one hundred and eighty miles. I subjoin a table of the distances between the different places at the foot of the mountain, in round numbers; but it must be observed, that as we rather made a tour of the towns and villages at the base of Ætna, than of the volcano itself, the extreme point of which often lay considerably beyond our course, some extra distance must be allowed, which being pretty fairly set off against the turnings and windings of the roads, will leave the real circumference of the mountain as follows:—

	Miles.
From Catania to the mouth of Cantara	25
From the mouth of the Cantara to Calatabiano . . .	3
Calatabiano to Francavilla	6
Francavilla to Randazzo	13
Randazzo to Bronte	16
Bronte to Aderno	8
Aderno to Paterno	4
Paterno to Catania	17
Total . .	92

Or about ninety-two miles. I confess I am ignorant to what points Ricupero carried his limits, when he extended the base to the extraordinary circuit of one hundred and eighty-three miles. The population of the mountain, including Catania, may be estimated at about one hundred and fifty thousand souls.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

ARGENTARIUS.

Οὐκ ἔσθ' οὕτως ἔρως, εἴ τις καλὸν εἶδος ἔχουσαν. κ. τ. λ.

When dazzled by an eye,
That like a sunbeam blazes,
Or when a piteous sigh
A glance from Beauty raises;
This is not Love, although it claim
The title—'tis scarce worth the name.

But if with scarce a trace
Of beauty's form of light,
We gaze upon a face
And madden at the sight;
Oh! this is Love; though better name
Would be to call it wasting flame.

For though an eye of light,
And lips of rich carnation,
Move coxcombs * at the sight
To lisp their admiration;
Yet 'tis the Soul that must inspire,
And can alone sustain Love's fire.

* Τοὺς κρίνειν εἶδος ἐπισταμένους.

A DREAM.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Botafogo Bay, Rio de Janeiro,
March 1835.

THE evening was charming; the sun had set; for here at this season, it is impossible to think of a walk, ride, or drive, until the sun has made, or is about making, that very convenient arrangement. He spared us for awhile, however, the beauty of his rays without their intensity; they still enshrined the light and graceful peak of the Cocavada, just glanced on the barren rock of the Sugar-Loaf, and darted here and there a vivid glow on the luxuriant foliage of the hills on the opposite side.

We strolled along the margin of the sea until we reached the farthermost part of the bay, where it is abruptly terminated by a woody hill: here I chose a sequestered seat, and told my young group to proceed on their walk, and to call for me on their return.

From my position I had a lovely glimpse of the entrance into Rio harbour: the light vessels scudding to and fro, the frowning forts, the—— but I find I must check myself when I begin to describe the scenery of Rio; although *I* may never tire of looking at it, my readers may tire of hearing about it.

Suffice it then to say, that on this particular occasion I felt perhaps more ardently than usual the effect of the grand, the beautiful, and the romantic, which here unite in such exquisite perfection.

I drew forth my pencil and paper—not to sketch; for I regret to say I am not in possession of that interesting art; but—O pardon me, my reader! I confess—with blushes I confess—that with the above-named instruments I intended to commit—poetry!

I glanced my eye, as I was bound to do, "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven:" all was good—all was inspiring. I began to brandish my weapon, and without deigning to look at its mechanical process, traced—

Thy gold and purple veil, O Eve!
Gemmed with diamond dew,
How gently——

How gently what? rhyme for Eve? leave—reave—weave: well, weave, (beginning to nod,)

How gently do thy fingers weave!

Now for *dew*—I wish poetry had no *mechanism* in it—a yawn—dew—stew—flew—drew—how tiresome! my pencil dropped, my eyelids closed; I just muttered something about "view, adieu!"—and slept.

A strain of the softest music swelled on the air; the most fragrant odours breathed around. From behind a jutting rock a supernatural light burst forth, and a vision appeared. It was a female of far more than mortal beauty, grace, and dignity; she was arranged after the most approved fashion of celestial beings; draperies of dazzling white and ethereal blue floated like clouds around her; her zone and coronet were of starry brightness, her lovely tresses wantoned in the breeze, and beneath her delicate and lightly-sandalled foot, new-born flowers sprang up at every step.

For a few minutes I remained conscious of no other sensation than that of delight. At length, I recollected it must be a *spirit*, and that spirits always require to be questioned: I therefore rose from my seat, and with a tolerably firm voice exclaimed, "Celestial visitant! wherefore dost thou deign thy presence here? who—what art thou? I conjure thee, speak!"

"Mortal!" she replied, in a solemn yet entrancing tone, "behold the Muse of Britain!" At that revered name, I was preparing to throw myself at her feet, as well as the rocky inequalities of the ground would permit, but she prevented me: "Forbear! kneel not to me! to me, mortals kneel no longer. I know your respect, your warm and disinterested affection, and therefore I am come at last——"

"To inspire me?" interrupted I, glowing with hope.

"No, my dear madam," replied the Muse, "to warn you, to advise you, to give up writing poetry." I felt indescribably shocked and disappointed. "I did intend," continued she, "that for the next ten years, at least, you should have surprised and delighted the people over whose poetical regions I am appointed to preside, with sonnets on the moon—lines written at sunset—to a daisy—on the death of a pet linnet—to a young lady on entering her teens—beside odes on the births, marriages, and deaths of all the distinguished ladies and gentlemen of your day."

"Alas!" I exclaimed pathetically, "it is almost cruel to reveal to me the knowledge of what I *might* have been. Wherefore, O goddess, am I thus forbidden?"

"Hush!" she replied, "dost thou not see who comes? look!" I looked, and saw no one but a well-dressed, gentleman-like, and rather handsome young man, on horseback. He dismounted within a few paces, took off his hat, and advancing with an air of strained courtesy, bowed to the Muse, but of me he took no notice. She whispered: "He is a reviewer; now you will have reasons for my warning, 'plenty as blackberries.'"

"I really feel, madam, very sorry," said he, "that there should exist a necessity for a second conversation on the subject of our last—a subject, I am aware, so disagreeable to you; but the people murmur more than ever, and we have no alternative but that of representing their complaints to you. I must, therefore, entreat your permission once more to repeat that we are, to our great annoyance, overrun with *poetasters*. The productions of young gentlemen and young ladies abound; but as to the rhyming fruitfulness of middle-aged ladies, there really is no end of it." At this unexpected attack on middle-aged ladies, I caught up a piece of the Muse's blue drapery, and in spite of her movements, and the efforts of the breeze, I held it firmly before my face during the remainder to the interview. "I venture to assure you, madam," continued the reviewer, "that unless you restrain the profusion of your minor gifts, poetry itself will not be worth an old song. Only mark of late, under the head of correspondence, the space we are forced to dedicate to, 'We beg to decline the *poetry* of R. L., O. P., M. N. R.; in short, all the letters of the alphabet more than once repeated. The mechanism of your art has become too much practised upon, consequently the difficulty consists no longer in writing poetry, but in reading it; and if some timely remedy be not applied, the art itself, contrary to the general law of our nature, will be destroyed by its own fecundity, lost by its own redundance."

The reviewer paused: the Muse replied, "Before I venture any observation on the evil you complain of, permit me to ask what remedy *you* are authorised to propose?"

"The same I hinted at when last I had the honour of seeing you: absent yourself for a time altogether; take your flight into other spheres, for you appear to have exhausted every thing in this; other orbs must be

searched for novelty, for not one grain of it remains here. Renovate your youth! 'rekiudle its mighty vigour!' Alas, madam! when Spenser caressed you, you were a beautiful child, budding, fresh, and luxuriant in your beauty; and when wooed and won by happy Shakspeare, you had just dawned into womanhood; simple yet rich, natural yet perfect in grace, seductive in loveliness, magnificent in power. Then, in riper age, did you re-appear to our astonished eyes in the pure majesty of Milton. But while we worship these unrivalled stars of our poetical hemisphere, we fail not to praise and admire the beautiful constellations which shone out after them, and to which have just been added the bright orbs of Byron and of Scott. These were your latest efforts; and now—I would not for the world say a rude thing to a lady—we reviewers never do—but I only just venture to hint that you are considered *un peu passée*, which accounts for your associating so much more than formerly with ladies, while the gentlemen stand aloof. The simple and easy expedient I have mentioned, a flight in search of renovation to other worlds, will set all to rights again."

A short pause, during which the muse seemed anxious to suppress her emotion, ensued—at length she said, "You have, it seems, addressed me in the name of your country; therefore, I do not reply to you individually, nor in your capacity of reviewer.

"As I have resided long among you, I acknowledge I may have so far imbibed your terrestrial nature, as to be affected by your great magician, Time; great both for the purposes of good and evil. He has diffused my art, and, consequently, you conceive, has rendered it less precious.

"By the same reasoning, were I to present you with a Milton and Shakspeare even twice in a century, you would begin to desire something beyond even a Milton and Shakspeare.

"I am aware of the peculiar delicacy of my art; it does not, like music or painting, address itself to the senses: its operation is solely on the *mind's eye;* and the mind that is capable of receiving and enjoying the impressions of poetry, is itself of superior stamp; consequently poetry will never please *the many*, however they may affect pleasure. It has been the *fashion* to admire it, it is now the *fashion* not to admire it; but these vacillations of caprice can never affect my true votaries, either those who create, or those who love and enjoy their creation.

"Conscious of all I had to contend with, I have bestowed upon you master-models in some of the various walks of my art. These 'angel visits have been few and far between,' and so I intend they shall continue. From what sources the next gifted spirit shall concentrate his rays of intellectual light, whether he must draw them from worlds unknown, or whether he may prove to you, that the moral and physical powers of this that you inhabit, are not quite so exhausted for the poet, as you imagine, remains for *me* alone to decide." And a slight expression of irony curled the lip of the Muse.

"Although in my poetical garden, I plant with a sparing hand the magnificent and sturdy oak, do I not adorn it with the delicate and clasping ivy? Is it not surrounded by shrubs and flowers of every scent and hue? the modest and perfumed violet droops at your feet, the beautiful rose courts your glance, the graceful and sweet-scented jessamine wreathes around you—are these nothing? are these exquisite gifts of no value, because they are showered upon you with a less frugal hand? Believe me, they who cannot perceive beauty, or extract fragrance from these, are not the best qualified to judge of the more sublime productions, to comprehend their utility, and to feel their power.

"There is one question, too, I have to put, which I would fain have avoided; it is as painful for me to ask, as it will probably be for you to answer. Among the poets I have inspired and presented to you, from

whose lips the precepts of wisdom have flowed in strains of the purest harmony, who have strewed flowers over the rugged path of science, who have refined and elevated your rude and grovelling natures, who have opened your eyes to perceive, and softened your hearts to feel the power, the beauty, the goodness, of all that surrounds you—which among them have been rewarded by your gratitude, nourished by your bounty, or cheered by your praise? Which is he among you, whose fate you would point to as an encouragement to genius?—the neglected Milton? the poverty-stricken author of Hudibras? the oppressed Savage? the starving Otway? I tell you," (and indignation crimsoned the brow, and darted from the eye of the Muse,) " I tell you, Britain never yet has bestowed a just meed on one of her bards—no, not on one, from the venerable Chaucer down to him of the north, whose grave is yet fresh among you.

" The gift of poetry, I acknowledge, is in some measure its own reward; they to whom I have imparted it, live in a creation of their own; and the developement of their powers is to them a source of enjoyment, of which others can have no conception. The ardent love of fame, and the secret certainty of possessing or attaining it, is another treasure of the soul which none take from them; but these blessings they receive from *me*—for what have they to thank you? The snares of envy encompass them, the snakes of calumny hiss in their path; their errors, their frailties, their vices, (if they have any,) are held up as matter of peculiar triumph; their worldly-minded relatives often regard and treat them as a species of useless, idle, unnecessary beings. If, in the headlong warmth and inexperience of youth, they may have committed some luckless scribble, which their maturer reason condemns, the ghost of this thing is mercifully made to haunt them through life; the intimate familiarity of private intercourse is not with them held sacred; every careless word is noted down to be afterwards thrown to a greedy and malicious public; less, perhaps, with any evil design, than that the retailers may tack their own little names to the tail of the comet, within whose vortex they have been accidentally drawn.

" But when death has closed the scene, and when you are *quite* sure that praise and honour can no longer reach the ear, or warm the heart, you begin to dole them out; you place the name of your departed poet on your list of fame; and you point it out to those who come after, less as a model, than as an additional bar to their progress.

" The improved education and condition of your women, have of late wonderfully brought out their mental powers. There is scarcely any walk of literature in which they have not shone during the last half-century; and I venture to pronounce that no country every possessed a more beautiful cluster of poetesses than yours does at this moment; they are the flowers of my garden—crush them not! affect not to despise them—and above all suppress your jealousy: for be assured that in the lighter departments of my art, they are much better calculated to excel than you are.

" There are also some living poets of the other sex among you, rich in sentiment and pathos, vivid, delicate, powerful—these are the ripe and delicious fruits of my garden. Weeds, indeed, will spring up where the soil is rich, but time and good taste quietly and quickly remove them. Cultivate then, and enjoy what you possess, and in my own good time I may grant one of those magnificent productions, you fancy you require."

The reviewer bowed lower than he had yet done, and said, " We thank you, madam." Then, after a pause, " It is far from becoming, to attempt to bandy words and arguments with *you*, yet I feel a great wish to extenuate (for I know I cannot entirely remove) the blame you have thrown upon my country, in regard to her treatment of your chil-

dren. Recollect, madam, I beseech you, that they are peculiarly remarkable as to their unfitness for our every-day-working world; they are so deficient in prudence, tact, and common sense, and often so overrun with vanity, that it is almost impossible to make them act like common mortals in common life. I acknowledge there have been some exceptions, and each individual may possess his own shade of exception, but as a body *this* is their general character; and to this, quite as much as to any neglect on our part, is to be attributed their misfortunes. Let them look to the example of Goëthe, who possessed that perfect self-government which enabled him to keep separate his own world of romance and poetry, from the one he himself *bonâ fide* inhabited, and where the same run of duties and cares were allotted to him, as to the rest of his fellow-creatures.

"One more word as to another charge you have brought against *us*, (the public,) and I have done. The curiosity and interest we express concerning the private opinions, conversations, and habits of these gifted individuals, prove that they are any thing but indifferent to us; and the natural workings of their minds, if displayed with acuteness and fidelity, may not only raise them much higher than they otherwise would stand in our estimation, but may present to the observer of human nature, a study the most important and improving.

"No doubt, madam, all that you have said upon the subject of poetry is very wise and true; but as a reviewer, I am bound to consult the public taste, and therefore——"

"And therefore," interrupted the Muse, "you will do what you can to expel poetry from her station in the arts and literature of your country. By thus acting, you do your own office almost as much injustice as you do mine. It is not for you merely to consult and to cater for the public taste; it is your far nobler duty to direct and to control it, to prevent its depravation, to raise its standard, and to encourage merit wherever you may find it."

"True, madam—very true," replied the reviewer, bowing and retreating as fast as possible towards his horse.

For some minutes after his departure the Muse remained in an attitude of deep reflection, which of course I did not presume to disturb: then turning to me, she said, in a kind and familiar tone, "Well, what do you think of our interview?"

"Madam," I replied, "there cannot be two opinions on it; but will you permit me to ask you a question?"

"Ask on."

"Is it your intention to follow his suggestion, and for a time to quit our globe and traverse other spheres?"

"I really have not made up my mind," said the Muse: "I certainly do begin to be as tired of your country, as she can be of me. I have brought her subjects for poetry from the extreme east and west, north and south, till her appetite has become sickly. Of dramatic poetry I acknowledge there *is* a dearth; or rather, I ought to say, there is a dearth of taste for it; if the dramatic taste were good, I am sure there is genius to meet it, making allowance for *one* drawback—the language in which my Shakspeare wrote, exists no longer. But I am wandering from your question; why did you ask it?"

"Because, madam," said I; "because—" and I coloured and hesitated, "because I should very much indeed like to accompany you."

The muse started and smiled—I thought, very nearly laughed. "But my faithful votary, have you so soon forgotten the sermon we have just had preached to us? recollect your duties and your cares! what would your husband and your children say at beholding you taking flight with me to wander among the stars?"

"You have, doubtlessly," I replied, "command over time as well as over space; and therefore, as in the tales of the East, the events of years might be compressed into a few hours or days at the utmost; these I *could* spare. O Muse, deny me not? Only imagine me fraught with the stupendous knowledge of other worlds and of other natures! behold me alighting, as a superior and highly favoured being, among my fellow mortals, pouring forth the sublime secrets of the universe in torrents of impassioned eloquence or unpremeditated verse!"

I paused in the midst of my enthusiasm; another idea presented itself. "And was there not something said—yes, surely there was—of a renewal of *youth*? Conceive my enjoyment! I would gather a beauty or snatch a grace from every star I passed, and leave a year behind me. The only evil I foresee likely to result from this glorious achievement, is, that ingenuity would be racked for the invention of effective wings, and that the air for a time might be darkened by clouds of elderly ladies; but, unsupported by your power, and in search only of physical renovation, they would but rise to fall. O Muse, deny me not!"

Just at this moment, and while she was bestowing upon me the most encouraging look, I felt a smart slap on my cheek. The Muse began to fade from my view; she waved her hand, but whether as an invitation or as an adieu I could not make out. Another tap, and merry laughter rang in my ears. I awoke; my children encircled me, the stars were sparkling above me, and the moon was just peeping from behind the Sugar-loaf; but I positively did not descend in spirit again to earth, my duties, cares, and middle age, until I had fairly exchanged the moon for my drawing-room lamp, and the stars for my cups and saucers.

E. B. E. N.

TO BEAUTY.

Spirit of all that is divine on earth!
Sole chastening essence of Creation's mould;—
Whate'er thy form, where'er thy charms unfold,
Or at pale eve, or at the morning's birth,
Whether thou 'rt thron'd in rich monarchal worth,
Or in that spiritual galaxy of old,
The forest-nymphs who danc'd upon the wold,
Or chas'd the flying streams with kindred mirth,
Thee do I worship only!—but when thou,
Sublim'd in sweet conception, art enshrin'd
In the fair temple of Ione's brow,
The living image of her deathless mind—
Oh! then my faltering accents whisper, how
For my heart's peace, to thee, I would be blind.

W. G. T.

THE POEMS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.[1]

It will be seen by our extracts in the former paper, from the "Revolt of Islam," that Shelley, although full of fervor and strength, and in some of his isolated picturings approaching sublimity itself, possessed not that sustained regularity of judgment necessary to the execution of a *great* poem. It is the highest perfection of genius when conception and execution are equally balanced; or, in other words, when the creative faculty can give a full development, as well as a just and harmonious proportion, to each object of its creation. In the "Revolt of Islam," this perfection does not exist: the machinery of that poem being irregular and without art; the hero and heroine phantasmal—purely imaginative—therefore drawing but little on human sympathies; and the scenes in which they move, although in the fullest sense of the term poetical, being so indistinctly or so extravagantly wrought up, as to afford a golden opportunity for ill-natured or cold-hearted criticism to throw a blight over the whole. As we pursue this examination, we shall find that the distinguishing feature of Shelley's mind was, in its purest abstraction, the *imaginative* power. In him, this power never slept, never wearied, and was always original: it is the cause both of his excellencies and his errors; for like the magician who forgets to draw round him an enchanted circle, before invoking the beings of another world, so little does Shelley in its exercise attend to the circumscribed limitations and distinctions of judgment, that he is borne away, as it were, by the very phantoms he calls up.

This remark is applicable to the "Cenci," a tragedy in five acts, one of the three dramas (the other two being entitled "Prometheus Unbound" and "Hellas") which Shelley has left behind. A restless desire to touch on fearful and forbidden things, or in the words of a reviewer applied to Cyril Tourneur, a dramatist of the seventeenth century, "to play with atheism and dally with incest," seems to have impelled the young poet to take up with a subject, which his warmest admirers must admit to have been ill-chosen. It is true that, in the treatment of this terrible design, he has shown a delicacy of feeling, of which the author of "Titus Andronicus," to this day received and read by many as one of Shakspeare's own tragedies, shows an exemplary want: it is true that he has thrown over the character of Beatrice a halo of spiritual innocence, which, in spite of the crime she is driven to commit, that crime, which

> Like a ghost is shrouded and folded up
> In its own formless horror,

excites every gentler sympathy in her behalf; but even if the subject of the tragedy were not in itself objectionable, it contains other errors of judgment which cannot be passed over. The delineation of the horrors of an Œdipus, or a Medea, is not the model to be adopted by modern dramatists. In proportion as public taste is refined, the deformities of the ancient drama, including those of most of the English dramatists in the seventeenth century, grow more and more repulsive. Humanity shudders at the display of unnatural passions; and it would be monstrous to suppose that the "Vittoria Corobona" of John Webster, or the "Woman, Beware of Woman," of Middleton, and many others we

[1] Concluded from vol. xiii. p. 382.

might mention, would be any more tolerated on the English stage in these days, than a sanguinary combat of gladiators in the days of our less brutalized, but yet unpolished, ancestors.

The "Cenci," however, is by no means deficient in merit: its chief excellence lies in the characters of Beatrice, Camillo, Lucretia, and Bernardo; the three last showing more touches of human feeling than is generally to be met with in Shelley's writings. The "Cenci" himself is a most loathsome wretch, with not even the reluctant humanity of a Lady Macbeth to throw a light on his dark features. The other characters, viz. Giacomo, Orsino, and Savella, are faulty, ill-sustained, and unnatural; there is a cold profligacy in Orsino, which is quite hateful. Olimpio and Marzio, too, are most ordinary cut-throats.

Shelley has chosen two subjects more congenial to his exalted imagination, and much more susceptible of poetic grandeur, than the bare exposure of unnatural passions in his "Prometheus Unbound" and "Hellas." It was a daring attempt for an English poet to seek to replace, in a comparatively feeble language, the finest perhaps of the dramas of Æschylus: yet of all modern bards, Shelley was most qualified for the task. There is a real resemblance in our poet's genius to that of Æschylus: both were ardent and enthusiastic; possessed of that glorious elevation of fancy which revels in the sublimest conceptions: both were perfect masters of their native language in all its varied and most vivid expressions: their faults also may be said to resemble each other; for if Æschylus, as he has been represented, be wild, irregular, and frequently fantastic, relying too much on the impulses of imagination, to the neglect of judgment—if he be rude, inartificial, and even inconsistent in his plots, the same may with truth be said of Shelley, and in no one instance more than in the drama before us.

But who was Prometheus? Was he, as Horace has imagined, the boldest of the sons of Evil? the thief who stole immortal fire from his divine associates for the worst purposes? the heathen Satan, who, by one daring offence against the purity of heaven, entailed a legacy of sorrow and disease on mankind? or was he in truth, as Byron has addressed him, the moral regenerator of the human race?

> Whose godlike crime was to be kind,
> To render with his precepts less
> The sum of human wretchedness,
> And strengthen them with his own mind;

thus following up the grander conception of Æschylus, in his "Prometheus vinctus," who felt for the fallen hero, and, heathen as he was, hated his insulting vanquisher. The latter picture is the true one: Satan and Prometheus are both sublimely shadowed forth, but that sublimity is distinct, peculiar, and may not be blended: for what was Jupiter but a tyrant, who gave himself up to every evil passion, and scrupled at no injury or injustice? And it is this picture of a dark and vicious mighty being, who owes his visionary existence to heathen conception, and is sullied by every human frailty, that must ever be borne in mind.

It may be necessary to give a brief outline of the plot which formed the drama of Æschylus, and we cannot do better than by quoting his own vivid description. Speaking of the occupations of Jupiter immediately after ascending the throne of his father Satan, he says:—

> —— *βροτῶν δὲ τῶν ταλαιπώρων λόγον*
> *οὐκ ἔσχεν οὐδεν, ἀλλ' ἀιστώσας γένος*
> *το πᾶν, ἐχρῄζεν ἄλλο φιτῦσαι νεον.*
> *καὶ τοισι δ' οὐδεὶς ἀντέβαινε πλὴν ἐμοῦ.*
> *ἐγὼ δ' ἐτολμῃς' ἐξερυσάμην βροτους*

τοῦ μὴ διαφθαισθέντας εἰς Ἅιδου μολεῖν.
τῷ τοι τοιαίσδε πημοναῖσι κάμπτομαι
πάσχειν μεν ἀλγεινοῖσιν, οἰκτροῖσιν δ' ἰδεῖν.
θνητους δ' ἐν οἴκτῳ προθεμενος, τουτο τυχειν
οὐκ ἠξιώθην αυτος. κ. τ. λ.

Which may thus be literally translated:—

Man's miserable lot
Jove held in no regard, but wish'd to kill
And re-create afresh the human race!—
None save myself opposed his cruel will;
But I was daring, and drew mortals forth
From falling into Hades' dark profound!
Wherefore, with wrongs disastrous to endure
And terrible to witness—I am crush'd to Earth!
Denied that mercy, I afforded man!

A perpetual and dreadful punishment—for chained to a rock by fetters which may not be burnt, the mighty heart of Prometheus is ever gnawed by a voracious vulture, without the possibility of his finding relief in death!

It was to follow up this tale that Shelley devoted the full powers of his creative mind. Unknown to himself, but not unfelt, an allegory, which it will be our pains to illustrate, has developed itself under his pen. The first act of the "Prometheus Unbound" opens magnificently, thus:—

ACT I.

(SCENE—*A ravine of icy rocks in the Indian Caucasus—Prometheus is discovered bound—Panthea and Ione are seated at his feet—During the scene, morning slowly breaks.*)

PROMETHEUS.

Monarch of gods, and dæmons, and all spirits
But One, who throng those bright and rolling worlds
Which Thou and I alone of living things
Behold with sleepless eyes!—regard this Earth,
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requitest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,
With fear and self-contempt, and barren hope!
Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate
Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
O'er mine own misery, and thy vain revenge!
* * * * *
And yet to me welcome is day and night,
Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-colour'd East, for then they lead
The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom
Shall drag thee, cruel king, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee,
If they disdain'd not such a prostrate slave!
Disdain—ah! no!—I pity thee.
The curse
Once breathed on thee, I would recall—*Ye mountains,*
Whose many-voiced Echoes, through the mist
Of cataracts flung the thunder of that curse!
Ye icy springs stagnant with wrinkling frost
Which vibrated to hear me! Thou serenest Air
Through which the sun walks burning without beams!
And ye swift Whirlwinds, who on poised wings

Hung mute and moveless o'er yon hush'd abyss,
As thunder louder than your own, made rock
The orbed world! If then my words had power:
What was that curse? for ye all heard me speak!

What was that curse? What was that awful whisper which a prostrate prisoner could fling with all its untold terror on his shrinking oppressor? The mountains to whom Prometheus addresses himself dare not answer—the elements shrink from its repetition—Earth herself, in the recollection of what she has lost, and of what she suffers in the martyrdom of her benevolent protector, shudders, and for awhile is silent.

But the fallen hero (and let it be remarked, that in personifying Earth Shelley imitates the example of Æschylus, in his character of Oceanus,) again addresses her:—

Venerable mother,
All else who live and suffer take from thee
Some comfort:—flowers, and fruits, and happy sounds,
And love, though fleeting:—these may not be mine.
But mine own words I pray deny me not!

The curse is at length repeated; but so terrible is its nature, that even the persecuted Titan relents. The following is in Shelley's best style:—

PROMETHEUS.
Were these my words, oh parent?

EARTH.
They were thine!

PROMETHEUS.
It doth repent me?—words are quick and vain,
Grief for a while is blind, and so was mine,—
I wish no living thing to suffer pain!

EARTH.
Misery! oh misery to me,
That Jove at length should vanquish thee?
Wail, howl aloud—Land and Sea,
The Earth's rent heart shall answer ye!
Howl Spirits of the living and the dead!
Your refuge, your defence lies fallen and vanquished!

FIRST ECHO.
Lies fallen and vanquished—

SECOND ECHO.
Fallen and vanquished!

We have gone thus far into the drama, to show the terrible punishment of the Titan. We shall presently see the fortitude with which he sustains it. Calm and unflinching in all his solitary tortures, with an eye still fixed on the beautiful, and a bosom, whose emotions are for ever pure and benevolent—watched and tended by two lovely spirits, the types of Constancy and Fidelity,—have we not a beautiful image of the Genius of Liberty itself, chained in adamantine links, and ever persecuted by a vulturous oppression, yet unvanquished in its enduring and patient immortality. Here then is the true allegory of Prometheus: it is a picture under ideal characters, of Freedom overborne for awhile by Tyranny, with all the elements of nature weeping and wailing for her fall.

But the measure of the Titan's sufferings is not yet full. Mercury, the messenger of Jove, approaches, conducting the Furies, who have pre-

pared themselves with tenfold tortures: Shelley has nobly improved on Æschylus, who drew Mercury as a pampered and insulting minion.

MERCURY.
Awful sufferer!
To thee unwilling, most unwillingly
I come, by the great Father's will driven down,
To execute a doom of new revenge.
Be it not so! * *
* * Bend down thy soul in pray'r,
And like a suppliant in some gorgeous fane,
Let the will kneel within thy haughty heart!

PROMETHEUS.
* * * * *
Let others flatter crime where it sits thron'd
In brief Omnipotence—secure are they:
But hark the hell-hounds clamour!

MERCURY.
Oh! that we might be spar'd. I to inflict,
And thou to suffer! once more answer me;
Thou know'st not the period of Jove's power?

PROMETHEUS.
I know but this, that it must come!

MERCURY.
Alas!
Thou canst not count thy future years of pain!

PROMETHEUS.
They last while Jove must reign—nor more, nor less,
Do I desire or fear!

MERCURY.
Yet pause and plunge
Into Eternity, where recorded Time,
Even all that we imagine, age on age,
Seems but a point—and the reluctant mind
Flags wearily in its unending flight!
Till it sink dizzy, blind, lost, shelterless;—
Perchance it hath not number'd half the years,
Which thou must spend in torture!

PROMETHEUS.
Perchance no thought can count them, yet they pass!

MERCURY.
If thou might'st dwell among the gods the while,
Lapp'd in voluptuous joy.

PROMETHEUS.
I would not quit
This bleak ravine, these unrepentant pains!

MERCURY.
Alas! I wonder at and pity thee!

PROMETHEUS.
Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven,
Not me—within whose mind sits peace serene,
As light as in the sun, thron'd;—how vain this talk!
Call up the fiends!

The hour of torture has now reached the Titan: all that it is frightful to conceive, and terrible to suffer; all of external and internal terror, which preys so bitterly as well on body as on mind, are now heaped on the immortal philanthropist. It is such sufferings as these that Liberty

in a state of enthralment has to undergo. To chain the body is nothing, unless the mind be chained with it; and it is only by addressing the mind through the darkened medium of external terrors, that the triumph over Liberty is to be consummated. In this trial an exalted imagination exerts its purest influence. The prisoner, who bodies shapes and scenes out of his dungeon's dark obscurity, has gone far to make captivity endurable. Relying on the gentle impulses of imagination, and peopling his solitude with a thousand forms of Love and Pity, he may calmly resign himself to his fate. Shelley gave a full developement to this self-sustaining power, when he makes purer Spirits throng from the "world-surrounding æther," to console the Titan after the Furies' departure. Look at the two following pictures; for fierce, fiend-like hatred on one side, and tender, spiritualized melancholy, which is not, however, without a certain under-current of consolation, on the other; they are unrivalled.

1st.

FURY.

Tear the veil!

ANOTHER FURY.

It is torn!

CHORUS.

The pale stars of the morn
Shine on a misery dire to be borne.
Dost thou faint, mighty Titan? we laugh thee to scorn.

* * * * *

Joy! joy! joy!
For the future is dark, and the present is spread,
Like a pillow of thorns for thy slumberless head!

* * * * *

* * * * *

2nd.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

Ah! sister!—Desolation is a delicate thing:
It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air,
But treads with silent footstep, and fans with silent wing
The tender hopes, which in their hearts, the best and gentlest bear."

We must really pause here. We have said that of all modern poets, Shelley was best adapted to replace the lost drama of Æschylus, but we are not blind to the faults of the drama he has given us. As far, indeed, as our quotations have gone, it is grand, well-sustained, even, to a certain degree, sublime, but when the tortures of Jove have wasted themselves, an hour of calm melancholy precedes the advent of the hero, Hercules, who is to rescue Freedom from its chains; instead of condemning and simplifying, Shelley has drawn his "Prometheus unbound" to a tedious length, introducing a monstrous shadow, called Demogorgon, and soaring farther than reason or truth can follow into the regions of phantasy. Yet are there other parts of real beauty in the Prometheus of Shelley,—as a drama, and in this remark we also include his "Hellas," whose subject and style is nearly similar, it is a failure; but, as a wild, unconnected, ideal poem, developing, with a master's hand, the most precious stores of the English language, it will be read by posterity, ages hence, with wonder and admiration.

Of Shelley's remaining poems, (we shall approach his minor ones presently,) there is great merit in his "Julian and Maddalo," an ideal conversation between himself and Lord Byron; and in his "Rosalind and Helen," a modern eclogue, as he terms it, both of which we recommend to our readers, as containing touches of true feeling.

We have reserved the gem of our review, (Shelley's "Episychidion,"

however, or "Address to Lady Emilia V———," visionary though it be, must not be forgotten) viz. "Adonais," to the last. This latter poem is a *chef d'œuvre*, to be read by every one, who has a soul for those sweet fancies which form the "half-deity" of man's mixed creation, without intense emotion. It is truly delightful to have now approached the open ground of our criticism. Leaving behind its errors, and failings, its mysteries, and its shadows, we may now contemplate Shelley's imagination in its purest ætheriality; and, can we but invoke one throb of sympathy in his behalf, or, to use his own words, "plead successfully against oblivion for his fame," our labour will not have been in vain.

The "Adonais" is an Elegy, as its author is pleased to term it, on the death of John Keats, whose fate is but too well known. With what propriety might not this Elegy have been prefaced by those overpowering lines of Virgil:—

> Heu miserande puer! si quà fata aspera rumpas
> Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis;
> Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
> His saltem accumulem donis, *et fungar inani*
> *Munere*:"—

at whose hearing the bereaved Octavia fell fainting to the earth. Listen, however, with what a burst of true affection "Adonais" begins:—

1.

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh! weep for Adonais! tho' our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers
And teach them thine own sorrow; say with me,
Died Adonais,—till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a voice unto eternity!

* * * * *

3.

Oh! weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy mother, wake and weep!
Yet, wherefore?—quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy fond heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep,
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend.

Yes! he is gone—the observed of all observers, the sensitive, the pure, the intellecual Adonais is gone for ever—"the youngest, dearest one of Earth has perished."

> *The nursling of her widowhood, who grew*
> *Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,*
> *And fed with true love-tears instead of dew!*

What exquisite pathos! What depth, and tenderness, and classic chastity of feeling! But who cropped that flower? Was it the winds of heaven, whose unenvied, though duteous task, wasted the lilies' odours before corruption had marked it for its own—before age had sapped its delicate petals—before misfortune had snapped its stem:—thereby bequeathing its freshness to air, and its sweetness to the ambient beauty of nature—a death it is true, but a life in death—a spiritual *transfusion* into the vast Spirit of all! Oh, no!—oh, no! It was not the winds of heaven: the swift-destroying north—the more gentle west, the spicy south, or even the "leaden"* autumnal breeze, but man, miserable man—who

* Plumbeus Auster!

stamped his iron foot in the plenitude of arrogant imbecility on that flower,—who destroyed the "noblest of Creation's works"—who, "murderer as he was, spoke daggers, but used none"—who wreaked an unprovoked vengeance, and gathered his unhallowed harvest into

That high capitol, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in many-hued decay!

Alas! poor Adonais—he will awake no more on earth, though all his race are mourners—though intellectual beauty goes into weeds—though fancy wreathes her wand with uncreative cypress—though virtue drops her white robe for the sad livery of "one who refuses to be comforted"—though thoughts sit mute and vacant, alas! he will awake no more on earth.

14.

All he had lov'd, and moulded into thought
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound
Lamented Adonais. *Morning sought*
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears that should adorn the ground,
Dimm'd the aerial eyes which kindle day,—
Afar the melancholy thunder moan'd,
Pale ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

15.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remember'd lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perch'd on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day:—
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur between their songs is all the woodmen hear!

16.

Grief made the young spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if the autumn were,
And they dead leaves.

And are not these sad, and silent thoughts—which make a mockery of life, and hope, and joy—like dead leaves, that the whirlwind of affliction bears from the mind's neglected branches, at its mercy, and its will, and does not the loss of "so dear a head," (the literal translation of a Roman's* most affectionate tribute to his friend and patron,) change in a brief moment the sunny aspect of spring, to the frowns, and chills, and changes of autumn? Is there no truth, as beautiful as it is natural, in this and the foregoing images? Away, ye pedantic critics, who have established some Dagon of poetry, at whose feet not to fall down and worship, is to be heretical, and therefore damned;—away! ye arrogant verse-definers—ye mere mechanics of criticism—who dare to refuse the meed of genius to Shelley:—we could meet you with your own weapons, with the plummet and the line, the compass and the square, and prove in your own lists that the ill-fated Percy—the spiritual Alastor, was a a *poet* in the fullest and freest sense of the term. But proceed we to the next stanza, the latter portion of which is almost sublime.

17.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;

* Tam cari capitis.

Not so the eagle,—who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
His mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round his ravish'd nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scar'd the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Reader! we must be calm; there is that in "Adonais" which almost makes us forget our office: there is that which bears us far away into the heaven of heavens of poetry—there is that which is as a voice, and a spell in the solitude of our heart, to re-people, and re-kindle it again!

How many of the most promising of England's bards have died young. There was Lycidas, the sweet Lycidas of Milton, "who knew so well to build the lofty rhyme:" a very Hyacinth he must have been to have drawn tears from the Phœbus of poetry! but we shall return to him. There was Chatterton—the original, and daring, and Shakspearian "*charity-boy!*" the wondrous, self-gifted enchanter, who created poetry out of parchment, and called beauteous spirits from antiquity to preside over their own apparently coeval relics!—relics, which in the fullness of his imitative success he alone had constructed and inscribed: but whom poverty, that cause of all crime and all despair—*poisoned.* There was Kirke White, less daring, less original, but equally sweet in thought, and even purer in fancy, on whom that same poverty, feeding "like a vulture fretted to decay," and laid dead at last, like an overwearied bird, in the bosom of that intellectual nest, which he never would desert! and lastly, there was "Adonais," the sensitive Keats, who might have prospered, though his birth was humble, and his means straitened, had not an enmity, as gratuitous as it was wanton, as cruel in act as it was malignant in spirit, met, and tore, and trampled him to the earth!

But are either of these poets dead?—to be extinct, to have vanished utterly and for ever, without a trace on the memory of those who knew us, is to *die,* in the term's darkest application. The body, indeed, like a "worn-out machine," may "rot, perish, and pass away," but there is a spirit of loveliness yet breathing in the works of all these young poets. And who, ideal and eloquent as he was, could have better given life to that loveliness in the lamented Adonais—who could have more truly felt and entered into those deep emotions, those thrilling sympathies—those "beauty-winged" thoughts so peculiar to the poetic temperament, than the spiritual Alastor? hear in what a sublime climax he proclaims, that the spark quenched on earth is "but bequeathed unquenchably to the future:"—

39.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay!

40.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy, and calumny, and hate, and pain,
And that unrest, which men miscall delight
Can touch him not, and torture not again:
From the contagion of the world's slow stain

He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain,
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn!

"Adonais" should, strictly speaking, be termed a "Monody." We have but few monodies in our language: that of Milton, on the death of Lycidas, has been considered the finest. Byron and Coleridge have each devoted a most feeling one, the former to Sheridan and the latter to Chatterton. The monody of "Adonais," if it does not excel, has, in our opinion, fully equalled Milton's: it pleases us better than that of Byron; and did we not feel a little prejudiced in the matter, (for who does not adore S. T. Coleridge?) we should give it the palm over even his. There is a remarkable concentration of feeling in "Adonais." All the images it contains have one object—all that is pure and ætherial—all that beautifies or dignifies humanity is heaped, and who will call it an "inane munus," on that object. Shelley wrote, as he felt, intensely. No one else could have drawn so many intellectual treasures to such a task. Ordinary images, or as unpoetic people are apt to term them, "beautiful ideas," might have occurred to an uncreative, though sensitive, mind: those ideas might have been feelingly and harmoniously expressed; but like the deathless lament of Lycidas, we find the sublime and beautiful, the exalted, the picturesque, and the pathetic, breathing in every line of "Adonais." To conclude, this monody has all the essentials of, and is, in fact, a *perfect* poem: its pathos being deep and unaffected—its imaginative beauty never overstepping nature: and that great blot in Shelley's writings, the want of a judicious unity of design, to which every portion of the poem should be subordinate, being here, from the nature of the subject, supplied. It is a noble monody: and had the author of "Adonais" written nothing else, is of itself enough to "plead against Oblivion for his name."

Many of Shelley's minor poems are exquisite. His imagination, whenever concentered and subdued to the level of the subject, works wonders. We shall consider these poems under two heads: arranging under the first, all those that are descriptive or ideal: under the second, all those that have reference to the poet's own feelings, whether domestic or otherwise. The character of a poet is generally developed in his shorter compositions: they fall, as it were, like poetic gems from his heart. In a larger and more exalted attempt, such as an epic or a drama, there must be much art employed, and thus a laboured, acquired, or even factitious emotion may be worked out; but in a small domestic tribute, if the feeling be not real, the piece becomes cumbrous and overstrained. Of those pieces in which fancy and description are beautifully blended, Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" is deserving of most notice. There is, indeed, nothing in the English language of the sort to surpass this poem. It may be called a perfect picture, displaying two views: on one side, the fairy-like vista of enchanting scenes and illusions, where light, and love, and beauty have taken up their abode, like one of Howard's gorgeous Hesperides; on the other, a weedy, unprofitable wilderness, where thorns, and briars, and darnels flourish in unseemly luxuriance: the contrast is touchingly effective.

"There was a power in this sweet place—an Eve in this garden," says Shelley, in commencing the second part of the poem. The garden—the temple of beauty, which, in the first part, he so beautifully depictured, was not complete without a presiding goddess;—a thing of loveliness to harmonize with the scene—a thing of life to humanize it. And why—O! spiritual Alastor, did you not more frequently give life and being to your creations? All the world would then have clasped you to their hearts! Yours was the imagining power of Milton! You might

have united sublimity and beauty in indissoluble links—you might have risen high, till you became a fixed star in the poetic atmosphere. But you panted after a meed of fame which you never could attain! You preferred a chaplet of sunbeams to one of earthly laurel—you would have ætherialized your poetry till it became like the language of our first parents in Eden! But you ought to have remembered that man is fallen now; and in ministering to his purer emotions, you should have taken into account the mortal medium through which they are addressed!

The Eve of this garden has gone to tend her flowers: have Cowper or Wordsworth any thing of simpler feeling than this?

> "She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
> And sustain'd them with rods and ozier bands;
> If the flowers had been her own infants, she
> Could never have nursed them more tenderly!
>
> And all killing insects, and gnawing worms,
> And things of obscene, unlovely forms,
> She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
> Into the rough woods far aloof!
>
> In a basket, of grapes and wild flowers full,
> The freshest her gentle hands could pull,
> For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
> Altho' they did ill, was innocent!"

But the maiden, the presiding goddess of the garden, died—and then what a change!—the flowers faded and fell—hour after hour they perished and passed away. The change is absolutely affecting: weeds of rank savour choked up what remained of bloom and beauty—the winds of heaven whistled over wasting piles of vegetable corruption:—the sensitive plant was the last to go, for although its beauty was lopped off, its freshness blighted, starved to mildew, its leaves borne by the whirlwind far away, it yet collected its sap slowly into its struggling heart, until winter came—when the sensitive plant sunk down into the fate of its companions! At the conclusion, by way of moral, we have some remarkable stanzas, two of which we quote; the whole poem is a beautiful allegory.

> "It is a modest creed, and yet
> Pleasant, if one considers it,
> To own that death itself must be,
> Like all the rest, a mockery!
>
> That garden sweet, that lady fair,
> And all sweet shapes and odours there,
> In truth have never pass'd away,
> 'Tis we—'tis ours are changed:—not they!

While on this part of our subject, we may also mention Shelley's "Odes to the West Wind,"—to "a Cloud," and "to a Skylark,"—from the latter of which, from its resemblance to Wordsworth, we are tempted to make a brief extract; the two former, and particularly the first, are splendid compositions.

To a Skylark.

> "Hail to thee! blithe Spirit
> Bird thou never wert!
> That from Heaven, or near it,
> Pourest thy full heart,
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art!

* * * * *

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel, there is some hidden want!

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains,
What shapes of sky or plain,
What love of thine own kind! what ignorance of pain!

* * * * *

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem,
Things more true and deep,
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream!

We look before and after
And pine for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter,
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought!

Yet if we could scorn,
Hate, and pride, and fear!
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near?"

Of those compositions which are purely descriptive, the well-known stanzas to the "Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci," may be considered the finest, and there is also great merit in a small poem, called the "Fugitives." As we have before remarked, Shelley possessed no ordinary power of description: but like a glimpse of blue sky in the drift of a tempest, it is unfrequent and overclouded. Into one stanza he will perhaps throw volumes of the picturesque; and there leave it, while in twenty following he soars far away into ideality: and it is this power of sudden concentration, without gradual developement, which more than any other destroys the unity of his poems.

We approach the conclusion of our task. It remains to examine those poems which have immediate reference to Shelley's own feelings. They are few in number; no one was less selfish than the author of "Alastor;" of all his works there are scarcely a dozen that come under the present head. What a contrast between him and the author of "Childe Harold!" while the one drew all his poetry from the heart of Nature, whence the freshest and deepest impulses are for ever springing; the other, like the hungry pelican, fed on *himself!* While the one hunted through error and suffering, the ghost of an ideal Freedom, whose coming was to be an intellectual millennium to the world; the other brooded morbidly over his own imaginary wrongs—pursued his own reckless and solitary course—and if Nature was anything to his fervid imagination, it was only as imparting fresh feeling, or fresh food to his insatiable love of *self*. The constitution of Shelley's mind forbade him to be selfish: it was adapted for affection and friendship—it taught him to love all things, to cherish all things—or, as he beautifully says, in his "Ode to intellectual Beauty:"

I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine:—have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart, and straining eyes even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours,
Each from his voiceless grave.
* * * * *
They know that never joy illumin'd my brow,
Unlink'd with hope that thou would'st free
This world from its dark slavery!

It is manifest that such a mind must have had its moments of deep despondency. Variable and sensitive, it must have ever oscillated from excitement to exhaustion. Ardent and enthusiastic, it must have stumbled and tottered under every disappointment. Yet we have but two pieces, in which a dejected mood is suffered to display itself—the first in some stanzas "written near Naples," part of which we quote:—

Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that contempt surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling, who live, and call life pleasure:
To me that cup is dealt in quite another measure!

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are:
I could lie down like a tir'd child,
And weep away this life of care,
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony!

And the second is headed "Mutability," a beautiful little piece.

Shelley has been called an atheist: the public still deem him one:—it is a hard name. Hume wrote laboured essays, to prove by dogmas, the absurdity of—truth! Voltaire sneered at mankind—until, having deprived them of all divinity here, and of all hope hereafter, he would have reduced them to a level with—monkeys. Gibbon was a philosophic sceptic, who implied by witty sarcasm rather than gave direct utterance to what he felt. Byron was a poetic sceptic, who could be as pure as a Madonna, and as satanic as Lucifer himself, when it suited him: yet who will call Gibbon, or Byron, or Voltaire, or even Hume, atheists? The term is still more misapplied in the instance of Shelley—atheism is folly: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God:" atheism is ignorance, a low, brutified, vulgar ignorance, like that of such a mind as C——'s. Again, atheism implies an arrogant, blind independence: it sees no beauty, no love, no divinity—it is swayed by passion and the grossest sensuality: it has no eyes for nature, no tenderness for man—no thirst for knowledge, no sympathy for aught save its wretched self! One unquenchable feeling prevails throughout the writings of Shelley, that of love in its most refined ideality! Wherever this love points—whether to nature, or truth, or intellectual beauty—we care not. To worship the attributes—the choicest attributes of divinity, is to worship divinity itself: is Shelley then an atheist?

We have now gone through our task—to us it has been one of much pleasure. Whatever may be his faults, Shelley was undoubtedly a real

poet:—his originality is unquestioned—his imagination is of the highest class: and we have no hesitation in repeating, that had his capacity for executing equalled his ability in conceiving, he might, of all English bards, have approached the nearest to Milton. As it is, he stands alone in his sphere: alone in thought and feeling; alone in wild and profuse imagery: companionless and eccentric in career: opposed to the world at seventeen—and banished from it afterwards: branded for faults he never possessed, shunned for crimes, the faintest shadow of which could never have entered into his warm benevolent heart: the victim of a fate which is always awful, but in his case doubly so: let his own words be sculptured on his tomb:—

> Lift not the painted veil, which those who live
> Call life: * *
> I knew one who lifted it, he sought,
> For his lost heart was tender, things to love.
> But found them not, alas! nor was there aught
> The world contains, the which he could approve—
> Thro' the unheeding many he did move
> A splendour amongst shadows, a bright blot
> Upon this gloomy scene, a spirit that strove
> For truth, and, like the Preacher—found it not!"

W. G. T.

August, 1835.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still!
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten *this* day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou *voice* of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers;
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of *my night!*
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, thy lover is calling,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou *voice* of my heart?

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.[1]

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

WHAT a nice, varied, sentimental, joyous, lachrymose, objurgatory, laudatory, reflective volume might be made, entitled, "Meditations at the Masthead!" When I found myself comfortably established in my aëry domicile, I first looked down upon the vessel below with a feeling nearly akin to pity, then around me with a positive feeling of rapture, and, at length, above me with a heart-warming glow of adoration. Perched up at a height so great, the decks of the frigate looked extremely long and narrow, and the foreshortened view one has of those upon it, makes them look little bigger, or more important, than so many puppets. Beneath me I saw the discontented author of "A Tour up and down the Rio de la Plate," and of my elevation, skipping actively here and there, to avoid the splashing necessary in washing the decks. I could not help comparing the annoyance of this involuntary dance, with the afterguard, this *croisséz* with clattering buckets, and *dos à dos*ing with wet swabs, with my comfortable and commanding recumbency upon the cross-trees. I looked down upon Lieutenant Silva and pitied him. I looked around me, and my heart was exceeding glad. The upper rim of the sun was dallying with a crimson cloud, whilst the greater part of his disk was still below the well-defined deep blue horizon. All above him, to the zenith, was chequered with small clouds, layer over layer, like the scales of a breastplate of burnished gold. The little waves were mantling, dimpling, and seemed playfully striving to emulate the intenser glories of the heavens above. They now flashed into living light, now assumed the blushing hue of a rose-bud, and here and there wreathed up into a diminutive foam, mocking the smile of youth when she shows her white teeth between her beauty-breathing lips. As I swung aloft, with a motion gentle as that of the cradled infant, and looked out upon the splendours beneath and around me, my bosom swelled with the most rapturous emotions. Every where, as far as my eye could reach, the transparent and beryl-dyed waters were speckled with white sails, actually "blushing rosy-red" with the morning beams. Far, far astern, hull down, were the huge dull sailers, spreading all their studding sails to the winds, reminding me of frightened swans with expanded wings. Conspicuous among these were the two men-of-war brigs, obliquely sailing, now here and then there, and ever and anon firing a gun, whose mimic thunder, came with melodious resonance over the waters, whilst the many-coloured signals were continually flying and shifting. They were the hawks among the covey of the larger white-plumed birds. At this moment our gallant frigate, like a youthful and a regal giant, more majestic from the lightness of her dress, walked in conscious superiority in the midst of all. She had, as I before mentioned, just

[1] Continued from vol. xiii. p. 425.

set her topgallant sails in order to take her proud station in the van. We now passed vessel after vessel, each with a different quantity of canvas set, according to her powers of sailing. It was altogether a glorious sight, and, to my feelings, excelled in quiet and cheerful sublimity any review, however splendid might be the troops, or imposing their numbers. Then the breeze came so freshly and kissingly on my cheek, whispering such pleasant things to my excited fancy, and invigorating so joyously the fibres of my heart—I looked around me, and was glad.

When the soul is big with all good and pure feelings, gratitude will be there, and at her smiling invitation piety will come cheerfully and clasp her hand. Surely not that sectarian piety, which metes out wrath instead of mercy to an erring world; not that piety, that dealing "damnation round the land," daily making the pale, within which the only few to be saved are folded, more and more circumscribed; nor even that bigoted, sensuous piety, which floats on the frankincense that eddies round the marble altar, and which, if unassisted by the vista of the dark aisle, the dimly-seen procession, the choral hymn, the banner, and the relic, faints and sees no God: no, none of these will be the piety of a heart exulting in the beneficence of the All-Good. Then and there, why should I have wished to have crept and grovelled under piled and sordid stone? Since first the aspiring architect spanned the arch at Thebes, which is *not* everlasting, and lifted the column at Rome, which is *not* immortal, was there ever dome like that which glowed over my head imagined by the brain of man? "Fretted with golden fires," and studded with such glorious clouds, that it were almost sinful not to believe that each veiled an angel; the vast concave, based all around upon the sapphire horizon, sprang upwards, terminating above me in that deep, deep, immeasurable blue, the best type of eternity;—was not this a fitting temple for worship? What frankincense was ever equal to that which nature then spread over the wave and through the air? All this I saw—all this I felt. I looked upwards, and I was at once enraptured and humbled. Perhaps then, for the first time since I had left my schoolboy's haunts, I bethought me that there was a God. Too, too often I had heard his awful presence wantonly invoked, his sacred name taken in vain. Lately, I had not shuddered at this habitual profanation. The work of demoralization had commenced. I knew it then, and, with this knowledge, the first pang of guilty shame entered my bosom. I stood up with reverence upon the cross-trees. I took off my hat, and though I did not even whisper the prayers we had used at school, mentally I went through the whole of them. When I said to myself, "I have done those things that I ought not to have done, and have *left undone* those things that I *ought* to have done," I was startled at the measure of sin that I had confessed. I think that I was contrite. I resolved to amend. I gradually flung off the hardness that my late life of recklessness had been encrusting upon my heart. I softened towards all who had ever shown me kindness; and, in my mind, I faithfully retraced the last time that I had ever walked to church with her whom I had been fond to deem my mother. These silent devotions, and these home-harmonized thoughts first chastened, and then

made me very, very happy. At last, I felt the spirit of blissful serenity so strong upon me, that forgetting for a moment to what ridicule I might subject myself, I began to sing aloud that morning hymn that I had never omitted, for so many years, until I had joined the service,

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun."

And I confess that I sang the whole of the first verse.

I am sure that no one will sneer at all this. The good will not—the wicked dare not. The worst of us, even if his sin has put on the armour of infidelity, must remember the time when he believed in a God of love, and loved to believe it. For the sake of that period of happiness he will not, cannot condemn the expression of feelings, and the manifestation of a bliss that he has himself voluntarily, and if he would ask his own heart, and record the answer, miserably, cast away.

However, it will be long before I again trouble the reader with any thing so *outré* as that which I have just written. Many were the days of error, and the nights of sin, that passed before I again even looked into my own heart. The feelings with which I made my mast-head orisons are gone, and for ever. How often, and with what bitterness of spirit have I said, "would that I had then died!" If there is mercy in heaven—I say it with reverence—I feel assured that then to have passed away would have been but the closing of the eyes on earth to awaken immediately in the lap of a blissful immortality. Since then the world's foot has been upon my breast, and I have writhed under the opprobrious weight, and with sinful pride and self-trust have, though grovelling in the dust, returned scorn for scorn, and injury for injury—even wrong for wrong.

I have been a sad dog, and that's the truth; but——

I have been forced to hunt, and to house, and to howl with dogs much worse than myself, and that's equally true.

"Maintopmast head there," squeaked out the very disagreeable treble of Captain Reud, who had then come on deck, as I was trolling, "Shake off dull sloth, and early rise." "Mr. Percy, what do you say?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Aye, aye, sir! what were you saying? how many sail are there in sight?"

"I can't make out, sir."

"Why not? have you counted them?"

Now, as I before stated, I had taken off my hat, and was standing up in a fit of natural devotion; and the captain, no doubt, thought that I was bareheaded, and shading my eyes, the better to reckon the convoy. To lie would have been so easy, and I was tempted to reply to the question, that I had. But my better feelings predominated, so at the risk of a reprimand I answered, "Not yet, sir."

At this moment Mr. Silva, the lieutenant of the watch, placed the watch look-outs, and sent the signalman up to assist me in counting the convoy; and at the same time the latter bore me a quiet message, that when the number was ascertained I might come down.

I came on deck and gave the report.

"I am very glad, Mr. Percy," said the captain, approvingly, "to see you so attentive to your duty. No doubt you went up of your own accord to count the convoy?"

"Indeed, sir," said I, with a great deal of humility, "I did not."

"What—how? I thought when I came on deck I heard you singing out."

"I was mast-headed, sir."

"Mast-headed! how—for what?"

At this question revenge, with her insidious breath, came whispering her venom into my ear; but a voice, to the warnings of which I have too seldom attended, seemed to reverberate in the recesses of my heart, and say, "be generous." If I had told the truth maliciously, I should have assuredly drawn ridicule and perhaps anger on the head of the lieutenant, and approbation to myself. I therefore briefly replied, "For impertinence to Mr. Silva, sir."

And I was amply repaid by the eloquent look that, with eyes actually moistened, my late persecutor cast upon me. I read that look aright, and knew from that moment that he was deserving of better things than a continued persecution, for having unfortunately misapplied an expression. I immediately made a vow that I would read the "Tour up and down the Rio de la Plate" with exemplary assiduity.

"I am glad," said the captain, "that you candidly acknowledge your offence, instead of disrespectfully endeavour to justify it. I hope, Mr. Silva, that it is not of that extent to preclude me from asking him to breakfast with us this morning?"

"By no means," said Silva, his features sparkling with delight; "he is a good lad. I have reasons to say, a very good lad."

I understood him, and though no explanations ever took place between us, we were, till he was driven from the ship, the most perfect friends.

"Well," said the captain, as he turned to go down the quarter-deck ladder, "you will, at the usual time, both of you, *pave your way into the cabin.* I am sure, Mr. Silva, you won't object to that, though I have not yet made up my mind as to the propriety of the expression, so we'll have the purser, and talk it over in a friendly, good-humoured way." And saying this he disappeared, with that look of merry malignancy that no features but his own could so adequately express.

The scene at the breakfast-table was of the usual description. Authority, masking ill-nature under the guise of quizzing, on the one hand, and literary obstinacy fast resolving itself into deep personal hostility on the other.

We now had the usual indications of approaching the land. In fact, I had made it, by my reckoning, a fortnight before. The non-nautical reader must understand that the young gentlemen are required to send into the captain daily, a day's work, that is, an abstract of the course of the ship for the last twenty-four hours, the distance run, and her where-abouts exactly. Now, with that failing that never left me through life, of feeling no interest where there was no difficulty to overcome, after I had fully conquered all the various methods of making this calculation, to make it at all became a great bore. So I clapped on more steam, and giving the ship more way, and allowing

every day for forty or fifty miles of westerly currents, I, by my account, ran the Eos high and dry upon the Island of Barbadoes, three good weeks before we made the land. Thus, I had the satisfaction of looking on with placid indolence, whilst my messmates were furiously handling their Gunter's scales, and straining their eyes over the small printed figures in the distance and departure columns of John Hamilton Moore, of blessed (cursed?) memory, in a cabin over 90 degrees Farenheit, that was melting at the same time the youthful navigator, and the one miserable purser's dip that tormented rather than enlightened him with its flickering yellow flame.

As we neared the island greater precautions were taken to preserve the convoy. We sailed in more compact order, and scarcely progressed at all during the night. The whippers-in were on the alert, for it was well known that this part of the Atlantic was infested with numerous small French men-of-war, and some privateer schooners.

That morning at length arrived, when it was debated strongly whether the faint discolouration that broke the line of the western horizon, as seen from the mast head, were land or not As daylight became more decided, so did the state of our convoy. The wolves were hovering round the sheep. Well down to the southward there was a large square-rigged, three-masted vessel, fraternizing with one of our finest West Indiamen. The stranger looked tall, grim, and dark, with his courses up, but his top-gallant sails and royals set. The white sails of the merchant vessel, and she was under a press of sail, were flying in all directions; she was hove to, with her studding-sails set, and many of her tacks and sheets were flapping to the wind. Both vessels were hull down from the deck, and we well understood what was going forward. Right astern, and directly in the wind's eye of us, was a flat, broad schooner, running before the wind, with nothing set but her fore stay-sail. As she lifted to the sea, at the edge of the horizon, her breadth of beam was so great, and her bulwarks so little above the water, that she seemed to make way broadside on, rather than sail in the usual position. There was no vessel particularly near her. Those of the mercantile navy that most enjoyed her propinquity, did not seem, by the press of sail that they were carrying, to think the situation very enviable. However, the Falcon, one of our men-of-war brigs, was between this schooner and all the convoy, with the signal flying, "May I chase?"

But this was not all; as a whitish haze cleared up to the northward there was a spanking felucca, with her long lateen sails brailed up, and sweeping about in the very centre of a knot of dull sailing merchant vessels, four of which, by their altered courses, had evidently been taken possession of. Reversing the good old adage, first come first served, we turned our attention first to the last appearance. We made the signal to the other man-of-war brig, the Curlew, to chase and capture the felucca, she not being more than two miles distant from her. No sooner did the convoy generally begin to find out how matters stood, than like a parcel of fussey and frightened old women, they began to pop, pop, pop, firing away their one and two pounders in all directions, and those farthest from the scene of action serving their guns the quickest, and firing the oftenest. It seemed to them of but

little consequence, so long as the guns were fired, where the shot fell. Now this was a great nuisance, as it prevented, by the smoke it raised, our signals from being distinguished, even if these belligerents, in a small way, had not been so occupied by these demonstrations of their valour from attending to them. Indeed, the volumes of smoke the popping created, became very considerable. I do not now know if there be any convoy signal in the merchant code, equivalent to "cease firing." If there were at that time, I am sure it was displayed, but, displayed or not, the hubbub was on the increase. We were at last compelled to fire shot over these pugnacious tubs to quiet them, and there was thus acted the singular spectacle of three vessels capturing the convoy, whilst the artillery of its principal protector appeared to be incessantly playing upon it.

Having our attention so much divided, there was a great deal of activity and bustle, though no confusion, on our decks. We were hoisting out the boats to make the re-captures, and dividing the marines into parties to go in each. In the midst of all this hurry, when Mr. Farmer, our gallant first lieutenant was very much heated, a droll circumstance occurred, the consequence of the indiscriminate firing of the convoy. A boat pulled alongside, and a little squab man, with his face all fire, and in an awfully sinful passion, jumped on the quarter-deck, with something rolled up in a silk handkerchief. He was so irritated, that whilst he followed the first lieutenant about for two or three minutes, he could not articulate.

"Out of my way, man. Mr. Burn, see that all the small arms are ready, and handed down into the boat in good order. Out of my way, man—what the devil do you want? Muster the pinnace's crew on the starboard gangway—move all these lubberly marines. Mr. Silva, if that stupid fool don't cease firing, send a shot right into him. Man, man, what do you want—why don't you speak?"

"There, sir," at last stammered out the little angry master of a brig, unfolding his handkerchief, and exhibiting a two pound shot in a most filthy condition, "What—what do you think of that, sir? Slap on board of me, from the Lady Jane, sir—through, clean through my bulwarks into the cook's slush tub. There's murder and piracy for you on the high seas—my slush tub, sir—my bulwark, sir."

"D—n you and your slush tub too—out of my way. Sail trimmers, aloft, and get ready the topmast and top-gallant studding sails."

"Am I to have no redress, sir? Is a British subject to have his slush tub cannonaded on the high seas, and no redress, sir? Sir, sir, I tell you, sir, if you don't do me justice, I'll go on board and open my fire upon that scoundrelly Lady Jane."

Now this was something like a gasconade, as our irritated friend happened to have but three quakers (wooden guns) on each side, that certainly were not equal to the merits of that apocryphal good dog, that could bark, though not bite—however, they looked as if they could.

"You had better," said Captain Reud, "go on board the Lady Jane, and, if you are man enough, give the master a hiding."

"If I'm man enough!" said he, jumping with his shot into his boat, with ireful alacrity. Shortly after, taking my glass, I looked at the

Lady Jane, and sure enough there was a pugilistic encounter proceeding on her quarter-deck, with all that peculiar *goût* that characterizes Englishmen when engaged in that amusement.

In answer to the signal of the Falcon, which was astern of all the convoy, and between it and the gigantic schooner, "Shall I chase?" we replied, "No." By this time we had thrashed our convoy into something like silence and good order. We then signalled to them to close round the Falcon, and heave to. To the "Falcon, to protect convoy."

We had now been some time at quarters, and every thing was ready for chasing and fighting. But the fun had already begun to the northward. Our second man-of-war brig, the Curlew, had closed considerably upon the felucca, which was evidently endeavouring to make the chase a windward one. The brig closed more upon her than she ought. It certainly enabled her to fire broadside after broadside upon her, but, as far as we could perceive, with little or no effect. In a short time the privateer contrived to get in the wind's eye of the man-of-war, and away they went. After the four ships that had been taken possession of, and which were each making a different course, we sent three of the boats—the barge, yawl, and pinnace—under the command of Mr. Silva, in order to recapture them, of which there was every prospect, as the breeze was light, and would not probably freshen before ten o'clock; for however the captured vessels might steer, their courses must be weather ones, as if they had attempted to run to leeward, they must have crossed the body of the convoy.

Having now made our arrangements, we turned all our attention to leeward upon the large dark three-masted vessel, that still remained hove to, seeming to honour us with but little notice. She had taken possession of the finest and largest ship of the convoy.

Long as I have been narrating all these facts, I assure the reader they did not occupy ten minutes in action, including the episodical monomachia on board of the Lady Jane. Just as we had got the ship's head towards the stranger, with every stitch of canvas crowded upon her, and the eight-oared cutter, manned, armed, and marined, towing astern, they had got the captured West Indiaman before the wind, with every thing set. The stranger was not long following this example, but steered about a S.W. and by W. course, whilst his prize ran down nearly due south.

I have always found in the beginning, that the size of the chase is magnified, either by the expectations or the fears of the pursuers. At first, we had no doubt but that the flying vessel was a French frigate, as large, or nearly as large, as ourselves. We knew from good authority, that a couple of large frigate-built ships had, evading our blockading cruisers, escaped from Brest, and were playing fine pranks among the West India Islands. Every body immediately concluded the vessel in view to be one of them. If this conjecture should turn out true, there would be no easy task before us, seeing how much we had crippled ourselves, by sending away in the boats so many officers and men.

It now became a matter of earnest deliberation, to which of the two ships we should first turn our attention, as the probabilities were

great against our capturing both. The Prince William, the captured West Indiaman, I have before said, was the largest and finest ship of the convoy. Indeed, she was nearly as large as ourselves, mounted sixteen guns, and we had made her a repeating ship, and employed her continually to help whipping-in the bad sailors. The chase after her promised to be as long as would have been the chase after the Frenchman.

Mr. Farmer, who was all for fighting, and getting his next step of promotion, was for nearing the West Indiaman a little more, sending the cutter to take possession, and then do our best to capture the frigate. Now the cutter pulled eight oars, there were two good-looking jollies with their muskets between their knees stuck up in the bows, six in the stern sheets, Mr. Pridhomme, the enamoured master's mate, and the Irish young gentleman, who had seen as much service and as many years as myself, with the coxswain, who was steering. Mr. Farmer, of course, measured every body's courage by his own; but I think it was taxing British intrepidity a little too much, to expect that nineteen persons, in broad daylight, should chase, in an open boat, and which must necessarily pull up a long stern pull of perhaps two or three hours, exposed to the fire of those on board, and then afterwards, supposing that nobody had been either killed or wounded by the ball practice that would have been certainly lavished upon the attacking party, to get alongside, and climb up the lofty side of a vessel, as high out of the water as a fifty-gun ship. We say nothing of the guns that might have been loaded by the captors with grape, and the number of men that would infallibly be placed to defend and to navigate so noble a vessel.

Captain Reud weighed all this, and decided upon making, with the frigate, the recapture first, and then trusting to Providence for the other, for which decision, which I thought most sound, he got black looks from his first lieutenant and some of the officers, and certain hints were whispered of *dark* birds sometimes showing white feathers.

The sequel proved that the captain acted with the greatest judgment. To our utter astonishment, we came up, hand over hand, with a vessel, which, we before had shrewd suspicions, could, going free, sail very nearly as well as ourselves. Of course, we were now fast leaving the convoy; we found that the felucca had worked herself dead to windward, and was by this time nearly out of gun-shot of the Curlew, and that the *faineant* strange schooner had now made sail, and on such a course as approximated her fast to the other privateer. The large vessel, perceiving our attention solely directed to the capture, shortened sail and made demonstrations of rescue. At this, Mr. Farmer grinned savage approbation, and, not yet having had a good view of her hull, we all thought, from her conduct, that she was conscious of force. We were, therefore, doubly alert in seeing every thing in the very best order for fighting. The bulkheads of the captain's cabin were knocked down, and the sheep, pigs, and poultry gingerly ushered into the hold, preparatory to the demolition of their several pens, styes, and coops on the main deck. All this I found very amusing, but I must confess to a little anxiety, and,

younker as I was, I knew, if we came to action, that the eighty or ninety men, away in the boats, would be very severely felt. I was also sorry for the absence of Mr. Silva, as I had a great yet puerile curiosity to see how a man that had written a book would fight.

The run of an hour and a half brought us nearly alongside the Prince William, when we expected at the least a ten hours' chase. It was well we came up so soon; the Frenchman had clapped forty as ill-looking, savage vagabonds on board of her, as ever made a poor fellow walk the plank. They had fully prepared themselves for sinking the cutter, as soon as she should come alongside, and her means for doing so were most ample.

As our prisoners came up the sides, we soon discovered by the shabby, faded, and rent uniforms of the two officers among them, that they belonged to the French imperial service. They bore their reverse of fortune, notwithstanding they belonged to a philosophical nation, with a very despicable philosophy. They stamped with rage, and ground their *sacres* unceasingly between their teeth. They could not comprehend how so fine a looking vessel should sail so much like a haystack. The mystery was, however, soon solved. The third mate, with about half a dozen men, had been left on board of her, and the provident and gallant young fellow, had, whilst the Frenchmen were so pre-occupied in preparing to resist the threatened attack of the boat, contrived to pass, unobserved, overboard from the bows a spare sail loaded with shot, that effectually had checked the ship's way. Had the Frenchmen turned their attention to that part of the vessel, without they had examined narrowly, they would have perceived nothing more than a rope towing overboard. He certainly ought to have shared with us prize-money for the recapture; but, after all, he sustained no great loss by not having his name down on the prize-list, as nobody but the captain ever got any thing for all that we did that day. He, lucky dog, got his share in advance, many said much more, for appointing the Messrs. Isaiahsons and Co., as our agents. They got the money, and then, as the possession of much cash (of other people's) is very impoverishing, they became bankrupts, paid nothing-farthing in the pound, were very much commiserated, and the last that we heard of them was, that they were living like princes in America, upon the miserable wreck of their (own?) property.

We made, of course, most anxious and most minute inquiries of Messieurs les François, as to the class of vessel to which they belonged, and which we were, in turn, preparing to pursue. As might be expected, we got from them nothing but contradictory reports, but they all agreed in giving us the most conscientious and disinterested advice, not to think of irritating her, as we should most certainly be blown out of the water. We read this backwards. If they were strong enough to take us, it was their interest that we should engage her, and thus their liberation would be effected.

As it was, notwithstanding these many occurrences, only eight A. M., when we made the recapture, and the convoy were all still in sight, we only put six men in the Prince William, which, in addition

to the English still on board, were sufficient to take her to the Curlew, near which vessel the merchantmen had all nestled, and orders were transmitted to her commanding officer to see that men enough were put on board the recapture to insure her safety.

We now pressed the ship with every stitch of canvas that we could set. We had already learned the name of our friend in the distance. It was the Jean Bart. Indeed, at this time, almost every fourth French vessel in those seas, if its occupation was the cutting of throats, was a "Jean Bart." However, Jean Bart, long before we had done with the Prince William had spread a cloud of canvas, a dark one, it is true, and had considerably increased his distance from us. It was a chase dead before the wind. By nine o'clock the breeze had freshened. I don't know how it could be otherwise, considering the abundance of wishing and votive whistling. At ten, we got a good sight of Johnny Crapaud's hull from the maintop, and found out that she was no frigate. I was not at all nervous before, but I must confess, at this certainty my courage rose considerably. I narrowly inspected the condition of the four after-quarter-deck guns, my charge, and was very impressive on the powder-boys as to the necessity of activity, coolness, and presence of mind. Dr. Thompson now came on deck, very much lamenting the disordered rites of his breakfast. The jocular fellow invited me down into the cockpit to see his preparations, in order, as he said, to keep up my spirits, by showing me what excellent arrangements he had made for trepanning my skull, or lopping my leg, should any accident happen to me. I attended him. What with the fearnought* screens, and other precautions against fire, it was certainly the hottest place in which I had yet ever been. The dim yellow, yet sufficient light from the lanterns, gave a lurid horror to the various ghastly and blood-greedy instruments that were ostentatiously displayed upon the platform. Crooked knives, that the eye alone assured you were sharp, seemed to be twisting with a living anxiety to embrace and separate your flesh; and saws appeared to grin at me, which to look upon, knowing their horrid office, actually turned my teeth on edge. There were the three assistant-surgeons, stripped to their shirts, with their sleeves tucked up ready, looking anxious, keen, and something terrified. As to the burly doctor, with his huge, round, red face, and his coarse jokes, he abstracted something from the romantic terrors of the place; but added considerably to the disgust it excited, as he strongly reminded me of a carcase butcher in full practice.

No doubt, his amiable purpose, in bringing me to his den, was to frighten me, and enjoy my fright. Be that as it may, I took the matter as coolly as the heat of the place would permit me. The first lesson in bravery is to assume the appearance of it; the second to sustain the appearance; and the third will find you with all that courage "that doth become a man."

By noon we had a staggering breeze. We could now perceive that we were chasing a large corvette, though, from the end on view that we had of her, we could not count her ports. The Eos seemed to

* An amazingly thick cloth of a woollen texture.

fly through the water. She bowed not to the waves before her, but dashed them indignantly aside. She appeared, in her majestic spirit, to say to the winds, "I obey not your impulse! I await not your assistance. I lead you. Follow." To the sea, "Level before me your puny waves. Let them rush after in my path—let them bow down as I pass on." To the clouds, "Come, we will run a race—we will strive together in the pride of our speed. The far-off isles of the south shall be our goal, and the rainbow the coronet of triumph." Well she bore herself and right gallantly on that day.

At one o'clock the spars began to complain—preventer braces were rove, but no one thought of shortening sail. Away! away! Is not this hunting of a flying foe glorious? Achilles, throbbed not with irrepressible exlutation thine iron-bound breast as thou chasedst the flying Hector round the walls of his deserted Troy? But canst thou, heaven-descended warrior that thou art, compare thy car to ours? The winged winds are our coursers—the ocean waves our chariot wheels—and unbounded space our unlimited course. Away! away!

At two o'clock we had risen the Jean Bart, so as to clear her broadside from the water's edge, as seen from our decks. The appetites of the doctor and purser had risen in proportion. They made a joint and disconsolate visit to the galley. All the fires were put out. The hens were cackling and the pigs grunting in dark security among the water-casks. Miserable men! there was no prospect of a dinner. They were obliged to do detestable penance upon cold fowl and ham, liquefied with nothing better than claret, burgundy, and the small solace derivable from the best brandy, mixed with filtrated water in most praiseworthy moderation.

At three o'clock we had the Jean Bart perfectly in sight, and we could, from the foreyard, observe well the motions of those on deck. The master was broiling his very red nose over his sextant in the forestay-sail netting, when it was reported that the Frenchman was getting aft his two long brass bow chasers; and in half an hour after we had the report from the said brass bellowers themselves, followed by the whistling of the shot, one wide of the ship, but the other smack through our foresail, and which must first have passed very near the of our respectable master.

Most of the officers, myself with the rest, were standing on the forecastle. Though not the first shot that I had seen fired in anger, it certainly was the first that had ever hissed by me. This first salute is always a memorable epoch in the life of a soldier or sailor. By the rent the shot made in the foresail, it could not have passed more than two yards directly over my head. I was taken by surprise. Every body knows that the rushing that the shot makes is excessively loud. As the illustrious stranger came on board with so much pomp and ceremony, I, from the impulse of pure courtesy, could not do otherwise than bow to it; for which act of politeness the first lieutenant gave me a very considerably tingling box of the ear.

My angry looks, my clenched fists, and my threatening attitude, told him plainly that it was no want of spirit that made me duck to the shot. Just as I was passionately exclaiming, "Sir—I—I—I—" Captain Reud put his hand gently on my shoulder, and said, "Mr.

Percy, what are you about? Mr. Farmer, that blow was not deserved. I, sir," said he, drawing himself up proudly, "ducked to the first shot. Many a fine fellow that has bobbed to the first has stood out gallantly to the last. What could you expect, Mr. Farmer, from such a mere boy? And to strike him. Fie upon it! That blow, if the lad had weak nerves, though his spirit were as brave as Nelson's, and as noble as your namesake's, that foul blow might have cowed him for ever."

"They are getting ready to fire again," was now reported from the foreyard.

"Here, Percy," continued the captain, "take my glass, seat yourself up on the hammock cloths, and tell me if you can make out what they are about."

Two flashes, smoke, and then the rushing of the shot, followed by the loud and ringing report of the brass guns, and of the reverberation of metal were heard immediately beneath me. One of the shot had struck the fluke of the anchor in the forechains.

"There, Mr. Farmer," said the captain exultingly, "did you mark that? I knew it—I knew it, sir. He neither moved nor flinched—even the long tube that he held to his eye never quivered for an instant. Oh! Mr. Farmer, if you have the generous heart I gave you credit for, never, never again strike a younker for bobbing at the first, or even the fifth shot."

"I was wrong, sir," was the humble reply, "I am sorry that I should have given you occasion to make this *public* reprimand."

"No, Farmer," said the little creole very kindly. "I did not mean to reprimand, only to remonstrate. The severest reprimand was given you by Mr. Percy himself."

I could, at that moment, have hugged the little yellow-skinned captain, wicked as I knew him to be, and stood unmoved the fire of the grape of a twenty-gun battery.

But was I not really frightened at the whistling of the shot?

Yes; a little.

(To be continued.)

"MY COUSIN."

Oh! why won't papa let me marry,
When my cousin has asked me so sweetly;
He says I don't really love Harry,
I could die, to convince him completely.
He says I have lovers more wise,
And more rich to choose from, if I chose;
I'm sure none have such beautiful eyes,
Or half such a love of a nose!

There's Sir Jacob, so old, and so yellow,
  Would prefer a full purse for a wife, to me;
While Harry, dear spirited fellow!
  Never mentioned his purse in his life to me.
Mr. Parker's so learned, and stupid,
  So fond of displaying his poetry;
Harry wrote a sweet thing about Cupid,
  But I hardly could get him to show it me.
Papa says, we must starve if we marry,
  And then live, as we must, by our "*wits.*"
Some reflection, no doubt, upon Harry:
  For pa laugh'd, as he *does* at his "hits."
I have talked of a cottage ornée,
  With green fields for our cattle to browse in,
Where Harry and I, every day,
  Might wander, and milk our own cows in.
Papa said, if the "piebald breed went,"
  We should "always have plenty of 'duns.'"
I am sure I don't know what he meant,
  But papa makes such horrible puns!
Half yesterday, I and my cousin,
  Found the beech-walk delightfully sunny;
And laid future plans by the dozen,
  If papa would but give us some money.
As to parting—eloping was better,
  And after our marriage, repent.
I mean send a penitent letter,
  To announce it—and ask pa's consent.
Harry told me, this morning at three,
  (Was ever scheme sweeter, or madder?)
To look out of my window, and see
  Himself, and a chaise, and a ladder!
The danger! I thought not upon it,
  But I said, "Very well—don't forget,"—
And then went home to trim my straw bonnet
  With white—O it looks such a pet!—
To think such a scheme has miscarried!
  At three we were both at our stand,
I thought myself more than half married,
  For Harry held tight my left hand.
So happily I was progressing down,
  When the hall-door was opened, and, oh! dear,
There stood my papa in his dressing-gown.
  "What *shall* we do, Harry?" "Don't know, dear!"
His night-cap, in courteous saluting,
  Pa lifted—"I can't be refused,
Pray return, on the very same footing,
  You have just con-*descendingly* used."
Of all pa's puns, *this* was the worst.
  Harry let go my hand with a sigh,
And I mounted, as slow as I durst,
  And feeling as if I should die!

M.

THE WITCH

TOWARDS the south, and on the coast, is the valley of ———. The inhabitants were always simple and credulous, for there was not a hamlet but had its appropriate witch, who dispensed good or evil, as her vassals might think fit to propitiate her: woe to him who would dispute or disbelieve her power! Few ever yet dreamed of so doing, save only the outlaws of the forest, who, when the king's venison was no longer palatable, made inroads upon the plains; or the wild marauders from the coast, who, in their turn, too, at variance with his Majesty's high prerogative, carried on their illegal traffic, risking life and property on the joyous cast of a smuggler's throw. Such, indeed, owned not the sybil's spells. They were as master spirits to the simple inhabitants. The calm of life had no charm for them; and they dared nothing except when the storm raged, and were as faithful to its presence, as the thunder-clap is to the lightning. It was then that the cavalcade would start from the coast, for it was only then that the vessels would near the shore. When none else dared stir from the fire-corner, nor even gaze through the lattice, the bold venturer would ride his boat upon the beach, on a huge breaker, and stranded there would haul in his illicit cargo. The landsmen knew their time, and watched their signals. The wagons were loaded, and the pioneer on the fore-horse of the team, fearlessly defiled through the forest, crossed the morass, or dashed over the fords—as reckless of life, as if eternity were only the morrow of a joyous existence. By the inhabitants they were feared and favoured; and if aught was ever required of them, their assistance was punctually lent, and as punctually requited. The wildness of such scenes had stirred up some to the same pursuits, which for the listless many had no charms. The hour, and the time of their appearance—the many that went, and the few that returned, and the warning of their witches, had scared many a brave man from this dangerous course of life; while the very daring of those who did venture upon it, would appal the less courageous, until they deemed themselves, in the comparison, meek, tame, and abject. The very unconsciousness of their power, or their energies, was a source of contentment to them, and the mysteries of a fraternity in one common secret, inclined them to give credence to what was neither natural nor reasonable, till an old withered hag, in a mud cottage, and with the paraphernalia of a brindled cat and a red cloak, would creep into their creeds, and take up so firm a position there, that it would require more than a parish exorcist to cast her out.

By these means the king lost many liege subjects, without perhaps ever missing them. By these means, too, the valley prospered as the harvest of the seas was carried through it. If the pursuit was hot, there were vaults and cellars in the contiguous woods, and woe to the gauger who attempted to penetrate them! The hound that was kept in leash for the deer, might be slipped upon him, or a

leaden pill administered from some neighbouring pharmacy, and few doubted its taking effect!!

Credulity was natural to the country, indigenous to the soil. They believed, that what escaped with impunity might pass for lawful, and that an enemy to the trade was one also to the country. The neighbouring magistrate, too, was cautious enough not to interfere with either their creed or their code; and, perhaps, found his advantage in this line of conduct; but in his administration of justice, he made up a due measure of severity in other matters, to atone for any little laxity he might be guilty of in this.

This magistrate, and he now lives in the recollection of many, was an anomaly in nature. To a simple-minded, confiding people, it needed nothing more than the prim look, the proud gait, and the wary circumspection of 'Squire ———, to impose the belief of wealth as boundless as the sea, only infinitely more available, as it well might be. To such, indeed, every palpable proof of insolvency was only an additional motive for confidence. He was never known to give either in alms or in hospitality, because he had nothing to give—and it was a proof of his economy. As a banker, he would lend no money to his neighbours, and it was construed into an evidence of his prosperity. When neighbouring bankers were tottering, he broke into his own bank, and stole his own money, that it might be told in testimony of his credit, that even this shock did not stagger him: and when he sent his confidential clerk to prison to take his trial for his life, for an act he had himself committed, it was almost tortured into a proof of his clemency, that he had strongly recommended him for mercy! and, lastly, when his neighbours passed his wheat-stacks, that had stood for many a season, and were now all devoured within by vermin, when a hundredth part of them had cheered the whole valley, they did not curse his parsimony, but congratulated themselves, that if the Bank of England should fail, which they thought by no means improbable, 'Squire ——— would become a Henry Hase, and the village of ——— the metropolis of the world.

Such was this man! A farmer to sow their wheat! a brewer to poison their drink! a banker to appropriate to himself their monies! and, in the commission of the peace, to hold the scales of justice for them!!!

One alone of the whole country withstood the current of general opinion, as to the wondrous wealth of the 'squire. This one, was "old Nell," "Nell of the hut." The precise date of her establishing herself in the country was not remembered. It was believed that she had remained as a sediment on the soil, after the overflowing from the spring-tide of a fair, and was left to grow there, as a weed that no one would be at the trouble of tearing up. She had fixed herself under the coverture of a little turf on a common, and kennelled herself in this hutch, with no other entrance to it than that of a moveable portal, which she shifted at will as the blast might blow. It gave her but little trouble to creep into it, for nature had so doubled her, that her stature was not more than that of a puny child. Squalid and haggard, she had been hunted over the land; a figure, that even dogs might bark at, and that men, more pitiless than dogs,

had yelled after. Her jargon was that of all countries: having never made any place her residence, she had gleaned something from them all; whilst fear, alarm, and persecution, had given a quickness to her thoughts, and words, that, having in them a glimmering of sense, appeared to the ignorant or superstitious more than natural. She did not fail to improve upon this idea, and having so well known the effect of fear, sought, in her turn, to inspire it, for no other purpose than to ward off the jeers of the world, and rest her jaded limbs in the unenviable habitation she had chosen. It was strange to behold sturdy labouring lads, and smiling lasses, quietly and fearfully creeping up to hear what old Nell could tell them of "good hap;" whilst she, not to be won till she was wooed, enacting the coy, would affect a little irritation at the intrusion, that her good favour might only be the more acceptable to them. It required little more than an old nail to be a warranty against ill-luck to those whose even course of life was their best security against misfortune; and nothing but a simple plant to effect a cure that nature had amply provided for. Thus she gradually grew into repute. All of good that came was attributed to old Nell; and if an evil chance befel, why if old Nell had been properly propitiated it would never have befallen.

Happy in their belief, and in their natures too simple to doubt, they reposed their fullest trust, and had the witch never scared their faith by impugning a received opinion, her security had never been disturbed. From the low, the less lowly began to consult her: and not only a farmer's son, but even a townsman of the 'squire's, had been known to approach her. Not that they believed in her—still their pace was as stealthy, and their looks as apprehensive, as those of more humble individuals, when they first came in sight of the hut; but they could not, and therefore did not, believe in her. Nell soon began to assume great importance, and from only announcing what was certain and invariable, entered upon the wider field of futurity. From never going farther into that province than predicting a marriage, that the glances of eyes had already announced, or a good harvest when the seasons had been propitious, she ventured on speculations of what she termed "hap or mishap;" and here, too, she might not have betrayed herself, had not a predisposition against the 'squire taken such root in her mind, that she assumed a different air, and a wilder tone, whenever he became the subject of the inquiries. He was a lone being—had no child—and his heart had never yearned towards any of his kind. Where then was his wealth to go? was the question of many an evening discussion. Who better could tell this than Nell? Nell had told many truths, and Nell might tell this one too; and if the riddle was worth the solving, it was worth the asking. But who should put the question? It implied a confidence in her power of answering it; and who dared avow such a confidence? No one could do it so well as Alice. Alice was greeted more, and welcomed sooner, than any one else; and her presence seemed always as a gleam of sunshine to her.

Poor Alice, she was indeed beautiful: the pride of all who knew her; for she was good and kind, and so lovely to look upon, that most, who in the world are deemed fair, would fade in the comparison. *I*

would not lose my recollection of such goodness and beauty, for much that the world could offer. I would close the book of life, were not the portraiture of such excellence so engraven there, that amidst all that is grim and ghastly, it would seem as a purer spirit, intended to infuse a purer nature. Such a one, indeed, have I seen, and neither Alice nor herself would suffer by the comparison. But, believe me, that he who could appreciate the excellence would pause ere he described it, lest the apes of the world should insult the original by their mimicking of its attributes.

Such was Alice, the humblest peasant girl; and if all the pride of the land had passed before Nell's hut, they would not have won a glance from her, if it were to have been stolen from Alice. It must have been a bleak day that prevented her from visiting Nell, and the meal must have been less than a scanty one that she did not participate with her. The wrinkled hag would protrude her sinister appearance in expectation of her if she tarried. Who then so fitting to woo the witch, and win the secret from her?

In silence the group approached the hut, crouching under the protection of a simple maiden. Nell ruffled her plumage as she saw them advance. Things were indeed changed with her, when lads and lasses stood quailing before her in their holiday suits, and she strutted towards the portal, which as she could almost fill, was the spot best fitted to add to her importance. "Good be wid ye, Alice—good be wid ye. Ye be alwa' welcome to ould Nell."

"Thank ye, thank ye, from my heart," answered the maiden; "no tones are kinder to me than yours, Nell, excepting always young Frankland's, when he returns with success; but that is no matter now —we want to know something, Nell!" And as she spoke, the group gathered closer to her, trying to protect themselves, by clinging to the sanctuary of her gown. "We want to know something, Nell! Walk twice round the kettle, and turn the horse-shoe and the seaweed, and tell us who will have the 'squire's gold when he's gone; if, indeed, he is to go?"

"Who!" answered the hag in a different voice, whilst she mantled with rage, "who but the crows will have his carrion? As much good shall come from his gear, as comes from the toad-stool in the field, or the shark's jaw when cast ashore."

"Out upon the old carle!" screamed all the voices but Alice. "Out upon her for a lying hag!" and all the projectiles that were offered to their hands, drove poor Nell from her prominent position to the furthermost angle of the hutch.

Bold in their disbelief as they had been before timid, they hurled their imprecations after her, and scarcely heard her muttering, "Foul befa' ye—foul befa' ye! When he has snapp'd the tether to some o' ye, ye'll think again of old Nell. But all thegither sha' not have so much pity from me, as one tear that must fa' fra poor Alice's eyes."

The prognostication boded evil, but Alice had not time to heed it; all she thought of was Nell, and nothing but her tears and entreaties could have saved either the hut or its inmate. "For mercy sake forbear. In the name of———"

"Blaspheme not, Alice. What can Heaven have to do wid such a

hag? besides, she boded ill o' thee?" and they would have returned to their work of destruction.

"Go, then," cried Alice, opening the way she had before obstructed, "taste of vengeance, and tell me if it be sweet! Shame on ye all! she told ye what she thought, and what ye had asked! wisdom is alwa' witchery to those that understand it not." The simple truth from her sweet lips carried conviction with it, and as she added, "Come with me all, come with me," they instinctively followed. Still, as they retired, "Out upon the hag!" was indistinctly heard, as their courage inwardly contended with the mastery they were bowing to; but as their mutterings ceased, they gradually succumbed.

It was indeed a trial; all else on earth she might have questioned, and preserved her sway; but the 'squire's gold, with the evidence of it they had always before their eyes, was beyond her control. It was instantly whispered abroad that she was guilty of this heresy, and the constable and the beadle received their orders to unsettle her forthwith. Twice they arrived at the hut for this purpose, but the arm of Alice was always stretched out to protect her; and an army of beadles could not have resisted her sweet voice praying them to forbear. With her too young Frankland would join in entreaties—he was beloved, because he was brave and generous, and because, too, he was betrothed to Alice. From week to week she was reprieved—it mattered little whether she went or stayed—no one passed near her, if it was not to fling a scoff or a jeer at her. None, save only Frankland and Alice, who, as the world blew hard upon her, afforded her the protection of all the kindness they could.

It is indeed a goodly sight, when all the fiercer passions and propensities of man are rendered tame and submissive by—the love of woman. Thus was it with Frankland. His spirit was on the winds, and his course in life on the waves, yet the love of Alice so tempered all his thoughts and actions, that though he lived in open defiance of the laws, he fancied that he wronged no one; and if in his next voyage he should be successful, why, with the little hoard he already had, he could manage to give up the traffic, if it was unlawful, and make Alice—God bless her!—as happy as she deserved to be. He must contrive to raise her a little above what she then was, at least in wealth—so the pride of his love prompted him; a few acres would suffice; but as her merits rose in his recollection, he increased them in number, till he would have placed her as far above the rest in possessions, as she was in beauty. Many a day dream thus flitted before him. He thought of kindness to her, to Nell, to all indeed who might need it. Could his trade be unlawful, when so many would benefit by it? It was not—no, it could not be.

In the meantime a circumstance occurred that awakened him from such dreams to a dreadful reality. The 'squire died suddenly. The reality of what had tortured all so long, must soon be known. He died, and what Nell had predicted was but too true. The tale was soon told. Ruin stared every one in the face; all at least who had laid up their hard-gotten earnings, either as provision for themselves or their children. In the bankruptcy of the man was involved that of the whole population. The news reached Frankland on his arrival on

the coast. All that he possessed was lost; he dared not tell it, lest it should demand as great a sacrifice from Alice, and that she should wed him with nothing. How little did he know her pure nature!—how cleansed it was from all the dross of worldly interest!

His fate was quickly cast—one throw might redeem all. Alice knew that a solemn league bound Frankland to the crew, and that the time of service was unlimited—he had never yet fixed the date. What better opportunity of so doing than the present! It would at least mitigate the pain of parting! "Alice, sweet Alice, dost thou love me!" She looked up, and breathed loud. "Turn, then, thy dear eyes upon me, and let not thy tears dim them, for it is the last parting we shall know here."

"How," she replied—"how!" and the recollection came to her of what Nell had said, for she entwined herself closer around him. "If all that was told must come true, the tether shall be snapped, and that can never be, while I have strength to cling to thee."

"You misunderstand me," he rejoined; "I only mean, that before the next moon our league will be dissolved, and never more renewed; one more voyage to France, and I leave thee no more. Look upon me once, love, and bless the enterprize!"

That was more than she could do; if her feet did not falter, she could not so far trust her voice, but she loosened her hold, and turning from him, lowly ejaculated, "It must be so—it must be so!" as if her destiny was directing her.

Thus he left her. Every thing favoured. The crew was on the shore, and the vessel on the sea. The breeze was fair and fresh, and carried them quickly across the channel. The freight was shipped, and why should they tarry? Though the moon was up, the weather was lowering; and if it did but last them across, they should have such "a run" as the best man had never seen. Their hearts beat high, and Frankland urged them on. They put out to sea. The weather was dark enough for the devil's worst deeds, and it lasted them through. They drove their boats in upon the shore. They had signalled the wagons from sea—they were there with their best tackle. Not a moment was lost. The cargo was landed and loaded. Frankland took his post on the fore-horse—the post of danger, and of difficulty. With the best mettle of man and horses they mounted the beach. The weather was then beginning to clear. They pursued their course over the bleak and barren heather, when in a moment three lights in succession, from known points, told them that they were observed. They quickened their pace, but the tread of horses reached their ears, and gained upon them; a shot was fired at them; another—and another—and the last took effect, though aimed at random—it was upon Frankland. He did not fall. They had struck into a winding path, at a fearful pace, and for awhile their pursuers missed them, whilst they reached a halting place that was near at hand. Frankland was taken from his horse, bleeding profusely. They had hardly time to staunch the blood, for he was wounded grievously, when the watch announced that the dragoons were again nearing them.

"We must on," said one of his companions, as he turned to Frank-

land, adding, "wilt thou go with us? or—you know the rest—the dragoons are on us."

"Take me with you—take me with you," said the dying man; "and here Will, and William, ye were always milder than the rest," and his voice was failing him—"ye do know—where I would be taken—does thee not, Will? Get thee upon Moonshine—he was always sure-footed when there was need—and I mind now how he mounted the beach, as if time pressed;—aye, now, gie him his head—he knows where I would ha' gone, I'se warrant; and Williams, lay me up on the wagon, and ye know when ye may lay me down—that's where I shall be minded; and see that ye whistle when ye come to the ford; but mind, ye carol not as I did when things went well—ye must not belie the sorrowfu' tale—there's enough to bear without that. Whistle twice—but she'll sure to be there the first time. So, now lay me up—so—and I shall rest. Let me but see her once more—let me bless her,"—and raising his voice to the highest pitch he then could, exclaimed, "Oh, Heaven! if thee canst not grant me this, do thee bless her for me,"—and so he sank.

The party moved onward—pursuit was hot, but the path they took was intricate. As they descended into the valley they increased their speed, for should they once gain the river, they thought they might baffle them. They might cross, and not show the trace of their passage to their pursuers. As they approached the ford the whistle was given—once—and twice—they dashed in, and crossed with safety. On the other side, and near the cottage, stood Alice; she knew it was not his whistle—she heard not his voice. They stopped. "Where are ye, Alice?" No answer. "He's worse than ill, I fear." She seemed to know it. They lowered him down—she was as a statue, save that a huge tear stood in her eye, and seemed as if it could not fall. They felt his heart—it had ceased to beat—some one mercilessly said so, and she fell extended upon his body. The tear gushed forth, and—dare I tell it?—her reason with it!

Thus it was they left her, as the letter of the warning was completed. How she was severed from him I know not. When it was accomplished, she was seen creeping up to the hut of old Nell; she crawled into it, and never again would be enticed from it—a witless thing, whose words in her turn would have been an oracle in the neighbourhood, if Providence had not so afflicted her that her only utterance was an hysteric laugh!

Scene—DRYBURGH ABBEY BY MOONLIGHT.

The Muse of Scotland leaning over the tomb of Scott, her head crowned with cypress, and a harp lying at her feet—solemn music is heard in the distance, after which the Muse repeats the following

Invocation.

Ye splendid visions of the shadowy night,
Ye spectral forms, that float in fields of light;
Spirits of beauty, that in mid air dwell,
Come to the shrine of him who loved you well!
Shades of departed heroes from the tomb,
Covered with dust of ages, hither come,
In your bright panoply and crested might,
Such as he called you forth to life and light.
And ye, too, brethren of the cloister'd vow,
And ye, pale sisterhood, that loved to bow
Your virgin beauties to the holy thrall,—
Come to this festival of death—come—all!
Ye mighty ones of earth uncrown your brows—
A mightier head lies here; and sweeter vows
Than ever king received, embalm this spot,
Where sleeps the king of song—*immortal Scott.*
Come, sportive lovers of the moonlight hour,
Ye fairies, that, obedient to his power,
Played off your merry pranks in hall and bower:
But, chief of all, come nature—holy wells,
Yielding your silver tribute—freshest bells,
Plucked from the blooming heather—echoes fair,
Chanting his golden lays, till earth and air
Are full of melody. Come all! come all!
Ye nations too, come at the solemn call!
And first his own dear land! bring offerings meet,
Such as his spirit loved—bright flowers and sweet;
For he has sung your beauties, he has thrown
A magic round them greater than their own,
And o'er thy charms his soul enamoured hung,
"Till not a mountain reared its head unsung;"
Come, then, awake the harp, and let earth ring,
With one deep dirge of woe from voice and string!

At the end of the Invocation a solemn symphony is played, after which a chorus of voices sing the following

Dirge.

He's gone from the halls that resounded with mirth,—
The light is gone out from the once blazing hearth,
And the bard of the bright lay lies coldly in earth.

Oh! never again shall we look on his face:
The glory of Scotland, the pride of his race,
Is gone, and there's none that can fill up his place.

Bring garlands as bright as his fancy could twine,
Bring odours, bring gems of the far-distant mine,—
Bring all that is costly to lay at his shrine.

And, oh! bring his own harp, all bosoms to move;
Let earth do him homage, and friendship and love
Sing peace to his spirit the bright stars above.

C.

THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

> "O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
> First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
> In the wide world, without that only tie
> For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."
>
> "Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

Few men at that time could cover the ground like me; one, however, I heard close at my heels, and that after I had made several of my best pushes. A thought now struck me; I suddenly laid myself down across the road, then raising up my back as he came down it, I occasioned him almost to throw a somerset; then getting up, I left him stretched upon the road at his full length, severely hurt, as I am sorry to say, if the account in the newspapers which reported the affair are to be believed.

By-the-way, I may remark, that of all the public transactions in which I have been engaged, both as regards opposing or executing the laws, I never read one faithfully reported in a newspaper, although the accounts of many malefactors are obtained from the office at Newgate; but the public are not aware how numerous are the motives and the causes which lead to false statements, coming even from that place. Proceeding a mile on towards town, I recollected that the coach was to go another way, and that I might be pursued, on which thought I crossed at the first turning, and hastened to make the road down which I knew my associates must pass, because they had to go a considerable way round. I met them as I expected, but when I got into the coach the thoughts of the body made me sick, and I wished myself opposed to some living being, however formidable, rather than to the silent one lying at my feet. We now put up the blinds of the coach, and turning the lantern, took the body out of the sack, and packed it up in the hamper, which I was surprised to see so fitted to the purpose; then driving straight to the surgeon's house, the coach-yard gate being left open for the purpose, we deposited our prize at once, instead of leaving it until the morning as intended when the subject was put into the hamper. We were rewarded with twenty-five pounds for this exploit, although the current price of subjects was at that time from six to nine pounds.

If the effect upon me be general, and the same with other persons, as regards our intimacy with death, I think nothing so alarming and awful as the first introduction to a dead body, and yet nothing which gives us pain at first sight is so soon overcome. In a few days I thought no more of being in company with a corpse than I do now in sitting by the fire-side with my old faithful Sall, and smoking my pipe.

I remained upwards of three years a resurrectionist, during which time I had many curious adventures, similar to those which are frequently laid before the public as anecdotes connected with body snatching—false alarms from donkeys, bearded goats, hogs, and also grey mares, which

[1] Continued from vol. xiii. p. 448.

have strolled into the churchyard at the dead of the night for a bit of long grass, in direct opposition to the positive orders of the vicar, who claims the produce of the rich compost formed by the dead as his own property. With these stories I will not detain the reader, but hasten on to that period of my history which is connected with questions of public interest.

The surgeon whom I especially served was a remarkable man for selecting his own subjects, and few of his friends on whom he had placed his eye while living, escaped his knife when dead. I was sent for one day, and told that a relation of his, recently dead, who was buried in Highgate churchyard, must be had. Unwilling to disoblige or lose a good customer, we went down two successive nights, but failed, which put our employer in a towering passion. To appease him I was determined to make another attempt, and try what a bribe would do with the watchman: I however had no sooner made an offer in a public-house to which I had invited him before the watch was set, than he seized me, and calling for assistance, took me before a magistrate. I was the next day brought up to Bow-street office upon some other raked up charge, and twice examined, but ultimately discharged. As I left the office, and was proceeding across Covent Garden Market, a person accosted me and said, "You and I have met before; I heard your examination, and am glad it has turned out so well, but I wonder one of your talent should go body snatching." He then informed me that we had once been in prison together, and that, although I had forgotten him, he knew all about me; then viewing me from head to foot continued, "I am glad to see you looking so well; you do right to dress as you do. It must be comfortable to yourself, and it is decidedly the best blind known or practised." He then invited me to dine with him, to which I readily assented, for it was one of my failings to be over fond of the company and professed friendship of strangers. After dinner he became more communicative, and said that he thought he could serve me; that he had been desired to look out for such a person, and that it was with the view of meeting one which would suit, that he attended at Bow Street, adding, "I cannot at present say more, but let us be acquainted, and a few days will enable me to be more explicit."

My new acquaintance turned out to be a person connected with a first-rate gang of housebreakers. The reader must understand that there are two distinct classes of burglars in London; one consisting of the most desperate men in all the classes of thieves, men who have been often at the bar of justice, and are so well known to the officers, that they have no resource left but to rob under the cover of night. These depredators usually associate in small parties, comprising three, four, or five individuals in each partnership, many of whom, in my time, have impeached one another to save their own lives. When a robbery is committed, and accompanied with murder or violence of the person, one of these gangs is sure to be concerned in it; for when they become hard up for money they throw prudence overboard, and go rashly and desperately to work in order to obtain it, and I can generally find out which of the different sets of cracksmen about town has perpetrated the deed, by making inquiries who about the same time were known to have been at low-water mark, and who after the affair is over have sported new clothes, and been seen with money in their possession. This was Jonathan Wild's plan, and very successful he was in his day, upon all occasions either causing the apprehension of the guilty parties, or making his own terms to save them, as his interest might dictate or point out.

The other class, (swell cracksmen,) are altogether another kind of beings; the wary and comparatively wealthy housebreaker never allows the men with whom he connects himself to become absolutely poor and

needy; nor do they resort together at any known place of rendezvous to which they may be traced, or their movements watched. The whole body are well organized, and in as perfect a state of subordination as the British army is under those who preside at the Horse Guards. Some are employed as scouts or lookers-out for fit places for attack; these are kept as gentlemen in appearance, never connecting themselves with any actual commission of robbery, or the possession of property when stolen; nor do those who commit the robbery know any thing of the persons who are the real movers of all the affairs of the concern.

The manner in which I was engaged into one of these confederacies (for there are several in London) will give some idea of the perfection of their system. The acquaintance I had made introduced me to several of his associates, who, as it afterwards appeared, were some of the working hands of a party of burglars of the class last described. Our interviews were at their own private lodgings and not at public-houses, as I had been accustomed to meet my former acquaintances; they did occasionally go to take a pipe and a glass, but then they uniformly selected the most respectable houses where tradesmen met to enjoy a social hour together.

Although I had said I would join them, as yet they had imparted none of their secrets to me. One day, my friend, to whom I was indebted for my introduction, told me I must take a walk down the King's Road, towards Chelsea, with him that morning. To this I readily complied without asking him for any reasons. When, however, we reached the top of Sloane Street, we met a person, who came up and said to my companion, "You may go!" then, turning to me, continued, "Come, you and I will have a walk into the country and dine together to-day." Then turning down a bye-way, went on to say, "You have been spoken of very highly, but you are now coming into a line of business which it is my duty to explain to you, and to that end are we now met; you cannot but consider yourself fortunate in joining such a respectable concern." He then laid a strong injunction on me to recollect every word he uttered, as his duty would be performed when we parted: he strongly inculcated sobriety of conduct, and expatiated largely upon the necessity of giving up all my former acquaintances, and abandoning my haunts for smoking tobacco and drinking as I had been accustomed to do; telling me that, as I should always be supplied with money, I had better go into the society of respectable tradesmen, where I was not known. When we arrived at Fulham he ordered a fowl and some pickled pork for our dinner, and then renewed the conversation, cautioning me especially against committing any petty theft for the supply of present need, saying it would now be inexcusable, because, if I were prudent, I could not want money.

He further informed me that the business I should have to perform would be all straightforward work, unaccompanied with any risk, compared to my former mode of proceeding, but of that I should be better informed, when he sent me to another person; concluding by saying, that all property which came into my hands must be faithfully delivered, untouched, according to the directions in every case given; and that any deviation from such a line of conduct could not fail of being fatal to me, because, as the society gave liberal per centages upon all property which came into their possession, they exacted the strictest account from individuals, nor would they leave unpunished a dishonest member of their community, when detected; adding, that their measures were so well taken, that none who attempted to appropriate to themselves property unfairly could escape detection. He then put ten pounds into my hand, together with a card, on which was written, "Be at the gate of the almshouses opposite the Elephant and Castle at twelve o'clock to-morrow

morning;" after which he paid for our dinner and wine, and then wished me good day.

Turning over in my mind, as I returned to town, all the particulars of this interview, I was struck with the threat held out, that any deviation from the rules laid down would be fatal to me; this part of the conversation occupied all my thoughts, and it was not until the following day that I penetrated its full meaning, viz.—that as the primary movers of all the plans were always kept in the back-ground, and never known to the subordinate operatives, all schemes for obtaining property necessarily must be issued from their incognito superiors, who could, at any time, send their workmen upon such jobs as should ensure their certain apprehension and subsequent conviction; and this the leading men can accomplish without any risk on their own part, when they have a faithless or an obnoxious auxiliary among them.

On my arrival in town I immediately proceeded to the lodgings of my friend who had introduced me to this party, but to my surprise he had left town, and all my subsequent inquiries, to find where he was gone, among his companions, and at the well-known places of rendezvous, proved fruitless, nor did I see him, or hear in any way from him, for two years afterwards, when I learnt that he had been suddenly ordered into the country, to work at a branch station, precisely at the time I was about to be placed among strangers,—a piece of policy our employers have very excellent reasons for adopting.

The following morning I obeyed my instructions, and went to the gate of the Fishmongers' Company's alms-houses, where stood a person who knew me, although I had no knowledge of him. The moment he saw me, he came up, and accosting me, said, "It appears that you and I are to do some business together, (showing me a duplicate card to my own,) come, let us walk away from here." We then proceeded a little way down the road, when a Croydon coach passing, he proposed that we should both get on it: as I entered no demurrer to this measure, we were soon seated, and carried, without another word being spoken by either of us, ten miles from the noisy metropolis. We dined and spent the day at Croydon, during which he further enlightened my mind upon the perfect system of robbery, by which the party with which I was now connected conducted their affairs. He then gave me to understand that our employers were real swells, (gentlemen in appearance, judging also from the company they kept,) but that they were invisible to all the men who performed the actual work, their avocations being confined to invention, discovery, the obtaining information, and issuing orders, besides that of disbursing a fair proportion of the receipts, and withholding a capital to support their retainers, when there was no employment for them. "These orders," said he, "they give out in such a manner, and with so much secret judgment, that none of the operatives can possibly ever know whence they originate: this," he added, with remarkable emphasis, "they accomplish with an astonishing degree of certainty;" saying, "whoever they may be, they, for certes, have longer heads than our pudding-knobbed legislators: it's a great pity for the sake of the nation they can't be found out, and persuaded to form an administration among themselves for the better government of the country; it would then," continued he, "be soon made apparent to the world that Metternich and Talleyrand were mere asinine politicians." Going on in this strain, he added, "There's myself now, I am but a messenger, a mercury among these gods, a kind of call-boy, to use a theatrical phrase; I summon the actors to the stage, and deliver out the instructions for the guidance of individuals who are selected to give effect to, and perfect the performance of the drama; but then I know nothing of the author or stage manager, neither have I, or shall I, ever be admitted to the green

room. Although I am now about to deliver you your first orders from these incognito great men, mind, I know not from whence they come, or who issued them; they were left at my house in writing from an unknown hand. I am regularly paid, and therefore prudently abstain from further inquiry, which might lead to my ruin, without offering a chance of doing me any further good. And now, sir, before I conclude," looking me hard in the face, he continued, "let me give you one general and serious piece of advice—perform your duty rigidly, maintain, upon all occasions, a respectable appearance, and never attempt to penetrate their secrets; if you do, you are assuredly an undone man. Remember my words, nothing can save you; for if you quit the service, and embark in another line, either for yourself or other persons, on the first affair you are concerned in you will be apprehended, and have for your opponents a more fearful enemy than Bow-street officers—those who will unerringly bring the whole weight of the law upon you." Hearing this, I expressed some surprise: my companion, however, soon made me understand that they had emissaries all over the town and country, and that when a black mark was placed against a man's name, they very soon caused his apprehension, because he must, when they withheld his supplies, either consent to go on such jobs as they ordered, or undertake private business of robbery; and in both cases they would give information to occasion his conviction; besides, afterwards, sending to the Secretary of State's office accounts of his bad character, and the number of robberies in which he had been concerned. These reports they, and all others connected with the family men, well know are received and swallowed with great avidity at head quarters, and used as plaisters to heal the lacerated feelings of any soft-hearted, non-hanging applicant for mercy at the hands of the king, as it is erroneously termed. Concluding with

> "For men ere now grown wise, and understand
> How to improve their crimes as well as land;
> And if th' have issue, make the infants pay
> Down for their own begetting, on the day,
> The charges of the gossipping disburse,
> And pay before-hand (ere they're born) the nurse."

Although this at first appeared harsh conduct on the part of the great men in our walk of life, I could not, on reflection, but acknowledge that it arose from expediency; and was justified upon the same principle, as are the pressing seamen and flogging in the army, and that law advocated by many of our great men in the parliament-house—*the law of necessity;* which law, by the way, nobody understands better than myself, for this reason —all the actions of my life, up to the present moment of my writing this, have been the result, and under the control, of this said despotic rule of individuals. It is true that, although I could not choose my path in the world, I might, if I pleased, have stood still: in other words, I might have put an end to my life instead of becoming a thief; but for not taking the latter course, I have two good reasons to urge. Firstly, that the desire to preserve life is a principle in men which predominates over all others, more especially with the younger subjects of the creation; this principle is the ruling power of action in every animal, but in man, when opposed to honour, honesty, and other moral laws, it overturns and tramples them under feet, in spite of all saws and modern cant.

I will grant that there are some few exceptions—instances, for example, wherein the parties have had the instruction of some parson in false notions, regarding the laws and operations of nature; setting up other gods and idols for worship instead of nature's God, thereby producing an imbecility of the mind, and the destruction of the natural feelings of man; and this they term wisdom, such as only a few can comprehend.

My second reason for not getting out of my thraldom by committing suicide, was, that I often heard the parson say* in his sermons, there was no crime so great as that of self-murder. I therefore availed myself of his doctrine, and chose the lesser evil of stealing, instead of starving, or throwing myself from one of the bridges.

When, however, I was younger, and used to think more of the many strange doctrines I heard from the pulpit, and went to see men executed, I thought it very odd logic, that if a man could not lawfully deprive himself of life, that it should be made lawful to take away the lives of thousands by the hands of man. I once mentioned these, my scruples, when I first took office, to our Newgate Ordinary; who told me to do as he did, bow to the necessity of the thing, and not inquire too nicely into the conduct of our superiors. This way of settling the matter, however, never quite satisfied me, although I for a time fell into it, always when I was called to duty, thinking upon that law of necessity, which, according to the parson's rule, reverses the order of all things, and converts wrong into right, and *vice versâ*.

In my latter days, although I was never given to put much faith in what great men or the parson said, yet I must confess, when I thought of my own life, that it was a great comfort to me to hear them all justify so many measures upon the plea of necessity.

> "Who would believe, that wicked earth,
> Where nature only brings us forth,
> To be found guilty, and forgiven,
> Should be a nursery for heaven."

Yes; for when the Secretary of State is hard of heart, and will not, for a parent or a wife on their knees, vouchsafe the life of a wretch in this world, in steps the puritanical parson and grants him a full and free one for the next.

> "Such is the parson's arbitrary power,
> It were defect in judgment to go lower."

Heaven is peremptorily called upon to forgive those sins which guilty man will not, and the unhappy culprit is assured of receiving that mercy and forbearance from the Deity, which man, judging from his actions, has no faculties to comprehend.

But I must go on with my story, or I shall get myself into a dispute with the learned, when I know I shall have the worst of the argument, because they can twist the subject about in any direction but the straight one. I cannot, however, resist making a few remarks in this place on myself, and the cause which placed me under the tyrant law of necessity.

I call upon all the world, who are disposed to view things as they are, and can reason justly upon the affairs of life, to bear in mind that my situation, on coming into existence, was not one of choice, but was, like thousands of others, the result, most probably, of some great man's wantonness in his youth, or it may be in his more advanced years. He seduced, I have reason to presume, my mother by fair promises, deceiving and abandoning her to the gibes and sneers of the world, which, together with the frowns of her family and sex, overthrew her reason. She had still enough of the parent left to deposit me in a basket, and offer up to Heaven an incoherent prayer for my preservation, and then threw

* If any of my readers should wonder at one of my course of life going often to church, I beg to remind them, that the number of times I had been in prison compelled me to hear more sermons in my time, than one in a thousand does voluntarily; besides, when a buzman, we often did a good stroke of business at church, especially when a bishop or a nob preached.

herself into the waters, becoming food for the fishes of the sea, one of which, a few weeks after gorging himself repeatedly upon the body of her whose soul was fled to heaven, there to await for justice, may be served up to my worthy father's table, and pronounced at dinner to be a fish of a most delicious and superior quality. This is horrible to think on, but great men, and those who are educated to emulate greatness, have monstrous and strange stomachs; they seek their own enjoyment, but leave the innocent products of their fruition to

> Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend,
> Was at my heels, and chased me in view.

While I may suppose my father became a great parliamentary character, framing and supporting, with lengthy speeches, the enactment of rigid laws against the poor, and all criminals in general, forgetful that he brought five more besides myself into life, placing us all in such a situation, and compelling us to pursue a course in society, which make, these very laws needful for its protection.

Unmindful, too, that no statutes can convert us into any thing than that we are, and which our wise and moral parent made us by his vices, which, however, does not in any way interfere with his subsequently marrying and becoming the father of another family, every member of which he is proud to own, and acquires a name for being a good man, and a worthy member of the community. Such is the path of your legislative moralist.

> "Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
> And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
> They wait but for a storm, and then devour you."

To those, who, like me, have felt the cruel conduct of libidinous fathers, I need offer no apology for this break in my narrative, to which I now return.

"I have," said the party from whom I was receiving my instructions, "three jobs on hand, this is the list,"—showing me a paper; "the one selected for you is of very easy performance; a stage coach is to be robbed, and the booty is supposed to amount to some thousands."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "do you call this an easy job?"

"Nothing so easy," he rejoined, "as you will see. You are to be only a looker on, and yet the affair cannot be completed without you, or some one in your place; the fact is, our party must occupy all the inside seats, and one is assigned to you. Here are your instructions in writing, with a ten-pound note; provide yourself with a cloak, having a good high collar to it; you will find your advantage in possessing such a one to crouch the face into occasionally, and mind, upon all country jobs carry your money about you, because, should there be any accident, you should always possess the means of crossing the country as rapidly as possible, but upon this occasion the thing is as good as done. You will see by your instructions, that you are to proceed to Birmingham, and immediately book yourself, for an inside place, for next Thursday, by the ——— coach for London; take your seat in the coach early, but do not notice any one you see until the coach is on its journey, and then wait to be spoken to, and for instructions how to act subsequently.

"The money now given you, together with that you received yesterday, is charged to your account, and will be deducted from your regulars when the affair is ended; but in the share allowed you will not be permitted to have a voice, as the parties have one rule from which they never deviate. When you arrive again in town, pass one whole week in your own way, only avoiding your former associates, and keep respect-

able company; when the week is elapsed, go to No. 4, ——— street, it is a seed shop, and inquire if there be any letter left for Mr. Hodson: if you receive one, of course you will obey the orders therein, but if you do not, call every other day, until you do have one handed to you in that name. Now give me your address, in case of any sudden call of business, but that very rarely happens. Slowly and sure is the motto of our firm. Good bye." So saying, he left me, as he said, to proceed to Brighton.

The following morning, (Monday,) I quitted London by a Birmingham coach, and immediately went to the inn as directed, and booked myself a place for the ensuing Thursday, on which day I entered the coach at the appointed time, when I found two persons already seated. The driver was just expressing his impatience at the non-arrival of the remaining fare, when two gentlemen came up; one got into the coach hastily, while the other came to wish him farewell and shake hands, looking at the same time round to the passengers, nodded his head significantly to his companion, and departed. This motion of the head I understood to convey a communication that all was right; for although the party was unknown to me, it afterwards appeared that he had a knowledge of my person, and came for the purpose of recognising me, and assuring themselves that every thing was duly prepared for the robbery, which was effected when we were about thirty miles on the road, towards London, in the following manner. At the time I am speaking of, it was the practice of a banker at Birmingham to send up every month cash and bank-notes to redeem their own local notes, which were made payable in London, and which during the intervals had been presented at their agent's for payment. The better to ensure the safe conveyance of these sums of money, the proprietors of the banking-house had contracted with the coach-masters at Birmingham for a small strong iron box, which was built in the body of the coach, having two peculiarly complicated locks to it, the duplicate keys of which were in the hands of the banker's agents in London. My employers had possessed themselves of these facts, as also the precise day on which the money was to be transmitted; they, therefore, had made several journeys in the coach, and provided themselves with keys, to unlock the box without any difficulty, previously to undertaking the robbery.

As I said before, the contents of the box, or secret drawer, was extracted about thirty miles from Birmingham, by one of the parties merely unlocking it, and removing the property into a small travelling trunk, which he carried with him for the purpose. Before we arrived at Oxford this passenger was represented by us as having been taken suddenly ill; another, personating the character of a surgeon, said, as the gentleman was upon urgent business, and must proceed, if possible, the next day by post-chaise to town, that he would, out of kindness, stay and accompany him thither. In consequence of this arrangement, made in the hearing of the coachman and guard, they were both left at Woodstock; and my third companion, when we arrived at Oxford, made some inquiries respecting a relation of his who was at one of the colleges, and found an excuse, from the information he obtained, to decline proceeding any further that night; leaving me, as per arrangement, to be dropped at Henley-upon-Thames, to which place I pretended to be going as my place of residence, having told the book-keeper in the first instance, that I was destined to that town. When I got out of the coach, which I managed to do at the gate of a large house, on the Fair-mill, before we got into the town of Henley, I crossed the country to Marlow, and took a chaise into the high-road for London; then getting into the first coach which passed, I was in a few hours at my lodgings in town.

At the end of the week I went to the place appointed, and was pre-

sented with a letter in the name of Hodson, in which I was desired to be at the Mermaid at Hackney the following day at two o'clock. As I was about to enter the house I was addressed again by a stranger, who said, "Mr. Hodson, I believe?" I hesitated for a moment. "It's all right," he continued, "the last affair went off clean and well; I have come to speak with you about another little job." He then informed me that he had brought me eighty pounds, my share having been laid at one hundred pounds; deducting therefore the twenty pounds received, the eighty pounds made the balance due. I had seen by the public papers that the booty obtained amounted to upwards of five thousand pounds; but when I considered the part I had taken in the affair, and the large number that must necessarily participate in sharing the money, I could not but be satisfied. The next affair, however, he wished me to engage in acted as a drawback upon the good humour in which he had put me. I was the next day to proceed to a small town in Essex, to commit a robbery by myself. It was known to our joint stock company, (as I ever afterwards called the parties,) that a certain dealer in cattle generally carried from three to five hundred pounds about his person, so secured, as that nothing but violence on the part of those who went after it could accomplish the robbery; and to these extremities, by the laws of the company, we could not go, the fundamental principle of their system being to use art, and not force. In conformity therefore to this rule, the planning agent, who was now with me, had concerted a mode of obtaining it, which was left for me to execute. It appeared that although the dealer in cattle carried the money about with him during the day, that he deposited it in a cupboard situated in his own bed-room every night, securely locking the door, then placing the key under his pillow. Duplicate keys for entering the cottage and opening the cupboard were provided, and it only required a delicate hand and a light tread to abstract the money from the cupboard when he was asleep, there being nobody in the house except himself and an old woman, who slept in another room. My employer told me I had been selected for this affair because they knew I had, from my boyhood, been bred a sneak. Having given me my instructions, with the keys for making the entry into the house, he informed me that a person would, with a horse and chaise, be in readiness at my order, to attend at any spot to convey me speedily out of the neighbourhood; he then left me, adding, that I was to deliver to the person who drove the horse the money which I obtained, untouched.

This was not an adventure to my taste; the thoughts of coming in such close contact with a sturdy grazier, in which one of us must get the worst of it, gave me some concern, for I considered it next to an impossibility to bring away the money without waking him, in which case I could not doubt but he would have a struggle for his cash. Such was my objection to the adventure, that I am now certain, valuable as was the company's connexion which I had now formed, I should have given them up rather than have embarked in it, had it not so happened that about this time I became a convert to the doctrine of fatalism. A few weeks before this order came I had formed an intimacy with a servant girl, and very foolishly had, at her earnest solicitation, paid several visits to fortune-tellers; her motive for persuading me to go to these cheats, who occasion more mischief in society than any class of robbers, was, that she might through them be told who and what I was, together with an account of my temper, and whether I should make a good husband, &c. I verily believe, in London, that not one man in a thousand knows any thing of society but what transpires in his own immediate walk of life, although all write and talk as familiarly of the social compact, of the character, feelings, habits, and moral influences of all the classes, as if they were gifted with omnipresence, and omniscience to boot. Our great

men in parliament talk a great deal about the influence of the Lancasterian schools, and the march of intellect; giving themselves credit for the advance of the people's mind, but I can tell them this is a great blunder. The people, I know, are wiser than they used to be; but then it is in spite, and not in consequence of the schools for the poor man's children; and I very much question whether any of the poor are made better by their present mode of education; it is the mechanic, the artizan, and all the working classes, which are just above the charity provincial schools, which have made the step in knowledge, and not the poor. Let the prisons be all visited in one day throughout England, and an account taken of where the prisoners were taught when children, to read, &c. When this shall be done, (it would be wise if it were made a part of the system to report this to the public annually,) the effects of national schools would soon be made apparent. I have indulged in these observations because I am about to make a communication which is but little known to the world at large, viz., that nineteen-twentieths of the servant girls in London entirely commit themselves to the direction of fortune tellers, and these girls are generally drawn from the public schools: what is more singular, they never part with the propensity when grown up, for when married they are constant and regular customers, going from week to week to learn how to manage their husbands, how many children they are to have, how many will live, whether they will survive their husbands, and, if so, how many times they are to be married, and what period of their lives is destined to trouble, and what to happiness.

Then, again, every removal from one house to another is looked upon as an event; so also are all quarrels with neighbours or relations considered subjects worthy to lay before the cunning man; but more especially all suspicions or questions of jealousy, which latter subjects are always accompanied with anxious inquiries whether there is likely to be any counteraction by other men falling in love with them; then they must have his stature, complexion, colour of his eyes, hair, &c., so that when they meet with such a man, they consider themselves called upon by destiny to immediately fall in love, and surrender the peace of their family into the hands of any scoundrel to make spoil of.

The men fortune tellers boast that they have numerous applications from very respectable married ladies; and I know that they have, but the majority of those they deem the most profitable customers, are girls educated at charity-schools, who have, through fortunate marriages, or the success of their husbands subsequently in trade, risen up to wealth, which does not produce good sense, and which the schools have taken care they shall not obtain through their assistance.

At the period of my life to which I am alluding, I was as great a fool as any girl, being devoted to one of these astrologers; he got such a hold of me, that he persuaded me I should find out my father and mother, together with all their history. In consequence of this delusion, I spent a great deal of my leisure hours with the man, who failed not to squeeze me pretty often for drink, &c., in the end making me a confirmed fatalist. As I said before, I looked upon every thing which happened as preordained, and thought it could not turn out otherwise by the order of nature; this got such a hold of me, that I was never easy for one day, until I was told what was to happen the next: I was therefore at no time twenty-four hours together away from the astrologer's horoscope. At length my fascinator having a wish to go into the country, sold his concern for two hundred pounds, and in some measure set me free, although until very lately I have never overcome the notions he fixed upon my mind, and which influenced all my after life, particularly my taking office at the Old Bailey, as will in the sequel be seen. The man who bought the fortune-telling connexion for two hundred pounds, afterwards told me

that he made a very respectable living out of it, and was very well satisfied with the bargain. As a caution to young girls, (although I know from experience that it is of no use giving it,) I will inform them, that most of the fortune-telling folks, both males and females, are in league with smart looking young men, who pay them for information, particularly when much impatience is shown for a husband, and a little money is saved up for the occasion. I knew a young man who in one year courted and brought to the eve, and some the morning, of marriage, that obtained their money and decamped, making a sum within the twelve months of upwards of three hundred pounds.

Coming back to myself, and the class in which I was cast when a boy, it is worthy of remark, that all the family of the crosses (offenders against the law) are naturally fatalists, or as I have heard the parson call them, predestinarians. It is a doctrine which suits their habits; it relieves their consciences; and persuading themselves that things are ordered to fall out just as they do, they thus get rid of their own responsibility. No expression is so often used by a thief as the following: "Well! and if it must be so, it must; how can I help what is to be?" Tell them they are sure to be hanged, and the answer will be, "How can I help it? but I hope I shall have better luck in the next world to make up for it." The doctrine they preach to one another is, "Go along, Bill, or Tom; if we are to be hanged we are to be hanged, we didn't make ourselves thieves, and can't help what is to be."

Somewhat in this frame of mind I now resolved to rob the grazier, viewing the matter as a part of my predestined career, which I could no more avoid than I could my birth or death: and had I known that I should have been certain of apprehension and subsequent execution, I believe, at that period, it would have made no difference in my movements. Like the rest of the fraternity, I used to say, "If it's ordered for the beaks and old Black Jack to lay hold of me, how can I prevent it?" In this mood, then, I went into Essex, took a careful reconnoitre, made my arrangements accordingly, and accomplished my business in the following manner.

It happened that the night I had fixed upon for the attempt, that the grazier went home half seas over; a short time, therefore, after I had watched him into his house, I entered it by means of my key, and getting into the passage took off my shoes, which I put into my coat pocket. I then stationed a well-trained lad, (who came down at my request to assist,) inside the street-door, to keep his hand upon the lock, in case I should wish to make a hasty retreat; in the event of which it was my intention to lock the door outside, and leave the key in, so that I might be enabled to make my way to the chaise, which was in readiness, before my pursuer could get out of the house. After waiting about half an hour in the passage, I heard the grazier busily engaged in what I conceived to be no artificial snore; I then went up stairs, and opened the bedroom door, which was fortunately unlocked, and again waited a quarter of an hour to make all as safe as possible. At length satisfying myself that the cattle-dealer was in a real sleep, I crept upon my hands and knees to his bed, then taking a cord which I carried for the purpose in my pocket, I passed it over the bed, making both ends fast to the bedstead upon the opposite sides, so that if the sleeper should suddenly wake, and start up, he must for a time be impeded by the rope, during which I hoped to escape without violence on the part of either the robber or the robbed. There was just sufficient light thrown in by the moon, which was on the wane, to enable me to distinguish the furniture in the room; remaining therefore still upon my knees, I took a good look round for the cupboard before I proceeded further to business. My instructions were so accurately drawn up, that I was not long in finding it out, when, rising

gently, I unlocked it. The money I was informed would be found in a small box, which it was my object to bring away, but the cupboard was so dark, that it was only by the touch I could hope to find it; pausing, therefore, I again satisfied myself that the man whose money I was about to take was asleep, the assurance of which I could only collect from the bassoon-like notes he drew from his nasal organs.

At length I grasped the box, not however without disturbing some crockeryware, which occasioned me fears of disturbance. Having got it into my hands, I incautiously gave it a gentle shake, to assure myself of it being the real money-box. The sound of money will all but rouse a miser from the grave; that the well known music, therefore, should awaken a sleeping man need not be wondered at. Up started the grazier at the first shake, and away went I with the box, making my way for the street-door, my ears all the way being saluted with the call of "Thieves! thieves! thieves!" Running about a hundred yards, me and the boy quickly jumped into the chaise, and was off as fast as a good horse could draw us. As we rode along the road, we could distinguish lights moving about in various directions behind us, occasioned no doubt by the grazier and his neighbours seeking for the thieves.

This occurred about twenty-two miles from town, but in crossing the country we made our journey upwards of thirty before we reached London, never once stopping to bait at any house. About seven o'clock in the morning I was put down at Whitechapel Church, when I wished my companion a good morning, receiving orders in four days time to call for a letter as heretofore at the seed shop. In due course I received ninety pounds for this exploit, there having been obtained, as I was told, nearly seven hundred pounds when the box was opened, a great part of which, however, being in bank post bills, was obliged to be put on one side for a year or two before they could be circulated with any tolerable degree of safety. My share was large upon this occasion, because I had played the chief part in the plot.

(To be continued.)

MEMORY.

THERE'S not a charm that stays: all earthly pleasures fade,
As sun-beams from the sky, or music from the glade;
And if the rays of joy *do* lighten o'er the face,
A moment will suffice the radiance to efface.

But as the golden sun, when gliding down the west,
His crimson scatters round, before he sinks to rest;
So pleasure, ere it flits from human sense away,
Leaves golden tints to Memory, that speak the by-gone day!

M.

THE BRIDEGROOM DREAM.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I HEARD a voice call,
As a voice from the tomb,—
" Make ready the pall!
Weave the chaplet of gloom!
There's a lip breathing gladness,—
A cheek like the rose,
Will wax wan in its sadness,
Ere to-morrow shall close."

The voice died away,
As the breath of the wind,
And the blushes of day
Chased the dream from my mind;
And I heard the sweet breathing
Of love at my side,
And saw a smile wreathing
The lips of my bride.

There were many that day
To feast in the hall,
And the harper sang gay
His blithe welcome to all;
There was jesting, and quaffing
From goblets of gold,
And the young maidens laughing
At tales of the old.

The day waned apace,
And the lamps 'gan to gleam,
When I look'd on the face
Of my bride; and my dream
Chased the spirit of lightness;
For gone was her bloom,
And unearthly the whiteness
That reign'd in its room.

And I heard the voice call,
As a voice from the tomb,—
" Make ready the pall,
Weave the chaplet of gloom!"
And the lip breathing gladness
Forgot its sweet tone,
And I stood in my sadness
Unloved, and *alone*.

Yet I felt in my mind,
That the judgment was wise,
For love had untwin'd
My soul from the skies;
And affections *more* cherished
Than heaven's sweet grace,
Like the flowers that have perished,
But *darkness* embrace.

* These stanzas were suggested by an affecting event, which happened in the family of Sir Charles Lee, of Billislee, in 1662.

THE FIERY VAULT.

"The story's still extant, and written in very choice Italian."
HAMLET.

VENICE! The word frights editorial ringlets from their place, the revising pen flutters with revivified terror, and the ink rolls in troubled waves from its silver stand. The echo of a hundred tales rings in the ear—gondolas, red masks, daggers, cowls, tortures, and poison, float in an undistinguished mass before the eye. The sea Cybele fresh from ocean—would she had left her historians at the bottom! But let us see.

"Truly, my son, thou sayest rightly; there will be feasting, and music, and mirth, in the proud palazzo to-morrow. But by the wings of the lion——" and old Carruchio paused, his eye fixed on the white towers of the Morentali mansion, but not in listlessness.

"The duke, my master, is a gallant gentleman, father, and liberal; and I warrant me, has done wild deeds. I have often, when steering his gondola, seen him glance among female faces as though——"

"Silence, my son, would better become a faithful servant. Nay, were the duke to hear thee judging his looks, there are warmer places for tattling spies than even these stones at noon. Forget not thy friend, Miollano, who for merely recognizing a trinket in a maiden's hair, had the pleasure, as every body believes, of shrieking out his life in one of yon fiery prisons."

"True, father; but his master was not the Duke Antonio di Regola, nor, after all, is it quite certain that it was Miollano's scorched body that we fished up."

"Santi! if thou thinkest the doubt worth solving, the burning chamber is still *there*. For me, I love a cooler abode. Farewell, I see a fare yonder;" and the old gondolier stepped upon the prow of his dark and elegant boat, a vigorous effort brought her round, and in a few moments he was far from the marble stair. His companion, a muscular young man, with features strikingly handsome, yet on a second look bearing a sinister expression, removed his broad slouched cap from a brow of bronze, and fanning himself therewith, soliloquized.

"Dungeons, and death—mayhap it may be so, yet I am free to think. That same proud Count of Morentali, too, whose daughter is to wed Lorenzo the duellist, might thank me for keeping his secret. By St. Mark, I am inclined to let him know his obligation. He would, perhaps, repay me with a lodging under the care of the Three, as he favoured poor Miollano. Truly the prospect is pleasant, but how am I to blame? A grandee visits a woman who lives near me, doubtless on an errand of charity; nay, I am sure of it, for he gave her money, and on leaving her house the mask falls from his face, and I discover Count Morentali. What of it? If, indeed——"

"If what, friend?" said a third person, advancing.

"If I could get a fare this morning before my hour of attending my employer, it would lighten my heart, and load my pocket."

"What noble of Venice is happy in the service of so prudent and veracious a gondolier?"

"He must be a stranger here who knows not the badge of the Duke di Regola."

"I am one," said the masked speaker; "I would see somewhat of your city; give me a cast of your office along the most notable streets, if you call them so, and enlighten me as to some of the owners of these gorgeous piles."

They are floating on the deep blue waters; the stranger reclines under the half-drawn awning.

"Who inhabits that beautiful building?" said he, as the bark glided near one of the palaces of Venice. The stone front, interspersed with marble-edged openings, long and narrow; the first and second stories centered each by a large window, richly ornamented with arabesque tracery; the terrace projecting a few feet from two doors appropriated to visitants, ascended by short stairs, the two other entrances at opposite sides, level with the water which flowed into them to dark platforms beyond, one for the domestics and humble citizens, the other for the more secret movements of the master of the mansion; the lofty turret-looking chimney, and the shaded verandas, bespoke the haughty abode of a wealthy noble.

"That is the palace of Count Morentali."

"I have heard the name, I think. What character does he bear?"

"It is not for such as myself, signore, to talk of those so far above me."

"Nay, thy words need not flow so niggardly to me. What care I for the count or his affairs? I ask but for curiosity, and methinks thou mightest oblige me."

"You can be silent, signore?"

"I shall be forgetful, in a week, of thy whole history, which is the same thing. There is an earnest of my secrecy."

"Thanks, signore," said the gondolier, taking the piece of gold. "All I can tell you of this count is, that he is considered haughty and cruel. We know he is rich; and that he is merciless, was shown in the fate of a fellow-boatman, who, for some trifling indiscretion of the tongue, was put to a horrible death in a dungeon of the Council."

"How is that known?" said the stranger.

"I myself, with my father, dragged up the burned and mangled body from the canal."

"Were there witnesses of your discovery? Such a sight is not often seen, I should think."

"None, signore; for we speedily replaced the corpse, not choosing to meddle with the business of others."

"A prudent course, friend. Pray, is the count married?"

"His lady died many years ago, in giving birth to a son and daughter. The young countess is now in the palace, as beautiful as Venus. Her wedding is to take place to-morrow, to Lorenzo di Castiglia, the duellist, as he is called."

"Ah! and the son?"

"That part of the tale is most surprising, signore; the child disappeared when about three years old, and has never since been heard of. Some say that he must have fallen into the canal, and that seems most probable."

"Do you ever see the count abroad?"

"Not frequently, signore; the last time I saw him was a few days ago, and then by accident."

"How? and where?"

"You seem interested, signore; and as a stranger, I do not fear telling what to a Venetian ear it would be hazardous to disclose. I live in a street to the right of yon church, the Church of St. Mary, and nearly opposite reside an old woman and her daughter. The girl is very beautiful, and the count, I suppose, thinks so; for I saw him enter the house a few evenings since, where he remained nearly an hour."

"How could you know him? I thought the fashion of Venice was to go masked on such adventures."

"So did the count, signore; but as he was leaving the house, in putting up his purse, his mask fell off. He seemed terribly angry at the chance, and instantly restored it."

"No wonder. Men of his age and rank should be careful. Can a stranger have access to the noble?"

"Not usually, signore; but if you were to introduce yourself as wishing to be present at the wedding of the Lady Giulia, the count's courtesy might be taxed to welcome you."

"I am determined to try, friend. So turn about, and make for the palace. Here is for thy pains."

A second piece of gold chinked in the pouch of the gondolier, as he dexterously swung round his boat, and a succession of vigorous strokes again brought them to the mansion.

"Where will you enter, signore?"

"Oh! the servants' gate. I must begin modestly."

The gondola shot through the dark passage, and reached the landing platform. The stranger sprang from the boat.

"You will ascend those stairs, signore, and turn to your right, where you will find a porter who can bring you to the count."

"He thanks you."

The doors above flew open, and a strong light fell upon the stranger's form. He removed the mask, and the terrified gondolier quailed before the sneer of the Count Morentali. The next moment the gates through which they had entered, closed, the noble waved his hand, and the unfortunate boatman found himself a prisoner.

"Remove the gondola, and place the fellow in the dungeon;" and Morentali ascended the stairs without deigning another glance at his victim.

The Lady Giulia sat in her chamber. Before an enormous mirror, in a rich gold and flower-enamelled frame stood an exquisitely inlaid marble table, on which reposed the awful instruments of the toilet of an Italian damsel. The odour of several delicate plants filled the apartment, a young girl rested on a low couch near her mistress, mingling the sound of a guitar with the plaintive notes of an oriental

ballad, while another maiden assisted the bride. Both, seen alone, had been esteemed pretty, but by the side of their lovely lady were forgotten. If the poet's dream of the incarnation of beauty were ever fulfilled, it was in the person of Giulia. Proudly lofty was her snowy brow, which had seemed even haughty, but for the soft large eyes below, which carried their eloquent pleading into the very soul. Her long, glossy, dark hair now hung loosely round her face, heightening the effect of an exquisite complexion. She raised to her ruby lips a cross of pearls, which were far surpassed by those her kiss disclosed. A dark robe which she wore at the toilet left bare her lustrous arm and shoulder, and flowed to the little feet resting uncovered on a velvet cushion. She raised her hand, its tiny form is hidden in her ringlets, she leans upon her arm, and weeps.

And why flow the tears of Giulia Morentali? Are they for her bridal on the morrow? Why should the ceremony, the thought of which, and of the feast and ball to follow, turns the heads of half the maidens of Venice, moisten the eye of the bride? Perchance those tears are the usual tribute of love to modesty—perchance the lady thinks of the horrible screams which sounded on her ear, as, some months before, when, with a party of companions, she visited the Doge's palace, she had missed her way, and wandered alone towards a part of the building unknown to her. Perhaps the agonized supplication she heard, "One drop of water for the love of God!" was not forgotten. Perhaps the bridal dress had not been made to please the wearer. We will not waste time in conjecture.

"Do not weep, signora, it will make your eyes red. Let me sing you a merry song."

"You make so much noise with your guitar," said the other maiden, "that you have given my lady the headache."

"Trust me, Claudine," said the laughing songstress, "it is rather your great hands in the signora's hair."

"Your's are not so small, Maria, but they can hold a love letter," retorted the elder; "which, I thank the saints, mine never did."

"I believe you, Claudine; but father Anselmo says, that a person who has had no temptation, deserves no praise."

Claudine was far too dignified to reply; she tossed up her head, and having completed adorning her lady's head, inquired whether la signora was satisfied.

"It is very well, Claudine; but as I shall not leave the palazzo today, you need not stay to dress me. I will send for you in a short time. Maria, you will remain with me."

"And now, signora," said the latter, as the door closed, "how can you be so melancholy on the eve of your wedding? I'm sure if I were going to be married I should do nothing but laugh, and dance, and sing, for a month. Pray, signora, tell me, are you unhappy?"

"O Maria, if I might tell you!" and the lady burst into a violent flood of tears. Her attendant caught the infection, and clasping her mistress in her arms, they mingled their sorrows.

The Count Morentali entered the apartment.

"What! daughter, weeping, and at such a time as this! For shame, for shame, up and be dressed, or the gondola races will be over,

and the chains awarded, before Giulia di Morentali has left her chamber."

"I cannot join the party at St. Angelo to-day, my father, nor would you wish it, I am sure."

"Not wish it, when my word was pledged to Lorenzo that I would bring you to the terrace myself, as the only means of preventing his fetching you in person; which you so earnestly desired he might not do. By St. Mark, I think thou art offended that he has not disobeyed thee—a maiden had rather be surprised by a young gallant, than by an old father, perhaps."

"Dear father, do not ask me to leave the house to-day."

"Ask thee! faith, not I; asking twice suits not my humour. Either be dressed, and accompany me immediately, or Lorenzo shall do his errand himself."

"What I cannot do for you, my father, I *will* not do for another," said Giulia, with the flashing eye which spoke her Italian birth.

"Pretty, forsooth—and dutiful too," returned Morentali, with a half laugh; "but even with all, by your leave, we will try our youth's skill at persuasion—an art he may not need long," he added, waving his hand, as he departed.

"He may not, indeed, as far as poor Giulia is concerned," said the lady; "but he will surely come, and we must prepare for his reception."

A forced smile was on her lip, but her eye swam in moisture. We will leave her for the present.

Terrible, indeed, was the secret council chamber of the Doge of Venice. A large and lofty room, lighted not by the sun, but by several lamps carefully arranged, to throw their strong lustre away from the judgment seats, and upon a central point, surrounded by a low massive rail, was rendered utterly impervious to sound, by means of doubly quilted arras, and treble doors. The floor was thickly carpeted, save in the space alluded to, which was about twelve feet in diameter, and appeared to be boarded. Within this room deeds were whispered to have been done, at the mention of which human blood is freezingly arrested. A concealed door behind the arras led to a smaller apartment, where every engine for wrenching the joints, crushing the flesh, and grinding the marrow of their fellow mortals, had been stored by the relentless agents of Venetian tyranny. Those boards surrounded by the rail could be raised, and the half breathing body, which had undergone the agonies of that chamber, was thrown into an abyss of appalling depth, at whose bottom, it was rumoured, years before a machine had been placed, which the falling mass set in motion, and by which it was mangled to atoms. A winding staircase, entered from a corner, also hidden by the tapestry, conducted down to a spot where a more hideous torture than all was prepared. A small low roofed room was there, built entirely of iron, not sufficiently large to enable the inmate to stand erect, but allowing the full range of limb in every other direction. Below was a furnace. Stripped to the skin, the victim was led thither, and though in utter darkness, ventilation was supplied him. For some hours, perchance, he was thus left, until he began to dread a perpetual imprisonment. But the at-

mosphere grows more confined, still more so, and the blood is thrown violently to his head. Air is again admitted, he breathes again,—it must have been a fancy. But no, this time there is no deception, the heat is stifling, the floor below him is unbearable, he raises himself on his extremities, he raves, he screams for mercy. Anon his scorched limbs become blistered, and writhings and shrieks proclaim his excruciating agony. A few minutes, and all must cease in death. No. The tormentor's craft has been better taught. Suddenly the iron floor is drawn from beneath him, its place is supplied by a slab of the coldest marble, while gushes of icy water from above fall upon his burning frame. The transition is exquisite, almost too delicious for mortal bearing. For a time he lies in semi-insensibility, but not long. The chill comes over him, and the relief becomes another torment. Then is accomplished the crowning efforts of the fiends, who know too well the indescribable effect of the unexpected substitution of one agony for another. The marble bed is drawn away, and the wretch is writhing on a red-hot floor. Then scream follows scream, and the body is drawn into every form and posture conceivable, with terrible swiftness. Malice has now done its utmost, a few more struggles, and a few more groans, and a blackened and undistinguishable corpse is withdrawn from its fiery cavern, and hurled through a trap-door near, eventually to find its way into one of the canals of Venice. Such had been the fate of that Miollano, whom the gondoliers have mentioned as one of the last victims of Count Morentali. Who is to be the next?

The count sat alone in the secret council chamber, reclining with Italian indolence upon a richly cushioned couch. The lamps were lighted, and beneath them stood two half-dressed muscular men, in visors, the executioners of his pleasure. "Bring in the hound;" and the ill-fated gondolier, Speranza, heavily manacled, stood before Morentali.

"So, thou art here. Hast any more tales of the cruel and merciless count to tell?"

The prisoner, pale as death, muttered only, "My lord! my lord!" and convulsive breathings seemed to drown his voice.

"Thou shalt know another," continued Morentali, in the same cold, sneering tone, "ere long. Pity that thou wilt not be able to tell it."

"My lord! remember—your promise——"

"Was of secrecy, I believe; and it shall be kept. Look around, whom dost thou fear can overhear thy stories of the count, or thy screams which may follow them?

"Recollect, my lord, I am servant to the Duke di Regola."

"I do not forget that; on the contrary, it shall add to thy reward. For the rest, dost thou think Antonio, though beardless, will discover thee here? Should he indeed recognize thee floating before his palazzo, perhaps he might be amazed, to prevent which surprise thou shalt find thy way down the abyss below thee, which, I think, does not lead to the canal."

"Oh! mercy, my good lord, as you hope for it yourself hereafter, as you——"

"So! menaces and remembrances having failed, thou wouldst now try prayers—'tis well, but address them elsewhere, while thy worthy

friends on each side remove thy superfluous dress, preparatory to a pleasure thou hast not dreamed of."

At a sign from the count, some of the chains were removed, with the upper portion of Speranza's garments. Morentali then spoke again.

"If there is any peculiar torment thou wouldst select, name it, and we, to the best of our poor abilities, will humour thee. There is the rack, or the screw, or the sharp pendulum, or the bath of molten lead. Or thou mayst prefer the barrel of razors. Or, as thou art a man of a friendly disposition, there is the burning chamber, in which thy companion Miollano some few weeks since expiated the crime of noticing a jewel in a lady's hair, as being once the property of a Venetian noble. Thou didst find his body, and therefore knowest something of the sentence he underwent. Truly he did our machinery credit; his cries were loud, and his agonised struggles and contortions vigorous. I myself was present at the operation of reducing him to a cinder, and have seldom been more delighted. What sayst thou, wilt try that room, in a spirit of friendly emulation?"

During the count's speech, the gondolier stood as a man half awakened, but at its conclusion, as the noble's taunting laugh rang on his ear, he staggered from his companions, and sank at the edge of the rail in complete insensibility. Terror had benumbed him.

"Nay," said Morentali, "'twere hardly worth while to submit the fool to the torture in this state. Remove him, let the surgeon attend, and see him prepared for my visit this night."

We will briefly trace so much of the life and situation of the count as is necessary to elucidate this careful and veracious history. He had been raised from low rank to sudden nobility, when young, by the rapid successive deaths of the various heirs to the title, which occurred with such unexampled speed as to excite widely-spread notice, and almost suspicion. But the glittering circlet having once wreathed his brow, the new count effectually silenced all slanderous tongues—some by the splendour and liberality of his entertainments, others by a more certain method. He married a young lady of great beauty, and the gorgeous nuptial ceremony was for a month the theme of Venice, but the countess dying within a year, the noble widower retired in a great measure from the pursuit of pleasure to that of ambition. Wealth and intrigue here, as elsewhere, crowned his wishes with full success, and Morentali became a member of the Council of Ten, and, as men whispered with fearful caution, of another tribunal none dared to name in public. One misfortune only had befallen the count, and, independently of its own severity, it became the more galling from novelty. His children, in giving birth to whom their mother had been sacrificed, were one day playing on the terrace before the mansion, when their attendant's eye was withdrawn from her charge by a passing gondola. On again reverting to the terrace, to her unbounded dismay the young Adolpho had disappeared, his terrified sister knew not where. Every search was made without success, the boy was never again heard of, and the general rumour of the count's power and severity produced such an effect on the female attendant, that in a moment of agony she threw herself into the canal, the noble's last hope of eliciting informa-

tion as to the fate of his child perishing with her. There was one trivial circumstance, however, which, years afterwards, when his daughter had grown up into womanhood, and the name of his son was all but forgotten, had produced a powerful impression on his mind. Deprived of his wife, it was not surprising that the count should, in the pride of manhood, and with every advantage around him, occasionally seek female society, although he abstained from forming a second matrimonial connexion. For other purposes than those of enjoying air, or of dispensing charity, was Morentali supposed to visit the more retired streets of Venice.

For some time a singular and costly jewel was observed to glitter in the hair of a very pretty black-eyed damsel, residing in the strada, now known by the name of St. Giuseppe. The fair wearer seemed by no means desirous of concealing her ornament, and one evening as she wandered along the bank of a neighbouring canal, shooting those roguish glances so well on the Adriatic, a young gondolier, who accidentally approached her, incautiously exclaimed, "Saints of heaven! I could risk my soul on the identity of that jewel with——" and the rough hand of a friend, which was suddenly placed upon his lips, did not prevent the remark from being overheard. That night Miollano found himself in one of the dungeons of the Council of Ten. He was subsequently examined by Morentali, who appeared to take an interest in the trinket, but the gondolier could give no satisfactory replies, save that he persisted in recognizing the jewel, though unable to say to whom he supposed it to belong, or upon what his suspicions were grounded. His silence was judged to be contumacious, and a severe application of the rack ensued, but without better success. It was then considered that he had seen too much for liberty, and at the instigation of the count, who witnessed the perpetration, he underwent the horrible agonies and death of the Fiery Vault. His fate, in itself, would have produced no effect upon Morentali, who was far too much inured to similar scenes for pity or remorse, but a short time after the occurrence, a thought arose in the noble's mind too startlingly hideous to be borne. For days and nights it never left him, until the uncertainty could not be sustained, and as a last resource, the haughty Venetian resolved to seek a celebrated magician, or astrologer, who resided in a wing of the Doge's palace, retained for the purpose of imposing a more fearful and undefined idea of the power of knowledge of the Council upon the popular mind, than could be preserved by mere human agency. But the skill of Columbo Asprenici did not exist in report alone. Difficult of access, even the count was compelled to request, as a favour, admittance to the astrologer. It was towards midnight, when wrapped in a large cloak, armed, but unattended, Morentali entered the awful abode, around which the very air seemed filled with terror.

Few of the appendages, with which romance and superstition have invested the communer with other worlds, were to be seen in the small and gloomy apartment where the magician pursued his tremendous studies. The chamber, or rather vault, to which name its stone walls and arched roof would better entitle it, was reached by the count after he had traversed several spacious halls, and darkened

galleries, admirably adapted to secure seclusion, not by gate and barrier, but by the far more powerful agency of fear. The calculating mind of Morentali armed him with courage as he pursued his dreary way, nor was the astrologer's reception of his visitor such as to strike awe, or even unusual respect. A slightly formed, middle-aged man, with a countenance of delicate and precise outline, shaded by the tuft and moustache of the age, simply but neatly apparelled in a dark dress, rose to meet the Italian noble, with the air rather of a retired and satiated man of the world, than with that which might have been expected in a sage of such undoubted fame. A transparent globe, in the centre of which a light seemed glowing, a few mathematical instruments scattered around among numberless papers and parchments, with a low black marble column, inscribed with foreign characters, were all the uncommon features of the room. Behind Asprenici was a large window, but no moonlight was visible through it, although the queen of heaven was silvering all Venice as Morentali entered the palace. The count removed his mask, and bowed, and the astrologer first spoke.

"To what fortunate circumstance is the humble student to ascribe the visit of the noblest senator in Venice?"

"After craving pardon for my intrusion, learned sir, I have to beg from you the assistance which none other in the world can give me."

"Even had I known nothing of the Count di Morentali, the hospitality I have received in your glorious city would compel me to do all the little in my power for any of her sons. Speak, signore, and my service is with you."

"Learned Asprenici, to one to whom the past is so well known as to yourself, I have only to name an incident, to bring it to his recollection. A short time ago an unhappy man, for an insult to myself, died in a dungeon of this palace. In his examination he named a jewel, with which strange ideas are connected in my imagination. If it please you, I would have the whole event cleared up, that I may at least know my doom."

"The victim bore the name of ———?"

"Miollano, among his fellows," replied the count, in a stifled voice.

"The jewel was given by yourself, signore, to a damsel of the city," said the astrologer, with a half smile; "from whence did you obtain it?"

"It was among many that have been long in my family. I have no particular recollection of it, however, but took it for my purpose, as being elegant and of small value."

"Thus far, signore, my knowledge extends, but beyond this the answers of another must be sought, if you are resolved on gaining the information. I would caution you, here, against pursuing the inquiry, for it will be fearful in its following out, and its end may be fatal. Can you not rest satisfied with the belief, which appears to me most probable, that Miollano had made an empty boast, which obstinacy prevented him from retracting, or that he was totally mistaken in supposing that he knew the trinket?"

"I had not sought you, Asprenici, for the mere opinion of a lawyer, and I am not to be terrified by the dangers of the pursuit. I pray you immediately to satisfy me by those means which you alone possess. I will not offend you by naming reward," added the count, as he placed carelessly a heavy purse on the table.

"I have said, signore, that I will obey you, but beware of shrinking when HE appears, who must answer the questions you must yourself propose. Be seated for the present, and be silent."

Columbo Asprenici arose, and from a box near him took a small silver dagger, sheathless, and exquisitely chased. Retaining this in his left hand, he proceeded with the other to withdraw from the same cabinet a light long chain of dark metal, occasionally studded with crimson spots, which glistened like spangles, as the links were shaken. The astrologer, attaching one end of the chain to the upper part of the black column before mentioned, placed the other below the transparent globe, which continued to glow with internal fire. His next movement was to a corner of the apartment, from whence in a few moments came the sound of an enormous bell, and it appeared to Morentali that sparkles of light were bursting from Asprenici's hand, as it struck the wall. If so, they were speedily extinct, and the magician returned to the globe, and with the silver dagger touched the chain near its centre. The flame in the globe was instantly extinguished, an appalling roar, neither of thunder nor animal, ensued, and the vault was for an instant in utter darkness. Then a light green flame rose from the summit of the column, and its inscriptions were seen in characters of fire. As this subsided, the same horrible roar was again heard, and the chamber was once more dark. The astrologer took his guest's hand, and guiding him to the column, placed him at a short distance from the window. As Asprenici raised the latter, the dreadful sound arose for the third time, and Morentali gazed forth upon an open plain. It appeared to be night, but there was no moon in heaven. All seemed as objects we behold in a feverish dream.

"Now be firm, and fear not," whispered Columbo.

A wide expanse of dark blue sky was before them, and it was without a cloud or star. A rustling, as of dried leaves before autumn winds, commenced, and gradually increased. Then meteors danced before the eyes of the count, and successively expired. Two long lines of red light, apparently descending from above the building, and reaching the plain at a distance, were next visible. The space between them became filled with various coloured fires, until a broad belt was formed from the heaven to the earth. The deafening bell sounded—once—and the lights changed their places among themselves, glowing with the utmost brilliancy; twice—and a dark form was seen to pass rapidly down the fiery arch, to its termination in the distance; thrice—and the fearful, yet half-defined shape rushed rapidly to the window, as the appalling roar again echoed around. Morentali dared not look at the hideous object, but enveloped his face in his ample cloak. Asprenici again whispered,

"Speak, boldly and to the purpose; three questions only may be heard."

In a faltering voice, the once haughty noble asked, while he trembled for the answer, "Does my son live?"

"He is dead," was the reply, in a low, thrilling, unearthly tone, which penetrated to the soul. The count was silent, his last hopes were blighted, and he half turned away, with a deep sigh, when his companion reminded him that two questions were yet to be demanded. In a firmer voice he inquired, "What jewel was it that I gave Julia Venyas?"

"Thy wife wore it on the last day she ever wore ornament."

"How did Miollano recognize it?" said the count, in a tone of but little concern.

The answer was given, and the Italian nobleman, with a shriek of the direst anguish, sank insensible upon the ground.

Lorenzo di Castiglia led his beautiful bride from her wedding gondola to the steps of the church of Saint Anne. In the prime of life, with a noble person and large wealth, all admitted that the bridegroom was worthy of Giulia di Morentali. The soubriquet of the duellist, which he had acquired, told of numberless exploits of his sword, and the chamber of many a Venetian lady might have testified his skill in the science of love. His influence, too, was great, and it was this which had given him favour in the eyes of Morentali, before all the other suitors for his daughter's hand. In obedience to her father's commands, Giulia had accepted the offer of Castiglia, though with a heavy heart, for though her virgin affections had not centred elsewhere, she abhorred the man for whom she was about to swear to love. The bridegroom was not blind to her feelings, but he cared not for them, the rather that he intended to put her affections as a wife to but little proof, for he married principally because the fancy seized him, and possibly because his libertine career had in some measure rendered it needful, even in Venice, that he should retrieve a little of his reputation. Such were the feelings of those who stood that lovely morning, at the head of a magnificent bridal train, on the steps of the church of Saint Anne, awaiting the appearance of the Count Morentali.

The count arrived, and the procession entered the church. The organ poured out a full tide of melody, the censers waved, the pennons glistened, and the bridegroom reached the altar, with his lovely companion. A wide semicircle was formed by the friends of each, and the priest stood forth to record their vows. Morentali advanced and confronted him.

"Stay, father, I have a word to say to our friends, and to these children too, ere thou joinest their hands. Lorenzo and Giulia, and you around, listen. It was this day month that a gondolier, named Miollano, was seized by the agents of the Council at my command, and brought before me, in the torture chamber of the palace, for the crime of recognizing this jewel. Daughter, have you ever beheld it before?"

The Lady Giulia received the trinket, and burst into tears. Her father proceeded.

"Ha! thou knowest it. But, my friends, I am to inform you that it once belonged to my wife, and that I gave it to an easy damsel of

this city, for good reasons, and from whom I have regained it. Miollano saw it in her possession, but as he refused, when before me, to say why he recollected it, I broke every limb in his body on the rack, and then roasted him to death in a fiery vault."

The effect which this horrible communication produced, delivered as it was by Morentali with a cool and almost flippant manner, may be imagined. Lorenzo was the first to speak.

"Methinks, signore, this tale were better fitted for the secret archives of the Council, than for the holy church, and least of all is it suited to the ear of the Lady Giulia."

"Why not, Lord of Castiglia, seeing the sufferer *was my son, and her brother?*"

A loud and maniac yell followed these words. The Count di Morentali pressed a pistol to his temples, and the report mingled with the dying cry of Giulia, as she sank, broken-hearted, into the arms of Castiglia.

REITHRA.

THE RUINED FOUNTAIN.

FOUNT of the woods! o'er whom ages have pass'd,
And the walls of whose chapel are roofless at last,
Though thy shrine is deserted, and silent thine aisles,
The light of tradition upon thee still smiles.

No more thy green turf by the pilgrim is prest,
But the skylark upon it is building her nest,
The arms of the ivy around thee are clinging,
And the voice of the breeze to thy slumbers is singing.

But the hymns that were blended, the pray'rs that were breath'd,
When the last gleams of sunset to thee were bequeath'd,
And the vigils of mourners prolong'd at thy shrine,
No more—save in memory's records—are thine.

The woodman retires to thy brink for a draught,
And thy rills by the lips of the reaper are quaff'd,
And the child, with a spirit as blameless and free
As the fawn's, fills her pitcher at sunset from thee.

Oh! who can forget that the noon of thy pride
Has faded away like the sun from the tide,
When thy waters no longer are bound with a chain,
And the bright eyes of heav'n beam upon thee again?

C.

THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

THE Session has closed—a session of unusual length, of unexampled fatigue—and what has been done? There has been no lack of oratory, no want of hear, hear! of cheers, of groans, of cat-calling, and imitation of animal sounds. But it might be almost said, that it has been *vox et præterea nihil*, for little or nothing has been done. Like the Danaides of old, they have laboured hard, but it has been labour in vain, similar to their fabled drawing water in sieves. On the part of his Majesty's ministers, we have had indecision and incapability—on the part of the Radicals, noise and bullying—on the part of the Irish members, silent exultation at the conviction that the fate of ministers was at their sovereign will and pleasure, and that it was their leader who pulled, behind the scenes, the wires attached to such puppets as Lord John Russell and Spring Rice. In consequence of this disgraceful thraldom, the Whig party has been gradually undergoing a change, the more moderate ascending into Conservatism, the more violent descending into Radicalism.

The Conservatives, headed by Peel, and supported when necessary by Stanley and Graham, have made a splendid display of talent and ability, and their defeat by numbers has been to them a series of triumphs. The old Tories, for the race unfortunately is not quite yet extinct, have been so puzzled with Whig conundrums, that they have *given it up*, and when their votes were required in support of the King and Constitution, were only to be found—fast asleep, with their decanters before them, dreaming of times which were, but never will be again. Such has been the session in the House of Commons. Now turn we to the House of Lords. And here we have a more agreeable task. We have had the pleasure of witnessing Lord Brougham cutting the throat of his own popularity, in true swinish style—we have watched him "playing such fantastic tricks before high Heaven," as would "make angels weep," and common mortals laugh. He has kindly informed us that the House of Lords is only a *mob*, and that he himself is the cleverest man in the world. He has been by turns satirical, soothing, playful, terrible, funny, prophetic, and passionate. He has attempted to turn the House of Lords into a bear-garden, and as far as his individual self is concerned, it hath so become. He has wound himself up every night before he took his seat—of what the main-spring has been composed we will not venture to surmise—and he has every night, swung his arms as a pendulum, till he has run down; like his own "Penny Magazine," treating of this and that, and every thing else in the world, quite as original in his matter, and quite as superficial as its contents. There is an indescribable complaint, which will never allow a moment's repose to mind or body; which nothing will satisfy—which allows of no beginning, and no ending—which wheels round the mind like the squirrel in its cage, ever moving,

but still making no progress. It is called the *Fantods.* From the diagnostics, we pronounce Lord Brougham incurably diseased with the *Fantods.*

We have also had the pleasure of witnessing the noble conduct of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, who has again proved that, in all he does, he consults only his country's good—that he is not obstinately wedded to opinions, but will yield to the spirit of the times, when that spirit does not attempt to make a breach in the citadel of the constitution. But in this rough collision, which, like the steel and flint, is sure to force out the sparks of latent ability, nothing has given us more satisfaction than the conduct of Lord Lyndhurst, who in this session has raised himself far above our praise, proving that his talents, great as they have been acknowledged to be, were still not duly appreciated, and that in every point, whether in oratory, or judgment, or manliness, or depth, in fact, even in his antagonist's most efficient weapon, that of satire, he was not only a match for, but the master of, Lord Brougham, who at the conclusion of the debate lay prostrate and writhing under him like the devil at the feet of the Archangel, a terrible foe indeed, but conquered by the unerring spear of Truth. It has been a glorious session for Lord Lyndhurst, and from our hearts do we congratulate him. He has gained in it even more than Lord Brougham has lost. There never perhaps has been a session in which two persona, one in either house, have earned such imperishable fame, as Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords, and Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons. The conduct of the House of Lords, as a body, has also been deserving of the highest commendation. It is true that they are not all wise, but if the Duke of Sutherland with his two hundred thousand a-year, thinks proper to point out to the mob that they are in duty bound to take it from him, or if the Duke of Bedford prefers anarchy to the rejection of a Bill, we can only say that there is no accounting for tastes. We repeat, that the firmness of the House of Lords merits the gratitude of every well-wisher to his country. We thank them, and in so doing we take off our hat, notwithstanding that Mr. Hume considers such a mark of respect is *infra dig.*, and derogatory to real republican sentiments.

We have been much amused by the attempt to frighten the nation with the squib of collision, as if the Municipal Reform Bill was the first instance of the amendment of a bill by the House of Lords. Have they not rejected, as well as amended, a hundred bills?—yet to hear the bullying of the Radicals in the House of Commons, and the treasonable slaver of the stock-jobbing "Morning Chronicle," we should imagine that, on the part of the Lords, it was a direct violation of the constitution. Like vipers gnawing at a file, they appear to have become mad with rage and disappointment. However, the Session is closed, and here we are all "pretty well, I thank you;" and instead of this dreadful collision, which was to blow us all up, Tory, Conservative, Whig, and Radical, have all separated, east, west, north, and south, and no one dreads an infernal machine except the poor partridges, who have suffered, and the pheasants, who will this day pronounce a battue to be the most infernal business that ever was experienced.

The great question is, what will now be done? Are the present ministry to be allowed to remain in and strengthen themselves? they have many men of talent already, and will soon secure more. A few weeks of armistice will find them much more strongly entrenched; and goaded on by the Jesuistical whisperings of O'Connell, whose support they must have, they will retain their places and appointments, be obliged to mortgage more and more the most valuable portions of our Constitution, entrusted to us by our forefathers, and the title deeds of which have been sealed with their blood; or will his Majesty try whether the late wild and visionary speculations have not sufficiently alarmed and roused those who have been so long inert, and have created a reaction favourable to the cause of peace and good order?

We laugh at the idea of collision; but still we feel that no country can flourish in a state of such anxiety and excitement. We feel that every concession will be but the forerunner of a new demand, and that it is the duty of the House of Lords to resist. We also feel assured that the Whigs will be urged on to extremes by their Catholic dictator, and that agitation will again be the cry at the re-assembling of Parliament. We think, therefore, that any thing which will afford a prospect of relieving ourselves from the present state of affairs, should be resorted to, and every legitimate means taken to insure success. The new ministry must be formed, and every branch of the present one dismissed *previous* to the dissolution of the Parliament. Let them not have the advantages which must accrue from their holding office, and then let us once more try the feeling of the nation, and see if we cannot get rid of this Popish usurpation.

We should infinitely prefer, if another arrangement could be made, one which would be more creditable to those now in office, and more safe also, for they are in a dreadful dilemma; for if they are thrown out, and can no longer, with the assistance of the agitator, command a majority, how heavy will be their fall, how deep their disgrace! If, on the contrary, they should remain in the ascendant, what will they, what must they do? they must go on. Stop they cannot, for they will not be permitted. Let them pause a while. From habitual opposition they have supported tenets and principles, which in opposition are not dangerous, but salutary, and which were intended only as checks, but not to be acted upon as motive principles. Bound by these principles, they now lie at the mercy of one who knows not mercy, who, indeed, knows not what it is he would have, and of a mob, to whom any change or turn in the wheel of fortune must prove a rise. Now, we well know that the majority of the Whigs, from their situation and rank in life, and from the station which they hold in the country, must be Conservatives in their hearts. They are in a false position, and must have courage to get out of it. Let them not start when we propose to them to have a conference with, and ascertain if they cannot, by mutual small concessions, join with the Conservative party. There is, after all, but the name of *party* between them. Let them do this, and they will have the merit of having tranquillized a suffering country, of having indignantly hurled off the Catholic despotism now riding on their shoulders, of having

thrown into insignificance the demagogues who have started up and deluded the people, and of having sacrificed their own feelings from the conviction that it is their duty to rally round the throne, to defend our altars, and uphold the constitution.

As we shall now dismiss politics for a season, we must take leave of our readers, by particularly calling their attention to the present state of parties, and as that state operates upon the empire at large, our call can neither be looked upon as irrelevant or importunate. By a singular anomaly in politics, the weakest faction engrosses all the offices of government, controls the monarchy, beards the aristocracy, and, let the radicals think as they may, tramples upon the democracy. They are a *milieu*, but any thing but just.

Now this is a condition of things that ought no longer to exist; for it is extremely hurtful to our domestic interests, and very perilous to our foreign relations. Of course, such a party as the Whigs now are could only keep their places by subserviency to one of the two extremes, and unfortunately for the country, they have *kou-toud* to the most debasing. The sessions have closed, and they have actually done nothing; for their famous Corporation Bill, which the Lords were kind enough to amend for them into a reasonable shape, and which now is a good bill, they boldly tell the country in the last day of parliament, though it is *a* municipal corporation bill, is not to be *the* bill after all. In a word, if they are to remain in office, it is all to do over again. This is sufficient to prove their futility. Their meanness is most manifest by their tenacious clinging to place against the dictum of large majorities, and sneaking for protection, like frighted chickens, under the wing of Sir Robert Peel. They have confessed that they must have gone out had not the Lords compromised some of the amendments which they made. Sir Robert Peel took pity upon them, and brought about the consummation, by them so ardently wished for—the prospect of a few months' more tenure of the profitable keeping of the nation's loaves and fishes. They may yet be disappointed. They have not the spirit to commence a war if the nation be insulted or aggrieved, or the talent to carry one on if it be commenced by any of our neighbours. The political world has the elements of foreign strife actively at work within its bosom, and no one can say how soon the ebullition may take place. The moment it does, farewell to the Whigs. *Au reste*—this has been a session of no measured length; and yet it has proved to be a nearly measureless session.

O'Connell himself is in a false position, and there is no security in his support. He cannot take, nor indeed can the ministry give, the reward to which he thinks his services entitle him. He can take nothing but his rent; and certainly there is no situation under government which would indemnify him for its loss. He has returned to his estate in Ireland, we presume to agitate, for without agitation there would be no rent. We recollect an eastern tale, in which the the dervishes whirled round, and upon sundry blows applied, turned into *aspers*. O'Connell must have borrowed the idea; but there was a sequel to the tale which we recommend him to read.

THE MANUSCRIPT VOLUME.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Young poet, to thy task repair,
And exquisitely trace
Thy songs upon these pages fair
In lines of waving grace:
While gazing on thy work and thee,
My thoughts delight to glance
O'er days of banished minstrelsy,
And bards of old romance.

What wonders in thy volume lie,
From curious gaze enshrined,
What breathing thoughts, what feelings high,
What priceless gems of mind:
A treasure of enchanted lore,
That book appears to me,
And thou, the owner of the store,
Holding its magic key.

It is not meant for common eyes,
No triflers light and vain,
No pedants, in dull dogmas wise,
Its precious depths profane;
A favoured few its leaves inspect,
Whose minds of kindred tone,
Can, in a faint degree, reflect
The feelings of thy own.

Thy flowers of genius meekly rest
With their sweet blossoms furled,
Secluded from the eager quest
Of a presuming world;
Let not their tender bloom be nipt
At that rude world's command,
I deem the guarded manuscript
The bard's true fairy-land!

Yet hold—while thus I idly write,
Does wisdom guide my pen,
Should lays like thine avoid the light,
And shun the gaze of men?
Young poet, talents rare and great
Are to thy keeping given,
Those talents thou should'st consecrate
To aid the cause of Heaven.

And well thy lines that cause proclaim,
To thee I can award
That simple, yet most honoured name,
A truly Christian bard.
Then to the world thy gifted lays
A patriot offering send,
He who corrects a nation's ways
Is most a nation's friend.

'Tis true that thou must learn to brook
Cold censure of thy lays,
The envious taunt—the harsh rebuke,
The slow and measured praise;
Thy volume, nursed in solitude,
Half strange to thee shall seem,
When daring men, with comments rude,
Invade each hallowed theme.

Yet thou shalt view this scene of strife
In quiet peace at last,
Feeling that thou the bread of life
Hast on its waters cast;
And multitudes thou canst not see,
Scattered o'er England's sod,
Shall bless thy name, and learn from thee
To know and serve their God.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

I WAS not yet weaned from the world, but I was fast advancing to that state, when a very smart young Quaker came on a visit to Reading. He was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and was soon, as might be expected, an admirer of Susannah, but he received no encouragement. He was an idle person, and passed much of his time sitting in my shop, and talking with me, and being much less reserved and unguarded than the generality of the young men of the sect, I gradually became intimate with him. One day when my assistant was out he said to me, "Friend Gnou-land, tell me candidly, hast thou ever seen my face before?"

"Not that I can recollect, friend Talbot."

"Then my recollection is better than yours, and now having obtained thy friendship as one of the society, I will remind thee of our former acquaintance. When thou wert Mr. N-e-w-land, walking about town with Major Carbonnell, I was Lieutenant Talbot, of the ——— Dragoon Guards."

I was dumb with astonishment, and I stared him in the face.

"Yes," continued he, bursting into laughter, "such is the fact. You have thought, perhaps, that you were the only man of fashion who had ever been transformed into a Quaker; now you behold another, so no longer imagine yourself the Phœnix of your tribe."

"I do certainly recollect that name," replied I; "but although, as you must be acquainted with my history, it is very easy to conceive why I may have joined the society, yet, upon what grounds you can have so done, is to me inexplicable."

"Newland, it certainly does require explanation; it has been, I assert, my misfortune, and not my fault. Not that I am not happy. On the contrary, I feel that I am now in my proper situation. I ought to have been born of Quaker parents—at all events, I was born a Quaker in disposition; but I will come to-morrow early, and then, if you will give your man something to do out of the way, I will tell you my history. I know that you will keep my secret."

The next morning he came, and as soon as we were alone he imparted to me what follows.

"I recollect well, Newland, when you were one of the leaders of fashion, I was then in the Dragoon Guards, and although not very intimate with you, had the honour of a recognition when we met at parties. I cannot help laughing, upon my soul, when I look at us both now; but never mind. I was of course a great deal with my regiment, and at the club. My father, as you may not perhaps be aware, was highly connected, and all the family have been brought up to the army; the question of profession has never been mooted by

[1] Continued from p. 274.

us, and every Talbot has turned a soldier as naturally as a young duck takes to the water. Well, I entered the army, admired my uniform, and was admired by the young ladies. Before I received my lieutenant's commission, my father, the old gentleman, died, and left me a younger brother's fortune of four hundred per annum; but, as my uncle said, 'It was quite enough for a Talbot, who would push himself forward in his profession, as the Talbots had ever done before him.' I soon found out that my income was not sufficient to enable me to continue in the Guards, and my uncle was very anxious that I should exchange into a regiment on service. I therefore, by purchase, obtained a company in the 23rd, ordered out to reduce the French colonies in the West Indies, and I sailed with all the expectation of covering myself with as much glory as the Talbots had done from time immemorial. We landed, and in a short time the bullets and grape were flying in all directions, and then I discovered, what I declare never for a moment came into my head before, to wit—that I had mistaken my profession."

"How do you mean, Talbot?"

"Mean! why, that I was deficient in a certain qualification, which never was before denied to a Talbot—courage."

"And you never knew that before?"

"Never, upon my honour; my mind was always full of courage. In my mind's eye I built castles of feats of bravery, which should eclipse all the Talbots, from him who burnt Joan of Arc, down to the present day. I assure you, that surprised as other people were, no one was more surprised than myself. Our regiment was ordered to advance, and I led on my company, but the bullets flew like hail. I tried to go on, but I could not; at last, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, I fairly took to my heels. I was met by the commanding officer—in fact, I ran right against him. He ordered me back, and I returned to my regiment, not feeling at all afraid. Again I was in the fire, again I resisted the impulse, but it was of no use, and at last, just before the assault took place, I ran away as if the devil was after me. Wasn't it odd?"

"Very odd, indeed," replied I, laughing.

"Yes, but you do not exactly understand why it was odd. You know what philosophers tell you about volition; and that the body is governed by the mind, consequently obeys it; now, you see, in my case, it was exactly reversed. I tell you, that it is a fact, that in mind I am as brave as any man in existence; but I had a cowardly carcass, and what is still worse, it proved the master of my mind, and ran away with it. I had no mind to run away; on the contrary, I wished to have been of the forlorn hope, and had volunteered, but was refused. Surely, if I had not courage I should have avoided such a post of danger. Is it not so?"

"It certainly appears strange that you should volunteer for the forlorn hope, and then run away."

"That's just what I say. I have the soul of the Talbots, but a body which don't belong to the family, and too powerful for the soul."

"So it appears. Well, go on."

"It was go off, instead of going on. I tried again that day to mount the breach, and as the fire was over, I succeeded; but there was a mark against me, and it was intimated that I should have an opportunity of redeeming my character."

"Well?"

"There was a fort to be stormed the next day, and I requested to lead my company in advance. Surely that was no proof of want of courage? Permission was granted. We were warmly received, and I felt that my legs refused to advance; so what did I do—I tied my sash round my thigh, and telling the men that I was wounded, requested they would carry me to the attack. Surely that was courage?"

"Most undoubtedly so. It was like a Talbot."

"We were at the foot of the breach; when the shot flew about me, I kicked and wrestled so, that the two men who carried me were obliged to let me go, and my rascally body was at liberty. I say unfortunately, for only conceive, if they had carried me wounded up the breach, what an heroic act it would have been considered on my part; but fate decided it otherwise. If I had lain still when they dropped me, I should have done well, but I was anxious to get up the breach, that is, my mind was so bent; but as soon as I got on my legs, confound them if they didn't run away with me, and then I was found half a mile from the fort with a pretended wound. That was enough; I had a hint that the sooner I went home the better. On account of the family I was permitted to sell out, and I then walked the streets as a private gentleman, but no one would speak to me. I argued the point with several, but they were obstinate, and would not be convinced; they said that it was no use talking about being brave, if I ran away."

"They were not philosophers, Talbot."

"No, they could not comprehend how the mind and the body could be at variance. It was no use arguing—they would have it that the movements of the body depended upon the mind, and that I had made a mistake—and that I was a coward in soul as well as body."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, I did nothing! I had a great mind to knock them down, but as I knew my body would not assist me, I thought it better to leave it alone. However, they taunted me so, by calling me fighting Tom, that my uncle shut his door upon me as a disgrace to the family, saying, he wished the first bullet had laid me dead—very kind of him—at last my patience was worn out, and I looked about to find whether there were not some people who did not consider courage as a *sine qud non*. I found that the Quakers' tenets were against fighting, and therefore courage could not be necessary, so I have joined them, and I find that, if not a good soldier, I am at all events a very respectable Quaker; and now you have the whole of my story—and tell me if you are of my opinion."

"Why, really it's a very difficult point to decide. I never heard such a case of disintegration before. I must think upon it."

"Of course you will not say a word about it, Newland."

"Never fear, I will keep your secret, Talbot. How long have you worn the dress?"

"Oh, more than a year. By-the-bye, what a nice young person that Susannah Temple is. I've a great mind to propose for her."

"But you must first ascertain what your body says to it, Talbot," replied I, sternly. "I allow no one to interfere with me, Quaker or not."

"My dear fellow, I beg your pardon, I shall think no more about her," said Talbot, rising up, as he observed that I looked very fierce. "I wish you a good morning. I leave Reading to-morrow. I will call on you, and say good-bye, if I can;" and I saw no more of Friend Talbot, whose mind was all courage, but whose body was so renegade.

About a month after this, I heard a sailor with one leg, and a handfull of ballads, singing in a most lachrymal tone,

"Why, what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping?
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way"—

"Bless your honour, shy a copper to Poor Jack, who's lost his leg in the sarvice. Thanky, your honour," and he continued,

"It's nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they who can't pity—why I pities they,
Says the captain, says he; I shall never forget it,
Of courage, you know, boys, the true from the sham."

"Back your maintopsail, your worship, for half a minute, and just assist a poor dismantled craft, who has been riddled in the wars.—'Tis a furious lion.' Long life to your honour—'In battle so let it.'

"'Tis a furious lion, in battle so let it;
But duty appeased—but duty appeased—

"Buy a song, young woman, to sing to your sweetheart, while you sit on his knee in the dog-watch—

"But duty appeased, 'tis the heart of a lamb."

I believe there are few people who do not take a strong interest in the English sailor, particularly in one who has been maimed in the defence of his country. I always have, and as I heard the poor disabled fellow bawling out his ditty, certainly not with a very remarkable voice or execution, I pulled out the drawer behind the counter, and took out some halfpence to give him. When I caught his eye I beckoned to him, and he entered the shop. "Here, my good fellow," said I, "although a man of peace myself, yet I feel for those who suffer in the wars;" and I put the money to him.

"May your honour never know a banyan day," replied the sailor; "and a sickly season for you, into the bargain."

"Nay, friend, that is not a kind wish to others," replied I.

The sailor fixed his eyes earnestly upon me, as if in astonishment, for until I had answered he had not looked at me particularly.

"What are you looking at?" said I.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed he. "It is—yet it cannot be!"

"Cannot be! what friend?"

He ran out of the door, and read the name over the shop, and then came in, and sank upon a chair outside of the counter. "Japhet—I have found you at last!" exclaimed he, faintly.

"Good Heaven! who are you?"

He threw off his hat, with false ringlets fastened to the inside of it, and I beheld *Timothy*. In a moment I sprang over the counter, and was in his arms. "Is it possible," exclaimed I, after a short silence on both sides, "that I find you, Timothy, a disabled sailor?"

"Is it possible, Japhet," replied Timothy, "that I find you a broad-brimmed Quaker?"

"Even so, Timothy. I am really and truly one."

"Then you are less disguised than I am," replied Timothy, kicking off his wooden leg, and letting down his own, which had been tied up to his thigh, and concealed in his wide blue trowsers. "I am no more a sailor than you are, Japhet, and since you left me have never yet seen the salt water, which I talk and sing so much about."

"Then thou hast been deceiving, Timothy, which I regret much."

"Now I do perceive that you are a Quaker," replied Tim; "but do not blame me until you have heard my story. Thank God, I have found you at last. But tell me, Japhet, you will not send me away—will you? If your dress is changed, your heart is not. Pray answer me, before I say any thing more. You know I can be useful here."

"Indeed, Timothy, I have often wished for you since I have been here, and it will be your own fault if I part with you. You shall assist me in the shop; but you must dress like me."

"Dress like you! have I not always dressed like you? When we started from Cophagus's, were we not dressed much alike? did we not wear spangled jackets together? did I not wear your livery, and belong to you? I'll put on any thing, Japhet—but we must not part again."

"My dear Timothy, I trust we shall not; but I expect my assistant here soon, and do not wish that he should see you in that garb. Go to a small public-house at the farther end of this street, and when you see me pass, come out to me, and we will walk out into the country, and consult together."

"I have put up at a small house not far off, and have some clothes there; I will alter my dress, and meet you. God bless you, Japhet."

Timothy then picked up his ballads, which were scattered on the floor, put up his leg, and putting on his wooden stump, hastened away, after once more silently pressing my hand.

In half an hour my assistant returned, and I desired him to remain in the shop, as I was going out on business. I then walked to the appointed rendezvous, and was soon joined by Tim, who had discarded his sailor's disguise, and was in what is called a shabby genteel sort of dress. After the first renewed greeting, I requested Tim to let me know what had occurred to him since our separation.

"You cannot imagine, Japhet, what my feelings were when I found, by your note, that you had left me. I had perceived how unhappy you had been for a long while, and I was equally distressed,

although I knew not the cause. I had no idea until I got your letter, that you had lost all your money; and I felt it more unkind of you to leave me then, than if you had been comfortable and independent. As for looking after you, that I knew would be useless; and I immediately went to Mr. Masterton, to take his advice as to how I should proceed. Mr. Masterton had received your letter, and appeared to be very much annoyed. "Very foolish boy," said he, "but there is nothing that can be done now. He is mad, and that is all that can be said in his excuse. You must do as he tells you, I suppose, and try the best for yourself. I will help you in any way that I can, my poor fellow," said he, "so don't cry." I went back to the house and collected together your papers, which I sealed up. I knew that the house was to be given up in a few days. I sold the furniture, and made the best I could of the remainder of your wardrobe, and other things of value that you had left; indeed, every thing, with the exception of the dressing-case and pistols, which belonged to Major Carbonnell, and I thought you might perhaps some day like to have them."

"How very kind of you, Timothy, to think of me in that way. I shall indeed be glad; but no—what have I to do with pistols or silver dressing-cases now? I must not have them, but still I thank you all the same."

"The furniture and every thing else fetched 430*l.*, after all expenses were paid."

"I am glad of it, Timothy, for your sake; but I am sorry, judging by your present plight, that it appears to have done you but little good."

"Because I did not make use of it, Japhet. What could I do with all that money? I took it to Mr. Masterton, with all your papers, and the dressing-case and pistols:—he has it now ready for you when you ask for it. He was very kind to me, and offered to do any thing for me; but I resolved to go in search of you. I had more money in my pocket when you went away than I generally have, and with the surplus of what you left for the bills, I had twelve or fourteen pounds. So I wished Mr. Masterton good-bye, and have ever since been on my adventures in search of my master."

"Not master, Timothy, say rather of your friend."

"Well, of both if you please, Japhet; and very pretty adventures I have had, I assure you, and some very hair-breadth escapes."

"I think, when we compare notes, mine will be found the most eventful, Timothy; but we can talk of them, and compare notes another time. At present, whom do you think I am residing with?"

"A Quaker, I presume."

"You have guessed right so far; but who do you think that Quaker is?"

"There I'm at fault."

"Mr. Cophagus."

At this intelligence Timothy gave a leap in the air, turned round on his heel, and tumbled on the grass in a fit of immoderate laughter. "Cophagus!—a Quaker!" cried he at last. "Oh! I long to see him. Snuffle, snuffle—broad brims—wide skirts—and so on. Capital!"

"It is very true, Timothy, but you must not mock at the persuasion."

"I did not intend it, Japhet, but there is something to me so ridiculous in the idea. But," continued Timothy, "is it not still stranger, that after having separated so many years, we should all meet again—and that I should find Mr. Cophagus—an apothecary's shop—you dispensing medicines—and I—as I hope to be—carrying them about as I did before. Well, I shall row in the same boat, and I will be a Quaker as well as you both."

"Well, we will now return, and I will take you to Mr. Cophagus, who will, I am sure, be glad to see you."

"First, Japhet, let me have some Quaker's clothes, I should prefer it."

"You shall have a suit of mine, Timothy, since you wish it; but recollect it is not at all necessary, nor indeed will it be permitted that you enter into the sect without preparatory examination as to your fitness for admission."

I then went to the shop, and sending out the assistant, walked home and took out a coarse suit of clothes, with which I hastened to Timothy. He put them on in the shop, and then walking behind the counter, said, "This is my place, and here I shall remain as long as you do."

"I hope so, Timothy; as for the one who is with me at present, I can easily procure him other employment, and he will not be sorry to go, for he is a married man, and does not like the confinement."

"I have some money," said Timothy, taking out of his old clothes a dirty rag, and producing nearly twenty pounds. "I am well off, you see."

"You are, indeed," replied I.

"Yes, there is nothing like being a sailor with one leg, singing ballads. Do you know, Japhet, that sometimes I have taken more than a *pound* a day since I have shammed the sailor?"

"Not very honestly, Tim."

"Perhaps not, Japhet; but it is very strange, and yet very true, that when honest I could make nothing, and when I deceived, I have done very well."

I could not help calling to mind that the same had occurred to me during my eventful career; but I had long considered that there was no excuse for dishonesty, and that, in the end, it would only lead to exposure and disgrace. I went home early in the evening to introduce Timothy to Mr. Cophagus, who received him with great kindness, and agreed immediately that he ought to be with me in the shop. Timothy paid his respects to the ladies, and then went down with Ephraim, who took him under his protection. In a few days he was as established with us as if he had been living with us for months. I had some trouble, at first, in checking his vivacity and turn for ridicule; but that was gradually effected, and I found him not only a great acquisition, but, as he always was, a cheerful and affectionate companion. I had, during the first days of our meeting, recounted my adventures, and made many inquiries of Timothy relative to my few friends. He told me that from Mr. Masterton he had learnt that Lady de Clare and Fleta had called upon him very much afflicted

with the contents of my letter—that Lord Windermear also had been very much vexed and annoyed—that Mr. Masterton had advised him to obtain another situation as a valet, which he had refused, and at the same time told him his intention of searching for me. He had promised Mr. Masterton to let him know if he found me, and then bade him farewell.

"I used to lie in bed, Japhet," continued Timothy, "and think upon the best method of proceeding. At last, I agreed to myself, that to look for you as you looked after your father, would be a wild-goose chase, and that my money would soon be gone; so I reflected whether I might not take up some roving trade which would support me, and at the same time enable me to proceed from place to place. What do you think was my first speculation? Why, I saw a man with a dog harnessed in a little cart, crying dog's meat and cat's meat, and I said to myself, 'Now there's the very thing—there's a profession—I can travel and earn my livelihood.' I entered into conversation with him, as he stopped at a low public-house, treating him to a pot of beer; and having gained all I wanted as to the mysteries of the profession, I called for another pot, and proposed that I should purchase his whole concern, down to his knife and apron. The fellow agreed, and after a good deal of bargaining, I paid him three guineas for the *set out* or *set up*, which you please. He asked me whether I meant to hawk in London or not, and I told him no, that I should travel the country. He advised the western road, as there were more populous towns on it. Well, we had another pot to clench the bargain, and I paid down the money and took possession, quite delighted with my new occupation. Away I went to Brentford, selling a bit here and there by the way, and at last arrived at the very bench where we had sat down together and eaten our meal."

"It is strange that I did the same, and a very unlucky bench it proved to me."

"So it did to me, as you shall hear. I had taken up my quarters at that inn, and for three days had done very well in Brentford. On the third evening I had just come back, it was nearly dusk, and I took my seat on the bench, thinking of you. My dog, rather tired, was lying down before the cart, when all of a sudden I heard a sharp whistle. The dog sprang on his legs immediately and ran off several yards before I could prevent him. The whistle was repeated, and away went the dog and cart like lightning. I ran as fast as I could, but could not overtake him; and I perceived that his old master was running a-head of the dog as hard as he could, and this was the reason why the dog was off. Still I should, I think, have overtaken him, but an old woman coming out of a door with a saucepan to pour the hot water into the gutter, I knocked her down and tumbled right over her down into a cellar without steps. There I was, and before I could climb out again, man, dog, cart, cat's meat and dog's meat, had all vanished, and I have never seen them since. The rascal got clear off, and I was a bankrupt. So much for my first set-up in business."

"You forgot to purchase the *good will* when you made your bargain, Timothy, for the stock in trade."

"Very true, Japhet. However, after receiving a very fair share of

abuse from the old woman, and a plaister of hot greens in my face—for she went supperless to bed, rather than not have her revenge—I walked back to the inn, and sat down in the tap. The two men next to me were hawkers; one carried a large pack of dimities and calicoes, and the other a box full of combs, needles, tapes, scissors, knives, and mock-gold trinkets. I entered into conversation with them, and as I again stood treat, I soon was very intimate. They told me what their profits were, and how they contrived to get on, and I thought for a rambling life it was by no means an unpleasant one; so having obtained all the information I required, I went back to town, took out a hawker's license, for which I paid two guineas, and purchasing at a shop, to which they gave me a direction, a pretty fair quantity of articles in the tape and scissor line, off I set once more on my travels. I took the north road this time, and picked up a very comfortable subsistence, selling my goods for a few halfpence here, and a few halfpence there, at the cottages as I passed by; but I soon found out that without a newspaper, I was not a confirmed hawker, and the more radical the newspaper the better. A newspaper will pay half the expenses of a hawker, if he can read. At every house, particularly every small hedge ale-house, he is received, and placed in the best corner of the chimney, and has his board and lodging, with the exception of what he drinks, gratis, if he will pull out the newspaper and read it to those around him who cannot read, particularly if he can explain what is unintelligible. Now I became a great politician, and, moreover, a great radical, for such were the politics of all the lower classes. I lived well, slept well, and sold my wares very fast. I did not take more than three shillings in the day, yet as two out of the three were clear profit, I did pretty well. However, a little accident happened which obliged me to change my profession, or at least, the nature of the articles which I dealt in."

"What was that?"

"A mere trifle. I had arrived late at a small ale-house, had put my pack, which was in a painted deal box, on the table in the tap-room, and was very busy, after reading a paragraph in the newspaper, making a fine speech, which I always found was received with great applause, and many shakes of the hand, as a prime good fellow—a speech about community of rights, agrarian division, and the propriety of an equal distribution of property, proving that as we were all born alike, no one had a right to have more property than his neighbour. The people had all gathered round me, applauding violently, when I thought I might as well look after my pack, which had been for some time hidden from my sight by the crowd, when, to my mortification, I found out that my earnest assertions on the propriety of community of property had had such an influence upon some of my listeners, that they had walked off with my pack and its contents. Unfortunately, I had deposited in my boxes all my money, considering it safer there than in my pockets, and had nothing left but about seventeen shillings in silver, which I had received within the last three days. Every one was very sorry, but no one knew any thing about it; and when I challenged the landlord as answerable, he called me a radical blackguard, and turned me out of the door."

"If you had looked a little more after your own property, and interfered less with that of other people, you would have done better, Tim," observed I, laughing.

"Very true; but, at all events, I have never been a radical since," replied Tim. "But to go on. I walked off to the nearest town, and I commenced in a more humble way. I purchased a basket, and then, with the remainder of my money, I bought the commonest crockery ware, such as basins, jugs, mugs, and putting them on my head, off I went again upon my new speculation. I wandered about with my crockery, but it was hard work. I could not reap the profits which I did as a hawker and pedlar. I averaged, however, from ten to twelve shillings a week, and that was about sufficient for my support. I went down in as many kitchens as would have sufficed to have found a dozen mothers, supposing mine to be a cook; but I did not see any one who was at all like me. Sometimes a cook replaced a basin she had broken, by giving me as much meat as had cost her mistress five shillings, and thus avoided a scolding, for an article which was worth only two-pence. At other times a cottager would give me a lodging, and would consider himself rewarded with a mug that only cost me one penny. I was more than three months employed carrying crockery in every direction, and never, during the whole time, ever broke one article, until one day, as I passed through Eton, there was a regular smash of the whole concern."

"Indeed, how was that?"

"I met about a dozen of the Eton boys, and they proposed a cock-shy, as they called it, that is, I was to place my articles on the top of a post, and they were to throw stones at them at a certain distance, paying me a certain sum for each throw. Well, this I thought a very good bargain, so I put up a mug (worth one penny) at one penny a throw. It was knocked down at the second shot, so it was just as well to put the full price upon them at once, they were such remarkable good aimers at any thing. Each boy had a stick, upon which I notched off their throws, and how much they would have to pay when all was over. One article after another was put up on the post until my basket was empty, and then I wanted to settle with them; but as soon as I talked about that, they all burst out into a loud laugh, and took to their heels. I chased them, but one might as well have chased eels. If I got hold of one, the others pulled me behind until he escaped, and at last they were all off, and I had nothing left."

"Not your basket?"

"No, not even that; for while I was busy after some that ran one way, the others kicked my basket before them like a foot ball, until it was fairly out of sight. I had only eight-pence in my pocket, so you perceive, Japhet, how I was going down in the world."

"You were indeed, Tim."

"Well, I walked away, cursing all the Eton boys and all their tutors, who did not teach them honesty as well as Latin and Greek, and put up at a very humble sort of abode, where they sold small beer, and gave beds at two-pence per night, and I may add, with plenty of fleas in the bargain. There I fell in with some ballad singers and mumpers, who were making very merry, and who asked me

what was the matter. I told them how I had been treated, and they laughed at me, but gave me some supper, so I forgave them. An old man, who governed the party, then asked me whether I had any money. I produced my enormous capital of eight-pence. 'Quite enough if you are clever,' said he; 'quite enough—many a man with half that sum has ended in rolling in his carriage. A man with thousands has only the advance of you a few years. You will pay for your lodging, and then spend this sixpence in matches, and hawk them about the town. If you are lucky, it will be a shilling by to-morrow night. Besides, you go down into areas, and sometimes enter a kitchen, when the cook is above stairs. There are plenty of things to be picked up.' 'But I am not dishonest,' said I. 'Well, then, every man to his liking; only if you were, you would ride in your own coach sooner.' 'And suppose I should lose all this, or none will buy my matches, what then?' replied I, 'I shall starve.' 'Starve—no, no—no one starves in this country; all you have to do is to get into gaol—committed for a month—you will live better perhaps than you ever did before. I have been in every gaol in England, and I know the good ones, for even in gaols there is a great difference. Now the one in this town is one of the best in all England, and I patronizes it during the winter.' I was much amused with the discourse of this mumper, who appeared to be one of the merriest old vagabonds in England. I took his advice, bought sixpenny worth of matches, and commenced my new vagrant speculation.

"The first day I picked up three-pence, for one quarter of my stock, and returned to the same place where I had slept the night before, but the fraternity had quitted on an expedition. I spent my two-pence in bread and cheese, and paid one penny for my lodging, and again I started the next morning, but I was very unsuccessful; nobody appeared to want matches that day, and after walking from seven o'clock in the morning, to past seven in the evening, without selling one farthing's worth, I sat down at the porch of a chapel, quite tired and worn out. At last I fell asleep, and how do you think I was awoke? By a strong sense of suffocation, and up I sprang, coughing, and nearly choked, surrounded with smoke. Some mischievous boys perceiving that I was fast asleep, had set fire to my matches, as I held them in my hand between my legs, and I did not wake until my fingers were severely burnt. There was an end of my speculation in matches, because there was an end of all my capital."

"My poor Timothy, I really feel for you."

"Not at all, my dear Japhet; I never, in all my distress, was sentenced to execution—my miseries were trifles, to be laughed at. However, I felt very miserable at the time, and walked off, thinking about the propriety of getting into gaol as soon as I could, for the beggar had strongly recommended it. I was at the outskirts of the town, when I perceived two men tussling with one another, and I walked towards them. 'I say,' says one, who appeared to be a constable; 'you must come along with me. Don't you see that ere board? All wagrants shall be taken up, and dealt with according to *la*.' 'Now may the devil hold you in his claws, you old psalm-singing thief—an't I a sailor—and an't I a wagrant by profession, and all according

to law?' 'That won't do,' says the other; 'I commands you in the king's name, to let me take you to prison, and I commands you also, young man,' says he—for I had walked up to them—'I commands you, as a lawful subject, to assist me.' 'What will you give the poor fellow for his trouble,' said the sailor? 'It's his duty, as a lawful subject, and I'll give him nothing; but I'll put him in prison if he don't.' 'Then you old Rhinoceros, I'll give him five shillings if he'll help me, and so now he may take his choice.' At all events, thought I, this will turn out lucky one way or the other; but I will support the man who is most generous; so I went up to the constable, who was a burly sort of fellow, and tripped up his heels, and down he came on the back of his head. You know my old trick, Japhet?"

"Yes; I never knew you fail at that."

"Well, the sailor says to me, 'I've a notion you've damaged his upper works, so let us start off, and clap on all sail for the next town. I know where to drop my anchor. Come along with me, and as long as I've a shot in the locker, d—n me if I won't share it with one who has proved a friend in need.' The constable did not come to his senses, he was very much stunned, but we loosened his neckcloth, and left him there, and started off as fast as we could. My new companion, who had a wooden leg, stopped by a gate, and clambered over it. 'We must lose no time,' said he; 'and I may just as well have the benefit of both legs.' So saying, he took off his wooden stump, and let down his real leg, which was fixed up just as you saw mine. I made no comments, but off we set, and at a good round pace gained a village about five miles distant. 'Here we will put up for the night; but they will look for us to-morrow at day-light, or a little after, therefore we must be starting early. I know the law-beggars well, they won't turn out afore sunrise.' He stopped at a paltry ale-house, where we were admitted, and soon were busy with a much better supper than I had ever imagined they could have produced; but my new friend ordered right and left, with a tone of authority, and every body in the house appeared at his beck and command. After a couple of glasses of grog, we retired to our bed.

"The next morning we started before break of day, on our road to another town, where my companion said the constables would never take the trouble to come after him. On our way he questioned me as to my mode of getting my livelihood, and I narrated how unfortunate I had been. 'One good turn deserves another,' replied the sailor; 'and now I'll set you up in trade. Can you sing? Have you any thing of a voice?' 'I can't say that I have,' replied I. 'I don't mean whether you can sing in tune, or have a good voice, that's no consequence; all I want to know is, have you a good loud one?' 'Loud enough, if that's all.' 'That's all that's requisite; so long as you can make yourself heard—you may then howl like a jackall, or bellow like a mad buffalo, no matter which—as many pay us for to get rid of us, as out of charity; and so long as the money comes, what's the odds? Why, I once knew an old chap, who could only play one tune on the clarionet, and that tune out of all tune, who made his fortune in six or seven streets, for every one gave him money, and told him to go away. When he found out that, he came

every morning as regular as clock-work. Now there was one of the streets which was chiefly occupied by music sellers and Italian singers —for them foreigners always herd together—and this tune, 'which the old cow died of,' as the saying is, used to be their horror, and out came the halfpence to send him away. There was a sort of club also in that street, of larking sort of young men, and when they perceived that the others gave the old man money to get rid of his squeaking, they sent him out money, with orders to stay and play to them, so then the others sent out more for him to go away, and between the two, the old fellow brought home more money than all the cadgers and mumpers in the district. Now if you have a loud voice, I can provide you with all the rest.'—'Do you gain your livelihood by that?'—'To be sure I do; and I can tell you, that of all the trades going, there is none equal to it. You see, my hearty, I have been on board of a man-of-war—not that I'm a sailor, or was ever bred to the sea—but I was shipped as a landsman, and did duty in the waist and afterguard. I know little or nothing of my duty as a seaman, nor was it required in the station I was in, so I never learnt, although I was four years on board; all I learnt was the lingo and slang—and that you must contrive to learn from me. I bolted, and made my way good to Lunnun, but I should soon have been picked up and put on board the Tender again, if I hadn't got this wooden stump made, which I now carry in my hand. I had plenty of songs, and I commenced my profession, and a real good un it is, I can tell you. Why, do you know, that a'ter a good victory, I have sometimes picked up as much as two pounds a-day, for weeks running; as it is, I averages from fifteen shillings to a pound. Now, as you helped me away from that land shark, who would soon have found out that I had two legs, and have put me into limbo as an impostor, I will teach you to arn your livelihood after my fashion. You shall work with me until you are fit to start alone, and then there's plenty of room in England for both of us; but mind, never tell any one what you pick up, or every mumper in the island will put on a suit of sailor's clothes, and the thing will be blown upon.' Of course, this was too good an offer to be rejected, and I joyfully acceded. At first, I worked with him as having only one arm, the other being tied down to my side, and my jacket sleeve hanging loose and empty, and we roared away right and left, so as to bring down a shower of coppers wherever we went. In about three weeks my friend thought I was able to start by myself, and giving me half of the ballads, and five shillings to start with, I shook hands and parted with, next to you, the best friend that I certainly ever had. Ever since I have been crossing the country in every direction, with plenty of money in my pocket, and always with one eye looking sharp out for you. My beautiful voice fortunately attracted your attention, and here I am, and at an end of my history; but if ever I am away from you, and in distress again, depend upon it I shall take to my wooden leg and ballads for my support."

Such were the adventures of Timothy, who was metamorphosed into a precise Quaker. "I do not like the idea of your taking up a system of deceit, Timothy. It may so happen—for who knows what may occur?—that you may again be thrown upon your own re-

sources. Now would it not be better that you should obtain a more intimate knowledge of the profession which we are now in, which is liberal, and equally profitable? By attention and study you will be able to dispense medicines and make up prescriptions as well as myself, and who knows but that some day you may be the owner of a shop like this?"

"Verily, verily, thy words do savour of much wisdom," replied Tim, in a grave voice; "and I will even so follow thy advice."

I knew that he was mocking me in this reply, but I paid no attention to that; I was satisfied that he consented. I now made him assist me, and under my directions he made up the prescriptions. I explained to him the nature of every medicine; and I made him read many books of physic and surgery. In short, after two or three months I could trust to Timothy as well as if I were in the shop myself; and having an errand boy, I had much more leisure, and I left him in charge after dinner. The business prospered, and I was laying up money. My leisure time, I hardly need say, was spent with Mr. Cophagus and his family, and my attachment to Susannah Temple increased every day. Indeed, both Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus considered that it was to be a match, and often joked with me when Susannah was not present. With respect to Susannah, I could not perceive that I was farther advanced in her affections than after I had known her two months. She was always kind and considerate, evidently interested in my welfare, always checking in me any thing like levity—frank and confiding in her opinions—and charitable to all, as I thought, except to me. But I made no advance that I could perceive. The fact was, that I dared not speak to her as I might have done to another who was not so perfect. And yet she smiled, as I thought, more kindly when I returned than at other times, and never appeared to be tired of my company. If I did sometimes mention the marriage of another, or attentions paid which would, in all probability, end in marriage, it would create no confusion or blushing on her part, she would talk over that subject as composedly as any other. I was puzzled, and I had been fifteen months constantly in her company, and had never dared to tell her that I loved her. But one day Mr. Cophagus brought up the subject when we were alone. He commenced by stating how happy he had been as a married man, that he had given up all hopes of a family, and that he should like to see Susannah Temple, his sister-in-law, well married, that he might leave his property to her children; and then he put the very pertinent question—"Japhet—verily—thou hast done well—good business—money coming in fast—settle, Japhet—marry—have children—and so on. Susannah—nice girl—good wife—pop question—all right—sly puss—won't say no—um—what d'ye say?—and so on." I replied that I was very much attached to Susannah, but that I was afraid that the attachment was not mutual, and therefore hesitated to propose. Cophagus then said that he would make his wife sound his sister, and let me know the result.

This was in the morning just before I was about to walk over to the shop, and I left the house in a state of anxiety and suspense. When I arrived at the shop, I found Tim there as usual; but the

colour in his face was heightened as he said to me, "Read this, Japhet," and handed to me the "Reading Mercury." I read an advertisement as follows:—

"If Japhet Newland, who was left at the Foundling Asylum, and afterwards was for some time in London, will call at No. 16, Throgmorton Court, Minories, he will hear of something very much to his advantage, and will discover that of which he has been so long in search. Should this reach his eye, he is requested to write immediately to the above address, with full particulars of his situation. Should any one who reads this be able to give any information relative to the said J. N., he will be liberally rewarded."

I sank down on the chair. "Merciful Heaven! this can be no mistake—'he will discover the object of his search.' Timothy, my dear Timothy, I have at last found out my father."

"So I should imagine, my dear Japhet," replied Timothy, "and I trust it will not prove a disappointment."

"They never would be so cruel, Timothy," replied I.

"But still it is evident that Mr. Masterton is concerned in it," observed Timothy.

"Why so?" inquired I.

"How otherwise should it appear in the Reading newspaper? He must have examined the post-mark of my letter."

To explain this, I must remind the reader that Timothy had promised to write to Mr. Masterton when he found me; and he requested my permission shortly after we had met again. I consented to his keeping his word, but restricted him to saying any more than "that he had found me, and that I was well and happy." There was no address in the letter as a clue to Mr. Masterton as to where I might be, and it could only have been from the post-mark that he could have formed any idea. Timothy's surmise was therefore very probable; but I would not believe that Mr. Masterton would consent to the insertion of that portion of the advertisement, if there was no foundation for it.

"What will you do, Japhet?"

"Do," replied I, recovering from my reverie, for the information had again roused up all my dormant feelings—"Do," replied I, "why, I shall set off for town this very morning."

"In that dress, Japhet?"

"I suppose I must," replied I, "for I have no time to procure another;" and all my former ideas of fashion and appearance were roused, and in full activity—my pride recovered its ascendency.

"Well," replied Timothy, "I hope you will find your father all that you could wish."

"I'm sure of it, Tim—I'm sure of it," replied I; "you must run and take a place in the first coach."

"But you are are not going without seeing Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and——Miss Temple," continued Tim, laying an emphasis upon the latter name.

"Of course not," replied I, colouring deeply. "I will go at once. Give me the newspaper, Tim."

I took the newspaper, and hastened to the house of Mr. Cophagus. I found them all three sitting in the breakfast parlour, Mr. Cophagus, as usual, reading, with his spectacles on his nose, and the ladies at work. "What is the matter, friend Japhet?" exclaimed Mr. Cophagus, as I burst into the room, my countenance lighted up with excitement. "Read that, sir!" said I to Mr. Cophagus. Mr. Cophagus read it. "Hum—bad news—lose Japhet—man of fashion—and so on," said Cophagus, pointing out the paragraph to his wife, as he handed over the paper.

In the mean time I watched the countenance of Susannah—a slight emotion, but instantly checked, was visible at Mr. Cophagus's remark. She then remained quiet until her sister, who had read the paragraph, handed the paper to her. "I give thee joy, Japhet, at the prospect of finding out thy parent," said Mrs. Cophagus. "I trust thou wilt find in him one who is to be esteemed as a man. When departest thou?"

"Immediately," replied I.

"I cannot blame thee—the ties of nature are ever powerful. I trust that thou wilt write to us, and that we soon shall see thee return."

"Yes, yes," said Cophagus, "see father—shake hands—come back—heh!—settle here—and so on."

"I shall not be altogether my own master, perhaps," observed I. "If my father desires that I remain with him, must not I obey? But I know nothing at present. You shall hear from me. Timothy can take my place in the——" I could not bear the idea of the word shop, and I stopped. Susannah, for the first time, looked me earnestly in the face, but she said nothing. Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, who probably had been talking over the subject of our conversation, and thought this a good opportunity to allow me to have an *éclaircissement* with Susannah, left the room, saying they would look after my portmanteau and linen. "Susannah," said I, "you do not appear to rejoice with me."

"Japhet Newland, I will rejoice at every thing which may tend to thy happiness, believe me; but I do not feel assured but that this trial may prove too great, and that thou mayest fall away. Indeed, I perceive even now that thou art excited with new ideas, and visions of pride."

"If I am wrong, forgive me. Susannah, you must know that the whole object of my existence has been to find my father; and now that I have every reason to suppose that my wish is obtained, can you be surprised, or can you blame me, that I long to be pressed in his arms?"

"Nay, Japhet, for that filial feeling I do commend thee; but ask thy own heart, is that the only feeling which now exciteth thee? Dost thou not expect to find thy father one high in rank and power? Dost thou not anticipate to join once more the world which thou hast quitted, yet still hast sighed for? Dost thou not already feel contempt for thy honest profession:—nay, more, dost thou not only long to

cast off the plain attire, and not only the attire, but the sect which in thy adversity thou didst embrace the tenets of? Ask thy own heart, and reply if thou wilt, but I press thee not so to do; for the truth would be painful, and a lie, thou knowest, I do utterly abhor."

I felt that Susannah spoke the truth, and I would not deny it. I sat down by her. "Susannah," said I, "it is not very easy to change at once. I have mixed for years in the world, with you I have been but a few months. I will not deny but that the feelings you have expressed have risen in my heart, but I will try to repress them; at least, for your sake, Susannah, I would try to repress them, for I value your opinion more than that of the whole world. You have the power to do with me as you please:—will you exert that power?"

"Answer me, Japhet," replied Susannah. "The faith which is not built upon a more solid foundation than to win the favour of an erring being like myself is but weak; that power over thee which thou expectest will fix thee in the right path, may soon be lost, and what is then to direct thee? If no purer motives than earthly affection are to be thy stay, most surely thou wilt fall. But no more of this; thou hast a duty to perform, which is to go to thy earthly father, and seek his blessing. Nay more, I would that thou shouldest once more enter into the world; there thou mayest decide. Shouldest thou return to us, thy friends will rejoice, and not one of them will be more joyful than Susannah Temple. Fare thee well, Japhet, mayest thou prove superior to temptation. I will pray for thee—earnestly I will pray for thee, Japhet," continued Susannah, with a quivering of her lips and broken voice, and she left the room.

I went up stairs, and found that all was ready, and I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, both of whom expressed their hopes that I would not leave them for ever. "Oh, no," replied I, "I should indeed be base, if I did." I left them, and with Ephraim following with my portmanteau, I quitted the house. I had gone about twenty yards when I recollected that I had left on the table the newspaper with the direction whom to apply to in the advertisement, and desiring Ephraim to proceed, I returned back. When I entered the parlour, Susannah Temple was resting her face in her hands and weeping bitterly. The opening of the door made her start up; she perceived that it was me, and she turned away. "I beg your pardon, I left the newspaper," said I, stammering. I was about to throw myself at her feet, declare my sincere affection, and give up all idea of finding my father until we were married, when she, without saying a word, passed quickly by me and hastened out of the room. "She loves me then," thought I; "thank God:—I will not go yet, I will speak to her first." I sat down, quite overpowered with contending feelings. The paper was in my hand, the paragraph was again read, and I thought but of my father.

In half an hour I had shaken hands with Timothy and quitted the town of Reading. How I arrived in London, that is to say, what passed or what we passed, I know not; my mind was in such a state of excitement. I hardly know how to express the state that I was in. It was a sort of mental whirling which blinded me—round and round—from my father and the expected meeting, then to Susannah,

my departure and her tears—castle building of every description. After the coach stopped, there I remained fixed on the top of it, not aware that we were in London until the coachman asked me whether the spirit did not move me to get down. I recollected myself, and calling a hackney-coach, gave orders to be driven to the Piazza, Covent Garden.

"Piazza, Common Garden," said the waterman, "why that ban't an 'otel for the like o' you, master. They'll torment you to death, them young chaps."

I had forgotten that I was dressed as a Quaker. "Tell the coachman to stop at the first cloth warehouse where they have ready-made cloaks," said I. The man did so; I went out and purchased a roquelaure, which enveloped my whole person. I then stopped at a hatter's, and purchased a hat according to the mode. "Now drive to the Piazza," said I, entering the coach. I know not why, but I was resolved to go to that hotel. It was the one I had stayed at when I first arrived in London, and I wished to see it again. When the hackney coach stopped, I asked the waiter who came out whether he had apartments, and answering me in the affirmative, I followed him, and was shown into the same rooms I had previously occupied. "These will do," said I, "now let me have something to eat, and send for a good tailor." The waiter offered to remove my cloak, but I refused, saying that I was cold. He left the room, and I threw myself on the sofa, running over all the scenes which had passed in that room with Carbonnell, Harcourt, and others. My thoughts were broken in upon by the arrival of the tailor. "Stop a moment," said I, "and let him come in when I ring." So ashamed was I of my Quaker's dress, that I threw off my coat and waistcoat, and put on my cloak again before I rang the bell for the tailor to come up. "Mr. ——," said I, "I must have a suit of clothes ready by to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"Impossible, sir."

"Impossible!" said I, "and you pretend to be a fashionable tailor. Leave the room."

At this peremptory behaviour the tailor imagined that I must be somebody.

"I will do my possible, sir, and if I can only get home in time to start the workmen, I think it may be managed. Of course you are aware of the expense of night work."

"I am only aware of this, that if I give an order I am accustomed to have it obeyed; I learnt that from my poor friend, Major Carbonnell."

The tailor bowed low; there was magic in the name, although the man was dead.

"Here have I been masquerading in a Quaker's dress, to please a puritannical young lady, and I am obliged to be off without any other clothes in my portmanteau; so take my measure, and I expect the clothes at ten precisely." So saying, I threw off my roquelaure, and desired him to proceed. This accomplished, the tradesman took his leave. Shortly afterwards, the door opened, and as I lay wrapped up in my cloak on the sofa, in came the landlord and two

waiters, each bearing a dish of my supper. I wished them at the devil; but I was still more surprised when the landlord made a low bow, saying, "Happy to see you returned, Mr. Newland; you've been away some time—another grand tour, I presume."

"Yes, Mr. ——, I have had a few adventures since I was last here," replied I, carelessly, "but I am not very well. You may leave the supper, and if I feel inclined, I will take a little by-and-bye,—no one need wait."

The landlord and waiter bowed and went out of the room. I turned the key of the door, put on my Quaker's coat, and made a hearty supper, for I had had nothing since breakfast. When I had finished, I returned to the sofa, and I could not help analyzing my own conduct. "Alas," thought I, "Susannah, how rightly did you judge me! I am not away from you more than eighteen hours, and here I am ashamed of the dress which I have so long worn, and been satisfied with, in your society. Truly did you say that I was full of pride, and would joyfully re-enter the world of vanity and vexation." And I thought of Susannah, and her tears after my supposed departure, and I felt angry and annoyed at my want of strength of mind and my worldly feelings.

I retired early to bed, and did not wake until late the next morning. When I rang the bell, the chambermaid brought in my clothes from the tailor's: I dressed, and I will not deny that I was pleased with the alteration. After breakfast I ordered a coach, and drove to No. 16, Throgmorton Court, Minories. The house was dirty outside, and the windows had not been cleaned apparently for years, and it was with some difficulty when I went in that I could decypher a tall, haggard-looking man seated at the desk.

"Your pleasure, sir," said he.

"Am I speaking to the principal?" replied I.

"Yes, sir, my name is Chatfield."

"I come to you, sir, relative to an advertisement which appeared in the papers. I refer to this," continued I, putting the newspaper down on the desk, and pointing to the advertisement.

"Oh, yes, very true: can you give us any information?"

"Yes, sir, I can, and the most satisfactory."

"Then, sir, I am sorry that you have had so much trouble, but you must call at Lincoln's Inn upon a lawyer of the name of Masterton; the whole affair is now in his hands."

"Can you, sir, inform me who is the party that is inquiring after this young man?"

"Why, yes; it is a General De Benyon, who has lately returned from the East Indies."

"Good God! is it possible!" thought I; "how strange that my own wild fancy should have settled upon him as my father!"

I hurried away; threw myself into the hackney-coach, and desired the man to drive to Lincoln's Inn. I hastened up to Mr. Masterton's rooms: he was fortunately at home, although he stood at the table with his hat and his great coat on, ready to go out.

"My dear sir, have you forgotten me?" said I, in a voice choked with emotion, taking his hand and squeezing it with rapture.

"By heavens, you are determined that I shall not forget you for some minutes, at least," exclaimed he, wringing his hand with pain. "Who the devil are you?"

Mr. Masterton could not see without his spectacles, and my subdued voice he had not recognised. He pulled them out, as I made no reply, and fixing them across his nose—"Hah! why yes—it is Japhet, is it not?"

"It is indeed, sir," said I, offering my hand, which he shook warmly.

"Not quite so hard, my dear fellow, this time," said the old lawyer; "I acknowledge your vigour, and that is sufficient. I am very glad to see you, Japhet, I am indeed—you—you scamp—you ungrateful fellow. Sit down—sit down—first help me off with my great coat: I presume the advertisement has brought you into existence again. Well, it's all true; and you have at last found your father, or, rather, he has found you. And what's more strange, you hit upon the right person; that is strange—very strange indeed."

"Where is he, sir?" interrupted I, "where is he—take me to him."

"No, rather be excused," replied Mr. Masterton, "for he is gone to Ireland, so you must wait."

"Wait, sir, oh no—I must follow him."

"That will only do harm; for he is rather a queer sort of old gentleman, and although he acknowledges that he left you as *Japhet* and has searched for you, yet he is so afraid of somebody else's brat being put upon him that he insists upon most undeniable proofs. Now we cannot trace you from the hospital unless we can find that fellow Cophagus, and we have made every search after him, and no one can tell where he is."

"But I left him but yesterday morning, sir," replied I, "and Timothy as well."

"Good—very good; we must send for him or go to him; besides, he has the packet intrusted to the care of Miss Maitland, to whom he was executor, which proves the marriage of your father. Very strange—very strange indeed, that you should have hit upon it as you did—almost supernatural. However, all right now, my dear boy, and I congratulate you. Your father is a very strange person: he has lived like a despot among slaves all his life, and will not be thwarted, I can tell you. If you say a word in contradiction he'll disinherit you:—terrible old tiger, I must say. If it had not been for your sake, I should have done with him long ago. He seems to think the world ought to be at his feet. Depend upon it, Japhet, there is no hurry about seeing him;—and see him you shall not, until we have every proof of your identity ready to produce to him. I hope you have the bump of veneration strong, Japhet, and plenty of filial duty, or you will be kicked out of the house in a week. D—n me, if he didn't call me an old thief of a lawyer."

"Indeed, sir," replied I, laughing; "I must apologize to you for my father's conduct."

"Never mind, Japhet; I don't care about a trifle; but why don't you ask after your friends?"

"I have longed so to do, sir," replied I. "Lord Windermear——"

"Is quite well, and will be most happy to see you."

"Lady de Clare, and her daughter——"

"Lady de Clare has entered into society again, and her daughter, as you call her—your Fleta, *alias* Cecilia de Clare—is the belle of the metropolis. But now, sir, as I have answered all your interrogatories, and satisfied you upon the most essential points, will you favour me with a narrative of your adventures, (for adventures I am sure you must have had,) since you ran away from us all in that ungrateful manner."

"Most certainly, sir, I will; and as you say, I have had adventures. But it really will be a long story."

"Then we'll dine here, and pass the evening together—so that's settled."

I dismissed the coach, while Mr. Masterton gave his orders for dinner, and we then turned the key of the door to avoid intrusion, and I commenced. It was nearly dinner time before I had finished my story.

"Well, you really appear to be born for getting into scrapes, and getting out of them again in a miraculous way," observed Mr. Masterton. "Your life would make a novel."

"It would indeed, sir," replied I. "I only hope, like all novels, it will wind up well."

"So do I; but dinner's ready, Japhet, and after dinner we'll talk the matter over again, for there are some points upon which I require some explanation."

We sat down to dinner, and when we had finished, and the table had been cleared, we drew to the fire, with our bottle of wine. Mr. Masterton stirred the fire, called for his slippers, and then crossing his legs over the fender, resumed the subject.

"Japhet, I consider it most fortunate that we have met, previous to your introduction to your father. You have so far to congratulate yourself, that your family is undeniably good, there being, as you know, an Irish peerage in it; of which, however, you have no chance, as the present earl has a numerous offspring. You are also fortunate as far as money is concerned, as I have every reason to believe that your father is a very rich man, and of course you are his only child; but I must now prepare you to meet with a very different person than perhaps the fond anticipations of youth may have led you to expect. Your father has no paternal feelings that I can discover; he has wealth, and he wishes to leave it—he has therefore sought you out. But he is despotic, violent, and absurd; the least opposition to his will makes him furious, and I am sorry to add, that I am afraid that he is very mean. He suffered severely when young from poverty, and his own father was almost as authoritative and unforgiving as himself. And now I will state how it was that you were left at the Asylum when an infant. Your grandfather had procured for your father a commission in the army, and soon afterwards procured him a lieutenancy. He ordered him to marry a young lady of large fortune, whom he had never seen, and sent for him for that purpose. I understand that she was very beautiful, and had your father seen her, it

is probable he would have made no objection, but he very foolishly sent a peremptory refusal, for which he was dismissed for ever. In a short time afterwards your father fell in love with a young lady of great personal attractions, and supposed to possess a large fortune. To deceive her he pretended to be the heir to the earldom, and, after a hasty courtship, they ran off, and were married. When they compared notes, which they soon did, it was discovered that on his side, he had nothing but the pay of a subaltern, and on hers, that she had not one shilling. Your father stormed, and called his wife an impostor; she recriminated, and the second morning after the marriage was passed in tears on her side, and oaths and revilings on his. The lady, however, appeared the most sensible party of the two. Their marriage was not known, she had run away on a pretence to visit a relative, and it was actually supposed in the country town where she resided, that such was the case. 'Why should we quarrel in this way?' observed she. 'You, Edmund, wished to marry a fortune, and not me—I may plead guilty to the same duplicity. We have made a mistake; but it is not too late. It is supposed that I am on a visit to ———, and that you are on furlough for a few days. Did you confide your secret to any of your brother officers?' 'Not one,' muttered my father. 'Well, then, let us part as if nothing had happened, and nobody will be the wiser. We are equally interested in keeping the secret. Is it agreed?' Your father immediately consented. He accompanied your mother to the house at ———, where she was expected, and she framed a story for her delay, by having met such a very polite young man. Your father returned to his regiment, and thus did they, like two privateers, who, when they meet and engage, as soon as they find out their mistake, hoist their colours, and sheer off by mutual consent."

"I can't say much for my mother's affection or delicacy," observed I.

"The less you say the better, Japhet—however, that is your father's story. And now to proceed. It appears that about two months afterwards, your father received a letter from your mother, acquainting him that their short intercourse had been productive of certain results, and requesting that he would take the necessary steps to provide for the child, and avoid exposure, or that she would be obliged to confess her marriage. By what means they contrived to avoid exposure until the period of her confinement, I know not, but your father states that the child was born in a house in London, and by agreement was instantly put into his hands; that he, with the consent of his wife, left you at the door of the asylum, with the paper and the bank note, from which you received the name of Newland. At the time he had no idea of reclaiming you himself, but the mother had, for heartless as she appears to have been, yet a mother must feel for her child. Your father's regiment was then ordered out to the East Indies, and he was rapidly promoted for his gallantry and good conduct during the war in the Mysore territory. Once only has he returned home on furlough, and then he did make inquiries after you; not, it appears, with a view of finding you out on his own account, but from a promise which he made your mother."

"My mother! what, have they met since?"

"Yes; your mother went out to India on speculation, passing off as a single girl, and was very well married there, I was going to say; however, she committed a very splendid bigamy."

"Good heavens! how totally destitute of principle!"

"Your father asserts that your mother was a free-thinker, Japhet; her father had made her one; without religion a woman has no stay. Your father was in the up country during the time that your mother arrived, and was married to one of the council at Calcutta. Your father says that they met at a ball at Government House. She was still a very handsome woman, and much admired. When your father recognised her, and was told that she was lately married to the honourable Mr. ———, he was quite electrified, and would have quitted the room; but she had perceived him, and walking up to him with the greatest coolness, claimed him as an old acquaintance in England, and afterwards they often met, but she never adverted to what had passed between them, until the time for his departure to England on leave, and she then sent for him, and begged that he would make some inquiries after *you*, Japhet. He did so, and you know the result. On his return to India he found that your mother had been carried off by the prevailing pestilence. At that period your father was not rich, but he was then appointed to the chief command in the Carnatic, and reaped a golden harvest in return for his success and bravery. It appears, as far as I could obtain it from him, that as long as your mother was alive, he felt no interest about you, but her death, and the subsequent wealth which poured upon him, has now induced him to find out an heir, to whom it may be bequeathed.

"Such, Japhet, are the outlines of your father's history; and I must point out that he has no feelings of affection for you at present. The conduct of your mother is ever before him, and if it were not that he wishes an heir, I should almost say that his feelings are those of dislike. You may create an interest in his heart, it is true; and he may be gratified by your personal appearance; but you will have a very difficult task, as you will have to submit to his caprices and fancies, and I am afraid that, to a high spirit like yours, they will be almost unbearable."

"Really, sir, I begin to feel that the fondest anticipations are seldom realized, and almost to wish that I had not been sought for by my father. I was happy and contented, and now I do not see any chance of having to congratulate myself on the change."

"On one or two points I also wish to question you. It appears that you have entered into the sect denominated Quakers. Tell me candidly, do you subscribe heartily and sincerely to their doctrines? And I was going to add, is it your intention to remain with them? I perceive much difficulty in all this."

"The tenets of the sect I certainly do believe to be more in accordance with the Christian religion than any other; and I have no hesitation in asserting, from my knowledge of those who belong to that sect, that they, generally speaking, lead better lives. There are some points connected with their worship, which, at first, I considered ridiculous: the feeling has, however, worn off. As to their quaint

manner of speaking, that has been grossly exaggerated. Their dress is a part of their religion."

"Why so, Japhet?"

"I can reply to you in the words of Susannah Temple, when I made the same interrogatory. 'You think the peculiarity of our dress is an outward form which is not required. It was put on to separate us from others, and as a proof that we had discarded vanity. I am aware that it is not a proof of our sincerity; but still the discarding of the dress is a proof of insincerity. We consider, that to admire the person is vain, and our creed is humility. It is therefore an outward and visible sign, that we would act up to those tenets which we profess. It is not all who wear the dress who are Quakers in heart or conduct; but we know that when it is put aside, that the tenets of our persuasion are at the same time renounced, therefore do we consider it essential. I do not mean to say but that the heart may be as pure, and the faith continue as steadfast without such signs outwardly, but it is a part of our creed, and we must not choose, but either reject all or none.'"

"Very well argued by the little Quakeress; and now, Japhet, I should like to put another question to you. Are you very much attached to this young puritan?"

"I will not deny but that I am. I love her sincerely."

"Does your love carry you so far, that you would for her sake continue a Quaker, and marry her?"

"I have asked myself that question at least a hundred times during the last twenty-four hours, and I cannot decide. If she would dress as others do, and allow me to do the same, I would marry her to-morrow; whether I shall ever make up my mind to adhere to the persuasion, and live and die a Quaker for her sake, is quite another matter—but I am afraid not—I am too worldly-minded. The fact is, I am in a very awkward position with respect to her. I have never acknowledged my affection, or asked for a return, but she knows that I love her, and I know that she loves me."

"Like all vain boys, you flatter yourself."

"I leave you to judge, sir," replied I, repeating to him our parting *tête-à-tête*, and how I had returned, and found her in tears.

"All that certainly is very corroborative evidence; but tell me, Japhet, do you think she loves you well enough to abandon all for your sake?"

"No, nor never will, sir, she is too high-principled, too high-minded. She might suffer greatly, but she never would swerve from what she thought was right."

"She must be a fine character, Japhet, but you will be in a dilemma: indeed, it appears to me, that your troubles are now commencing instead of ending, and that you would have been much happier where you were, than you will be by being again brought out into the world. Your prospect is not over cheerful. You have an awkward father to deal with; you will be under a strong check, I've a notion, and I am afraid you will find that, notwithstanding you will be once more received into society, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"I am afraid you are right, sir," replied I, "but at all events, it will be something gained to be acknowledged to the world by a father of good family, whatever else I may have to submit to. I have been the sport of fortune all my life, and probably she has not yet done playing with me; but it is late, and I will now wish you good night."

"Good night, Japhet; if I have any intelligence I will let you know. Lady de Clare's address is No. 13, Park Street. You will, of course, go there as soon as you can."

"I will, sir, after I have written my letters to my friends at Reading."

I returned home to reflect upon what Mr. Masterton had told me, and I must say that I was not very well pleased with his various information. His account of my mother, although she was no more, distressed me, and from the character which he gave of my father, I felt convinced that my happiness would not be at all increased by my having finally attained the long-desired object of my wishes. Strange to say, I had no sooner discovered my father, but I wished that he had never turned up; and when I compared the peaceful and happy state of existence which I had lately passed with the prospects of what I had in future to submit to, I bitterly repented that the advertisement had been seen by Timothy; still, on one point I was peculiarly anxious, without hardly daring to anatomize my feelings; it was relative to Cecilia de Clare, and what Mr. Masterton had mentioned in the course of our conversation. The next morning I wrote to Timothy and to Mr. Cophagus, giving them a short detail of what I had been informed of by Mr. Masterton, and expressing a wish, which I then really did feel, that I had never been summoned away from them.

(To be continued.)

THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

It is a common, and significant practice, to hitch the name—the *venerabile nomen*—of his Satanic Majesty, to every thing extraordinary in a particular sense. Especially is it applied to external objects of irregular fashion, or Titanean dimensions: thus, we have the Devil's Dyke, the Devil's Bridge, the Devil's Punch Bowl, the Devil's Cavern, the Devil's this, the Devil's that. As if with a wish of impressing the mind with the idea of something imposing—something out of the way, we place the ominous ownership upon the shoulders of that mysterious and unmentionable personage, confident—the perhaps unjust affiliation once completed—that for ever after a proper influence will be exercised over prepossession and imagination. The devil, indeed, is dragged into connexion with all the eccentricities, stray things, and odds and ends in the world; he is a capital resource, upon whom you can always count: set any thing afloat under his illustrious sanction, and you are at least certain of its receiving a respectful reception. He has held for so long a time so extensive a dominion in this world of sin and wickedness, that, under shelter of his name, nothing fails of being elevated into dignity. You can never be at a loss for an *attribute*, while one so available and advantageous exists. Men entertain a deprecating and involuntary reverence for what they fear, therefore get that for which you are interested under a protection so influential, and you cannot do better.

We have often wondered—the above general reason apart—why so fearful an addition was annexed to the celebrated Dyke in the vicinity of Brighton. Conceiving that there must have been something particular in its origin, we have always looked upon the matter with a certain degree of interest, and felt dissatisfied with attributing it merely to the popular habit. A place so remarkable in itself, thought we, may have been the scene of some particular traditionary elucidations, and in some future time it may be our gratifying fate to unravel the matter. How we eventually succeeded in obtaining a partial developement of that of which we were in search, it does not matter; suffice it to say, that at the time of impartment, it was satisfactory to our own minds, and will probably prove equally so to those of our readers.

Somewhere about the year 1709, there lived an old woman named Mabel Dodd, in a crazy wood and earth hut, on the western side of the Devil's Dyke. Her tenement was in such an extremely ruinous condition, and stood in so exposed and bleak a situation, that when the November gales blew from seaward, with more than usual violence, it might have been felt to rock to its very foundation. Over the parting and rusty thatch, that waved and rustled above the weather-beaten and decaying roof, the wind nightly wailed and whistled in most dreary continuance. The walls, composed of sods, and shattered bricks, plastered with clay, held together so loosely, that they every minute threatened to fall to the ground; a mouldering door, blackened, and splitting through age, slung by rusty hinges, creaked and clattered to the blast, admitting light to the interior, through numberless interstices; and the rents in the roof, and the gaps in the outside, let in the driving rain so plentifully, that in winter the floor was no-

thing but a splashing puddle. Altogether it was such a habitation as the most self-mortifying anchorite never could have imagined, and standing in a most lone and desolate situation, out of sight of any human place of abode, though the view on every side was extensive, and melancholy enough, on the brink of a wild, spreading, and shrubless ravine, an object on which the tempest might expend its fury in winter, and the stroke of the midnight lightning might descend in summer: it looked the very picture of desolation. Its habitant, herself, was an object of fear and aversion to the whole neighbouring country. From her haggard, and repulsive appearance, and the uncouth and secluded life she led, she was popularly suspected of holding intercourse with things of a dark and unearthly nature, and, through a natural malevolence of disposition, inflicting deadly evils on those who crossed or offended her. Certain it is, that the whole district around her habitation was as scrupulously avoided as if the plague had remained within it, and nothing but bare necessity could tempt one to pass across it, especially after night had fallen. What could have led to this dark and mysterious seclusion, except a natural dislike of human fellowship, no one knew. She had tenanted the hut on the Dyke for many years, and her appearance had been as abrupt and unaccountable as her whole course of life. She rarely spoke to a soul; her subsistence was picked up in a way no one could divine, and set down by the country people as half crazy, or perhaps wholly so, her mode of life became familiar, she ceased to be the object of attention, and was seldom mentioned but as the wild woman of the Dyke.

For the better understanding of what is to follow, it is necessary to mention, that at about the distance of thirty miles, resided an old miser, who, lord of a small manor, had contrived to scrape together a considerable quantity of wealth, and inhabited an old, rambling, manorial building, which though once, in its time, a place of much grandeur, had, for want of repair, fallen gradually into the extreme of ruin. Its gloomy walls, their crumbling battlements, lichened by the accumulated damps of centuries, into the hue of the autumnal leaf, looked down upon unweeded courts, cloistered avenues, and lengthening groves of venerable trees. The latter being of majestic growth, and standing closely together, even in the ardency of the noon-day summer sun, cast a sepulchral species of shade upon every thing that greeted the eye. Moss-grown, gabled gateways, their filigreed defences falling from their straining hinges, were deepened into solemnity: corniced parapets, vandyked roofs, antique chimneys, and unglazed oriels, seeming each a feature in some dark, spell-bound, and abandoned building, reared their ghost-like shapes in the sylvan twilight that streamed around them, and caught fresh melancholy from its softness. Silence held always here undisputed dominion, the bark of the surly watch-dog alone excepted: within were bars, bolts, and security, without the silence of the desert: the red sun sank behind the distant masses of wood, but no eye beheld its departing glories; the yellow moon rose solitarily over the far steeps of a remote, hilly district, but no foot wandered along the murmuring stream that gleamed beneath its pensive radiance. In short, to quote the lines of Pope—

" Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall.
No rafter'd roof with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way.
Benighted travellers, the forest o'er,
Cursed the saved candle, and th' unop'ning door,
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar, whom he longs to eat."

The name of the owner of this ruinous and inhospitable mansion was universally execrated throughout the country. He was distinguished for his many oppressions, by the which indeed he had acquired his ill-gotten quantum of wealth, the sarcastic ungraciousness of his manners, and the uniform hardness of his heart. Many families, that had lived respected around, owed their ruin to him: totally destitute of charity, all his tenants, and he had many, were griped to the utmost; and from inability to make up the smallest sums, those who held under him were turned out of their tenements, and often plunged in consequence into the most abject poverty. He lived in a style of most inexorable penury: childless—wifeless—for he had treated her, who *had* been his wife, in the most barbarous manner; and even various dark and mysterious reports were circulated in the neighbourhood respecting the cause of her decease. He stood, unblessed by human sympathy, or association, alone in the world in which he had played so ill a part, and was fast descending a blighted, unconnected remnant, into a grave, over which no tear of regretful affection would be shed, no sigh of tender remembrance would be breathed, but on which the curse of the poor man would descend with aggravated bitterness, and around which, to time immemorial, the tale of callousness, revenge, and cruelty, would hourly circulate.

He lies buried in the village churchyard of ———. A plain tombstone, never or seldom pointed out but on inquiry, marks the spot where he awaits the judgment of the Infinite, and on which is simply the following:—

"Michael Swinford,
Obiit September —, 17—."

But to return to that with which we set out. It was one evening in September. The wind was wailing, not loudly but deeply, along the ridge of the Devil's Dyke. The atmosphere was unusually warm for the season; the day had been oppressive and clouded, and over the distant hills still hung the haze which had canopied them during the day. A sort of preternatural stillness, augmented by the contrast, reigned over the scene in the intervals of the wind; the sun, dilated to an unusual breadth and half-smothered in lurid-looking clouds, to whose deep and eccentric outline an intense illumination had been imparted, had just sunk beneath the horizon, and the rosy lights of early twilight softening nearer shadows and remoter tints into a luxuriant purity, on which an artist would have been delighted to dwell, were beginning rapidly to decline into the grey obscurity of advancing night. Before lay the precipitous depth of the wide and singular Dyke. Sloping broadly down in majestic abruptness, absorbing the damp autumnal light, covered with the scanty herbage peculiar to the comparative aridity of the soil, its lower parts, as they

gradually receded, were indistinguishable in the deepness of the shadow which brooded upon them, and stretched on either side in chill and melancholy length, till confounded with the cloudiness of distance. The crimson light of the fast-departing evening had disappeared from the lower country, and was now only discernible on the gleaming summits of the far-off ridges of hills. A few pale stars, struggling into quivering existence through the breaks of cloud above, were shedding a tremulous lustre; the last vesper flush was dying in the west; and to add to the solemnity of the landscape, the darkness of an approaching storm was majestically spreading in the south-west, and the rumbling of advancing thunder booming deeply in the gloom of distance. Before the door of her wild habitation sat the form of the mad woman of the Dyke. She was intently watching the approach of the tempest which threatened, and every minute glancing behind her, as if she distrusted the protection her crazy residence was capable of affording; her skinny and attenuated hand rested on her knee, and there was nothing in her quick and penetrating eye that indicated insanity. Beside her lay a basket of herbs and wild fruit, which she had that day with much pains collected, and about her feet hopped a half-starved raven, for which she seemed to entertain a particular attachment.

But now a dim and fast approaching figure was observable coming from the seaward. It caught the old woman's eye, who turned round and occupied herself apparently with speculations of its character. The thunder had by this time come nearer, and a heavy roll reverberated above. The former rapidly neared its observer, who in the increasing darkness sought in vain to define its lineaments: it seemed to be hurrying on without regard to the difficulty of the ground over which it passed, and fast approaching the ridge of the far-famed Dyke, the dangers of further passage seemed to threaten an increase. On however it went, apparently totally regardless of the old woman's hurried intimation of peril, towards that part which was most precipitous. She now perceived that this reckless and mysterious stranger was enveloped in the cloudy folds of a dark and voluminous mantle, and that its face and shape baffled discernment. In the greatest astonishment and incapable of utterance, she saw this figure descending, seemingly unhurt and with the greatest velocity, the steepest part of the glen before her and as rapidly surmounting the opposite side. She watched it for some time with breathless attention, till at length its proportions melted into uncertainty, and the whole form became blended with the shadows of distance. As if urged by a sudden impulse, she fled shrieking into the house, while the last glimmer of twilight faded into the darkness of night.

The next day it was whispered throughout the neighbouring country that on the evening preceding, Michael Swinford had been gathered to his fathers: who it was that crossed the Dyke, at the time the event intimated took place, was never satisfactorily determined; but the superstitious peasantry identified him with the personage whose name it since has borne, and insinuated that the supposed fate of the oppressor was amply deserved by that of which he had been guilty.

W. R.

TO THAT LOCK OF SUNNY HAIR.

Pledge of the past—sad type of pain,
Of fever'd hopes, and torturing fears,
Beside my heart thou shalt remain
For years—for years!

'Tis weakness:—yet when Youth despairs,
And Love grows silent as the grave,
Who hath not still embrac'd the cares
His feelings have?

Who hath not clasp'd to memory's breast
The image of a rifled pleasure,
And deem'd that he is not unblest
In that poor treasure?

The perfume of a fading flower,
Tho' sickly, is a perfume yet,
That lives when any grateful shower
Hath wept it wet!

And so the odour of affection
Is wakened, and revives once more,
When tears of former recollection
Bedew it o'er!

Alas! and can I moralize
With bursting heart, and burning brow?
O wreck of tender sympathies,
I feel thee now!

I walk the world alone, alone,
I hate—I scorn—I smile—I sneer,
I am become a man of stone,
Without a tear!

There is no wish, there is no thought,
To strew with flowers my barren way,
To cheer the winter of my lot
With one kind ray!

But only *thee:* and ne'er could cling
The tendril to its parent tree,
So fondly in its infant spring,
As I to *thee!*

To *thee:* O whither wings my thought?
I must be calm—I must control
This tenderness that sets at nought
My struggling soul!

To *thee*—to what? *your trifling braid*
Of drooping and unconscious hair.
O Hope—O Love—O Memory fade,
And leave me with Despair!

W. G. T.

LORD BROUGHAM'S DISCOURSE OF NATURAL THEOLOGY.

Paley's Natural Theology illustrated. Preliminary Discourse, by LORD BROUGHAM. (*First title.*) *A Discourse of Natural Theology, showing the Nature of the Evidence and the Advantages of the Study.* By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S., and Member of the National Institute of France. (*Second title.*) Charles Knight, Ludgate Street.

To the Editor of the Metropolitan Magazine.

SIR,

CAN you make room for a few remarks on some of the arguments used by Lord Brougham in his "Discourse of Natural Theology?" They are but few, though I could have wished to go through the book page by page; but that I knew you could not give insertion to an article which, in that case, must necessarily have been so lengthy.

When I remember the great learning, the unquestioned talent, and uncommon ingenuity which all must acknowledge Lord Brougham possesses, I am apt to wonder at my own temerity in daring to question the validity of any argument of his. But the truth is, while I read his book I did not think at all of his lordship—I only thought of his lordship's arguments.

Allow me further to premise that, in impugning Lord Brougham's arguments, I am by no means to be considered as questioning the doctrine—the general doctrine—which those arguments were *intended* to advocate—a doctrine which no man *could* disprove if he *would*, nor, I think, would *wish to disprove* even if he *could*. It is precisely because I am a friend to the doctrine of the immortality of the soul that I am anxious to show the feebleness and fallacy of Lord Brougham's arguments; because I believe that one bad argument *in favour* of any doctrine is more injurious to that doctrine than twenty *against* it; more especially if it happen to be advanced by a man of acknowledged learning and talent. For mankind, who are ever ready to shuffle off the trouble of thinking for themselves, reason thus. They say,—"This man is a friend to the doctrine, therefore he will select the very best and strongest possible arguments that can be brought to bear upon it; he is, moreover, a learned and a talented man, therefore he is able to see and know which are the best and the strongest." And when they find that this advocate of the doctrine, with all his talent and all his learning, can produce no better arguments than such as those contained in the "Discourse of Natural Theology," they are then, very naturally, likely to conclude that the doctrine is itself unsound, and that no good argument can be brought to support it. Let no one draw such a conclusion in the present instance.

To the "Discourse of Natural Theology" may well be applied the old Greek proverb *ακαρνος θυσια*. It is indeed Bancketje van drie hazelnooten,—a small banquet of three hazel-nuts. For the reasons above stated, I have only glanced at a few of the most superficial fallacies; but I assure you, I have searched it most diligently through without being once able to exclaim, "Ecco lo fico!" Behold the fig!

At page 56 the author says, "The consciousness of existence—the perpetual sense that we are thinking, and that we are performing the operation *quite independently* of all material objects, proves to us the existence of a being quite different from our bodies." I have nothing to say of this passage, because by no possible effort can I understand it; for surely his lordship does not mean to say that there exists in him a perpetual sense that he is thinking, and that he is performing the operation *quite independently of his own brain!* And yet if he do not mean this, to me the whole passage is profoundly unintelligible.

At page 57 he says, "But that the mind—that the sentient principle—that the thing or the being which we call 'I' and 'We,' and which thinks, feels, reasons, should have no existence is a contradiction in terms." Now observe how *exactly* the *same argument*, stated in the *same way*, almost in the *same words*, will *seem to prove*, with the *same truth*, *any thing else*, however monstrous. Take, for instance, alphitomancy, that is, divination by barley meal. Now state Lord Brougham's argument over again, only for the word "*mind*," substituting the word *alphitomancy;* and for what Lord Brougham *assumes* the mind to do, viz. think, remember, feel, &c., substituting what the ancients *assumed* alphitomancy to do, viz. reveal futurity, foretell coming events, pre-admonish against impending dangers, &c. The argument will then stand thus:—"But that alphitomancy—that the art of divining—that the art or the science which we call alphitomancy, or divination by barley meal, and which reveals futurity, foretells coming events, and pre-admonishes against impending dangers—that this should be a *mere vain pretence*, a blind superstition, is a *contradiction in terms*." Now it is perfectly manifest—absolutely self-evident—that the "*contradiction in terms*" arises as naturally and necessarily out of the argument when applied to alphitomancy as it does when applied to mind; for surely it is a glaring contradiction to *admit* that alphitomancy can *really reveal futurity*, and yet to call it a mere *vain pretence*. This "contradiction in terms," therefore, on which his lordship relies for proof of the existence of mind, is, if it can prove any thing, equally efficacious to prove that divination by barley-meal is by no means a *mere pretence*, but a faithful, veritable truth-telling revelation. But it is clear that in stating this argument the author begs the whole question, which is—Has the mind an existence apart from matter? Is it the mind which thinks, feels, reasons? Is it the mind to which we refer when we say "I" and "We?" These two latter questions are necessarily included in the first, viz. Has the mind an existence? Because, if it have no existence, then it cannot be *it* which thinks, feels, and reasons; and if it, the mind, *do indeed* think, feel, and reason, then it must have an existence. But his lordship, in the very statement of his argument, begs the whole of these questions: for he assumes that the mind thinks, feels, and reasons (which assumption, as I have shown above, includes the other assumption, that mind exists)—he assumes that the mind is a "*thing* or *being*," that is, an *existence*, that is, a *something which exists:*—he assumes that it is to this *something*, to which we refer when we say "I" and "We," and then he says, that to deny the *existence* of this *something which exists* is a "contradiction in terms." And so it is a "contradiction in terms," to say that alphitomancy *which reveals futurity* is a mere idle pretence; because if it really *does* (as this manner of speaking assumes) reveal futurity, then it is impossible that it should be a mere pretence. But the question is, "Does alphitomancy reveal futurity? And so of the mind. The question is not, whether the mind *which thinks, feels, and reasons*, has an existence: this would be a silly question. The matter in dispute is, whether the mind *does* think, feel, and reason. For it is manifest, as I must repeat, that, if we be allowed to assume that the mind is a something which *performs* this or that,—if

it *possess* power to do this or that,—then that something must have existence. For a nonentity, a negation of every thing, cannot *possess!* Possession cannot reside in *nothing!* If this assumption, therefore, be allowed, there is no further question about the matter—there is an end of it—the thing is settled, decided, proved—all further argument is supererogatory—the thing *to be* proved is, at the very outset, assumed as *proven*—all reasoning, therefore, on the subject is but "idle breath,"—a mere *brutum fulmen.*

Before I proceed further, I must once more disclaim the possible imputation of doubting myself the existence of mind apart from matter. It is impossible to argue upon this subject without using expressions which would seem to sanction such an imputation, and this forms, I think, one strong objection against arguing about it at all. That mind exists is just as certain as that matter exists, and for the same reason, viz. that it is self-manifested: and if such writers as my Lord Brougham had never attempted to reduce it to any other proof (I mean, than its own manifestation) its existence would never have been questioned.

But the most extraordinary part of the whole book is that portion wherein Lord Brougham asserts, that it is possible for a man to arrive at the *idea of numbers entirely without the aid of his senses.* What! can a man be *destitute* of the *possibility* of becoming acquainted with *things*, and yet acquire *ideas* of those things? Things of which a man is, in all respects, totally ignorant, *for that man*, have no existence—no more than if they *really* did *not exist*—and can a man form or conceive an idea of that which has *no existence?* Surely the author does not mean to deny the truth of that doctrine of Locke's—that, to which, indeed, he owes all his glory, viz. that we derive our ideas solely through the medium of our senses! If he do, then I can only say, that I believe him to be the only man of the present day, with any pretension to learning or talent, who does so.

But no. This assertion must have escaped him unwittingly.

In page 102 the author says, "We may first of all observe that if a particular combination of matter gives birth to what we call mind, this is an operation altogether peculiar and unexampled. When, by chiselling, 'the marble softened into life grows warm,' we have the marble new-moulded and endowed with the power of agreeably affecting our senses, our memory, and our fancy; but it is all the while the marble; there is the beautiful and expressive marble instead of the amorphous mass, and we have not, besides the marble, a new existence created by the form which has been given to that stone." I beg your lordship's pardon—did not your lordship just now say that the marble, by means of the sculptor's chisel, became endowed with the *power* of agreeably affecting our senses, our memory, and our fancy? A power which *did not exist* in the amorphous mass? How then can your lordship say, that in this case, we have *no new existence* created, when almost in the same breath, certainly in the same sentence, your lordship acknowledges that a *new power does exist* in the finished statue, which did *not exist* in the amorphous mass? You contradict yourself, my lord—you *deny* a new creation at the *beginning* of the sentence, and *admit* it at the *end* of it: for by the word "power," your lordship must mean either something or nothing; if nothing, then I have nothing more to say, but if *something*, then *that something*, according to your lordship's *own showing* and admission, is a *new creation.* This new power—this newly-created "*something*," is what the world calls *beauty*—a "something," my lord, which has often manifested a power greater than that of the human mind itself; for it has often proved itself capable of enchaining the strongest minds, of overcoming the firmest resolves, of bending the stubbornest, of humbling the haughtiest, and of driving the wisest stark staring mad.

In page 106, the author says, "The existence and the operations of mind, supposing it to exist, will account for all the phenomena which matter is supposed to exhibit. But the existence and action of matter, vary it how we may, will never account for one of the phenomena of mind. We do not believe more firmly in the sensible objects around us when we are well and awake, than we do in the reality of those phantoms which the imagination conjures up in the hours of sleep, or the season of derangement. But no effect produced by material agency ever produced a spiritual existence, or engendered the belief of such an existence." Here, my lord, you say, the existence and operations of mind will account for the phenomena of matter, *supposing mind to exist*—which supposition you make for argument's sake. But suppose mind, for argument's sake, *not to exist!* What then? Why then the solution of those phenomena must be sought for in matter. Again, you say, "the existence and action of matter will never account for one of the phenomena of mind." This is your assertion; but those who argue on the other side of the question *assert that it will.* Whether it will or not, therefore, is precisely the question in dispute—the thing to be proved,—but assertions are not proofs, and without proof one man's assertion is as good as another's—their assertion that it *will,* as good as yours that it will *not.* It is proof, my lord, not assertion, that is required to settle this question. Again, you say, that "no effect produced by material agency ever produced a spiritual existence." If, by spiritual existence, you mean, as I suppose, an immaterial existence, then, my lord, I can tell you of a thousand spiritual or immaterial existences "produced by material agency;" for instance, beauty and power, as we have already seen in the illustration of the chiselled statue—motion, gravitation, affinity, and a thousand others. These are all produced by material agency—they are causes producing stupendous effects: and to say, "these are causes," is to say, "these causes *are,*"—and to say, "these causes *are,*" is the same as saying, "these causes exist;" and surely if they *exist,* they must have *existence,* and it is equally certain they are not material substances, and equally clear that they are produced by material agency; as, without matter, there can be neither beauty, gravitation, nor affinity.

Again. You say, "that all around us should only be the creatures of our fancy, no one can affirm to be impossible. But that our mind—that which remembers, compares, imagines—in a word, that which thinks,—that this should have no existence is both impossible and indeed a contradiction in terms." Here again your lordship is heinously guilty of the *petitio principii,* against which you so loudly complain in your remarks on the "Système de la Nature." The question to be argued is, whether there be such an existence as mind apart from matter. But your lordship, instead of attempting to argue or prove that there is such an existence, broadly and roundly asserts at once, that there is; for you assert or assume that it is the mind which remembers, thinks, &c.; and to assume this is to assume that the mind exists, because if it be the mind which remembers and thinks, why then it is clear that the mind exists. Thus having assumed that the mind *exists,* you then tell us that (this being the case) it is impossible that it should have *no existence;* and that to deny it is a "contradiction in terms." Why, certainly, it did not require your lordship's acumen to discover that if the mind *does exist,* it *does* exist! and that to admit its existence and deny its existence is a contradiction in terms!! But, my lord, *is it* the *mind* which remembers, compares, imagines, thinks? For *that* is the question—it is *that* which you have to *prove;* for gratuitous assumptions go for nothing in argument, as your lordship knows infinitely better than I do.

In page 106 the author says, "If mind perishes it is the only example

of annihilation which we know." This is not true, my lord. When the clock stops, motion is annihilated; when the statue crumbles, beauty is annihilated; when the spring breaks, power is annihilated; when your lordship holds your tongue, sound is annihilated.

In page 108 the author says, "We can form no conception of any one particle that *once is*, ceasing to be. How then can we form any conception of the mind which we now know (how do we know it?) to exist ceasing to be?" But why may not those against whose opinion your lordship is reasoning, reply to you, that it is just as easy to conceive the cessation of mind as the cessation of motion? Many of them say that mind is only the result of a certain condition of matter, as motion is the result of another condition; and before your lordship proceeds to found any argument upon the falsehood of this opinion, it is manifestly incumbent on your lordship to *prove it false*. But supposing it to be true that we can form no conception of the mind, any more than of matter, *ceasing* to be—what then? because, for the same reason, so neither can we form any conception of the mind, any more than of matter, *beginning* to be. How then can we form any conception of the mind of a man not yet born *beginning* to be? which mind, of course, we now know, *is not*? And yet, my lord, you tell us in the next page but one, that we see mind *called into existence* every day. Besides, you tell us in other parts of your book, that our seeing and feeling the material objects around us is no proof of their existence. How then can seeing new mind called into existence every day, be considered as proof that it really is so. But I think your lordship will find few believers even in the *possible* truth of this crotchet of Berkeley's, viz., that seeing and feeling are no proof of the existence of matter. Because if that possibility were once admitted, there would be an end at once to all the mystery and mistiness of metaphysics; and mankind, I think, would be very glad to escape so easily from the study of a science so obscure and unsatisfactory.

But "*retournons à nos moutons.*" If the not being able to conceive how mind can cease to be, can be considered as a proof that it cannot cease to be, then manifestly the not being able to conceive how it can *begin* to be, is also a proof that it *cannot* begin; or, in other words, that it is eternal. And indeed, at page 270, your lordship seems to assent to the doctrine of Lucretius, as expressed by Persius, "*De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti.*" For your lordship says, page 271, that there is "manifestly just *as much* difficulty (your lordship does not say *more*) and of the same kind, in comprehending how a being can cease to exist, as how it can come into existence." The difficulty being the same in either case, the passage may therefore be reversed in *its order*, without any alteration in the sense, and may be read thus: "there is manifestly as much difficulty, and of the same kind, in comprehending how a being can come into existence, as how it can cease to exist," &c. Thus your lordship acknowledges that it is as hard to conceive a "beginning to be," as "a ceasing to be." And yet your lordship talks familiarly of "seeing new mind called into existence every day!" Thus one of your lordship's arguments destroys another. For first you argue, page 108, near the bottom, that it is impossible to conceive how the mind, which we know now is, can cease to be—from which you conclude that it *does not cease to be.*" Then, (page 271,) you admit that it is just as impossible to conceive "a beginning to be," as "a ceasing to be." And then again, (page 110,) you say that this "beginning to be," which it is "impossible to conceive," is seen, nevertheless, every day with our eyes. Your words are—"It (that is, mind) is called into existence perpetually, before our eyes." And what is "the being called into existence," but a "beginning to be?"

At page 241 it is said, that "the celebrated argument of Descartes—*cogito, ergo sum*—had a correct and a profound meaning." Because Des-

cartes (according to the author of the "Discourse of Natural Theology") did not mean, by the pronoun *ego*, understood in the words *cogito* and *sum*, "any fraction of matter, but a reasoning, inferring, believing being—in other words, *mind*." Now, my lord, observe to what this leads. In one part of your book you admit that beasts have "*some portion of reason.*" Now it cannot be denied, that to exercise any portion of reason, however minute, is in some sort to think. But, according to your lordship's interpretation of Descartes' logic, whatever has the power of *thinking*, must possess a mind. "*Cogito*," said Descartes, "*ergo* sum." "*Cogito*," says Lord Brougham—"Ergo, I possess a mind;" and mind, according to his lordship's book, is indestructible. *Ergo*, as beasts "cogitant" they possess minds—and as mind is indestructible they possess *immortal* minds.

Such are a few of the arguments used by Lord Brougham, to prove the separate existence of mind. I ask, are they such as can convince the infidel, or confirm the waverer? On the contrary, are they not well calculated to make him, who had never doubted before, exclaim, "Is it possible that the existence of the mind, which I have all along considered so certain, can be supported by no better arguments than these?" I fear something like this will be the ejaculation of many a reader, and whoever so ejaculates, from that moment becomes a doubter—a disturbed wanderer in the dark night of metaphysical mystification. Farewell to the quiet of that man's mind. The bright vision of eternal happiness which had ever been present to his imagination, beckoning him heavenward, has disappeared—a thick veil has fallen before it, and shut it from his view—a restless anxiety is gnawing at his heart—an indefinable dread sits heavily on his soul. Whither shall he turn for consolation? On one side is the black gulf of annihilation, on the other the impenetrable mists of metaphysical subtleties. Hope, perhaps, who never entirely forsakes us, may still be seen flickering at intervals through the "dark obscure," but her sickly smile and perturbed eye give the lie to her own promises. What has this man lost? And what has he gained? "Errare Mehercule malo cum Platone quàm cum istis vera sentire!"

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

E. Johnson.

We had repeatedly heard speak of this bi-titular work either with doubtful praise or undisguised condemnation. Knowing the constitution of his lordship's mind, its mad ambition, its restlessness that too often trembles on the very verge of insanity, and his insatiate craving to be ever the theme of public conversation, we deemed it to be, probably, an eloquent, brilliant, and meretricious rhapsody, with sufficient reason in it to rescue it from the imputation of being a flight of imagination; in fact, a peg upon which to hang a few antithetical figures of speech, an oratorical deluge to drown the reproaches attendant on political chicanery, or an embellished clap-trap for a little transient applause. Supposing this to be the case—and who will say that our

supposition was unnatural?—we allowed this treatise to remain on our library table with its leaves uncut, looking upon it with something of the feeling with which we are too apt to eye a lawyer's bill, which we know must be attended to, but which disgreeable operation we defer with zealous procrastination.

Under these circumstances we were roused from our self-imposed apathy by the receipt of the letter from our acute and talented correspondent, that immediately precedes this article. We consequently exclaimed, "Can such things be?" Wondering if it were possible that an ex-Lord Chancellor, and one who ought, at some period of his life to have been a lawyer, could so far commit himself, and that none of our contemporaries should notice it, we opened his work and read.

We read. In absolute kindness to the great majority of our countrymen—in honest kindness to Lord Brougham himself, when we closed the book, we fervently wished that we should be the last reader that might ever lose his time over the pernicious work. "In kindness to Lord Brougham"—the words have dropped unconsciously from our pen, and we will not recall them. In the most baleful objects, there is always something that is beautiful. In the vivid and irresistible lightning-flash, whose aim is devastation, and whose contact death, there is a stern grandeur that writes its name in the heavens, and the word is "beauty;"—the insidious viper, whose sting is instant corruption, has, notwithstanding its reptile form and earth-contaminating creep, a beauty in its variegated colours; even the toad, that would tempt the crushing of the heel, did not its defence lie in its very hideousness, has an eye which Earth's master-mind has not disdained to celebrate; and even Lord Brougham's "Natural Theology" has one or two solitary points on which the mind does not loathe to dwell. For the sake of these, small and overwhelmed as they are, we wish in kindness to him, that his "Discourse" may sink into instant oblivion, and pass away from the memory of man.

There is a certain successful physician now practising, who has given it as his opinion, upon his oath, and in a court of justice, that he believed that every human being was insane, in a degree, upon some particular point; and that perfect sanity was only to be found in the divine essence of perfection—the Deity. If every deviation from the line of rectitude be an act of madness, the doctor is right. But there is a large class of individuals who are not mad, but stolid. These have faculties so obtuse, that, except in the most obvious cases, they cannot discriminate right from wrong, and are therefore no more mad than the brutes that browse; but we refer to another class, upon whom some one or two absorbing passions are so strong, that they become the instinct of their lives, the moving principle of all their actions, and the enjoyment of which is the *summum bonum* of their existence. These men are not, strictly speaking, mad, they only follow out those sensations that give them the most enjoyment, and endeavour to be as happy as they can after their own hearts. The besetting sin of this class is an inordinate vanity, a burning and a destroying thirst for applause, and an egregious self-exaltation, ridiculous to every body but its unconscious victim. Such a character was the Roman Nero.

Not content with the empire of the universal world, with the adulation of kings, and the sycophancy of genius, he descended into the arena and struggled with the Helot gladiator for the vociferations of the *then unwashed*, and the title of the emperor of the world could not satiate him without being accompanied by the renown of being its first fiddler.

It is this corroding vanity that has made emperors buffoons, and lord high chancellors mountebanks. What it has made Lord Brougham, in his public character, we all know: it has produced a multitude of curious scenes—a multitude of mischievous deeds—and—among the most evil—"A Treatise of Natural Theology." We have quoted the mad doctor's opinion, in order that the liberal reader may kindly impute as much of this treatise to the bias of incipient insanity as Christian charity will permit.

Now this, that follows, Lord Brougham has done. Let the reader give his utmost attention to it. He has voluntarily taken a brief in the right cause, and, knowing it to be right, unrighteously betrayed it, and, we thank God, as weakly as unrighteously.

To elucidate sacred by profane things, he has done what is tantamount in treachery to this. A man has a clear, and most legal right to an estate. He has from its immediate deviser, documents that all the world acknowledge to be genuine, and that none but the most profligate and the utterly crazed can dispute. Lord Brougham accosts this man, tells him that he has a good title, but, in order to make assurance doubly sure, persuades him, for his own security, and that of his posterity, to come again into court, and that he will plead his cause. Behold the casuist counsel there, brief in hand: he begins by saying, "My lord, look at these documents, they certainly are good *as far as they go*—but my client has other claims upon this land of promise: indeed, if I cannot prove this other right, all these excellent parchments go for nothing, and my client is a beggar—for, upon these previous prescriptive rights all the documentary evidence is based; destroy them, and all my client's right and title are moonshine." Having gone thus far, he then proceeds upon the primal subject, and reasons it so weakly and so unsatisfactorily, loads his arguments with so many contradictions, and involves his positions in so many doubts, that what with perplexity and confusion, he does away with the principle, or so weakens it in the minds of his hearers who are his judges, that the all that depended upon it naturally falls to the ground, and the deluded wretch that trusted his cause in his hands, finds himself utterly and most treasonably ruined.

All this we will prove: but had he done no more than this, his soul would have been pure as unsunned snow, in comparison to the crimson stain his foolish vanity will eternally fix upon it. The supposititious estate is the kingdom of *eternal life*, the documentary evidence, a writing no less awful than the NEW TESTAMENT. The principal prescriptive right upon which the validity of all this hangs—the holiest of our aspirations—the only solace of the poor—the sweetest hope of the rich—the essence of all good, and the impulse to all virtue—the validity of all this depends—*upon Lord Brougham's visionary theory of* "NATURAL THEOLOGY."

We are Christians—we are Protestants. We will therefore endeavour to forgive this cool, this callous attempt to crush all belief, in the faith of a church, that Lord Brougham, had he the years of a Methuselah, will never live to overthrow.

This is not declamation. We are going to prove, by his lordship's own words, what we have stated; but, before we enter upon the subject, we must entreat the reader to reflect for a few minutes. Has Lord Brougham written this book from mere vanity or with a deep intent? Is there not in all this the cloven foot, and the plundering hand —the spirit of rapine that flings the eye of greed upon the church property? Is not this a covert attack upon all faith, and will not the honest Dissenter of every denomination join with the conscientious churchman in heaping deserved obloquy upon the underminer of their common creed? We fear that there is no madness—it is cool, cautious, deliberate, consummate Machiavelism.

We proceed to our proofs. We pledge ourselves to show, out of Lord Brougham's mouth, in the first place, that he asserts revealed religion to be *secondary to*, and the proof of its truth dependent upon, "Natural Theology"—and, in the second place, that he has made what he chooses to call *Natural Theology*, a thing so ricketty and weak—so contradictory, and so absurd, that it is apparent he wishes, by destroying what he is pleased to consider as the parent, quietly to immolate the offspring, and to make his readers infer, that there is no truth at all in revelation, folly in all professions of faith, and no necessity for an Established Church.

To our first proof, as to his lordship's assertion of the ancillary and secondary nature of Revelation, as vouchsafed to us by the Holy Writ. The reader will find—but we would rather that he should take our word for it, and eschew the book—so we correct ourselves and say, there will be found in page 215 these words: "Accordingly, we (the ex-chancellor) proceed a step farther, and assert, that it is a *vain* and *ignorant* thing to suppose that *Natural Theology* is not *necessary* to the *support* of Revelation. The latter (that is, Revelation!) may be *untrue*—though the former be admitted. It may be proved, or allowed, that there is a God, though it be denied that he sent any message to man, through men, or other intermediate agents." Again, "But Revelation *cannot be true*, if natural religion *be false*." Again, in page 207—"It is plain that no sufficient evidence can ever be given by direct Revelation *alone*, in favour of the great truths of religion." But, in order that it may not be said that we garble extracts, we give the whole.

"Suppose it were shown by incontestable proofs that a messenger sent immediately from heaven had appeared on the earth; suppose, to make the case more strong against our argument, that this messenger arrived in our own days, nay, appeared before our eyes, and showed his divine title to have his message believed, by performing miracles in our presence. No one can by possibility imagine a stronger case; for it excludes all arguments upon the weight or the fallibility of testimony; it assumes all the ordinary difficulties in the way of Revelation to be got over. Now, even this strong evidence would not at all establish the truth of the doctrine promulgated by the messenger; for it would not show that the story he brought was worthy of belief in any one particular except his supernatural powers. These would be demonstrated by his working miracles. All the rest of his statement would rest on his assertion. But a being capable of working miracles might very

well be capable of deceiving us. The possession of power does not of necessity exclude either fraud or malice. This messenger might come from an evil as well as from a good being; he might come from more beings than one; or he might come from one being of many existing in the universe. When Christianity was first promulgated, the miracles of Jesus were not denied by the ancients; but it was asserted that they came from evil beings, and that he was a magician. Such an explanation was consistent with the kind of belief to which the votaries of polytheism were accustomed. They were habitually credulous of miracles and of divine interpositions. But their argument was not at all unphilosophical. There is nothing whatever inconsistent in the power to work miracles being conferred upon a man or a minister by a supernatural being, who is either of limited power himself, or of great malignity, or who is one of many such beings. Yet it is certain that no means can be devised for attesting the supernatural agency of any one, except such a power of working miracles; therefore, it is plain that no sufficient evidence can ever be given by direct Revelation alone in favour of the great truths of religion. The messenger in question might have power to work miracles without end, and yet it would remain unproved, either that God was omnipotent, and one, and benevolent, or that he destined his creatures to a future state, or that he had made them such as they are in their present state. All this might be true, indeed; but its truth would rest only on the messenger's assertion, and upon whatever internal evidence the nature of his communication afforded; and it might be false, without the least derogation to the truth of the fact that he came from a superior being, and possessed the power of suspending the laws of nature."

His lordship thus delivers himself concerning miracles.

"It deserves, however, to be remarked, in perfect consistency with the argument which has here been maintained, that no mere revelation, no direct message, however avouched by miraculous gifts, could prove the faithfulness of the promises held out by the messenger, excepting by the slight inference which the nature of the message might afford. The portion of his credentials which consisted of his miraculous powers could not prove it. For unless we had first ascertained the unity and the benevolence of the being that sent him, as those miracles only prove power, he might be sent to deceive us; and thus the hopes held out by him might be delusions. The doctrines of Natural Religion here come to our aid, and secure our belief to the messenger of one Being, whose goodness they have taught us to trust."

Again, he thus contemptuously speaks of the internal evidence of revealed religion.

"Thus, were our whole knowledge of the Deity drawn from Revelation, its foundation must become weaker and weaker as the distance in point of time increases from the actual interposition. Tradition, or the evidence of testimony, must of necessity be its only proof: for perpetual miracles must be wrought to give us evidence by our own senses. Now, a perpetual miracle is a contradiction in terms; for the exception to, or suspension of, the laws of nature so often repeated would destroy the laws themselves, and with the laws the force of the exception or suspension. Upon testimony, then, all Revelation must rest. Every age but the one in which the miracles were wrought, and every country but the one that witnessed them—indeed, all the people of that country itself save those actually present—must receive the proofs which they afford of Divine interposition upon the testimony of eye-witnesses, and of those to whom eye-witnesses told it. Even if the miracles were exhibited before all the nations of one age, the next must believe upon the authority of tradition; and if we suppose the interposition to be repeated from time to time, each repetition would incalculably weaken its force, because the laws of nature, though not wholly destroyed, as they must be by a constant violation, would yet lose their prevailing force, and each exception would become a slighter proof of supernatural agency. It is far otherwise with the proofs of Natural Religion: repetition only strengthens and extends them. We are by no means affirming that Revelation would lose its sanction by lapse of time, as long as it had the perpetually new and living evidence of Natural Religion to support it. We are only showing the use of that evidence to Revelation, by examining the

inevitable consequences of its entire removal, and seeing how ill supported the truths of Revelation would be, if the prop were withdrawn which they borrow from Natural Theology; for then they would rest upon tradition alone."

Let the pious man, the father of a family, the instructor of youth, or whoever he may be, who has felt his bosom relieved from care as he prayed when he went to rest, or his heart elated with joy as he murmured his morning thanksgiving; let him, we say, attentively read these extracts, and should he be so sunk into faturity as to trust to the impression they would convey, would he not find all his faith in the Bible, all that the tender mother first taught, and the venerable pastor confirmed, to be of no more value than his lordship's legal opinion when High Chancellor of England, and no more to be depended upon than the versatility of his politics? Revelation, it appears, is nothing, until it has received the sanction, the approving nod, of Lord Brougham's "Natural Theology."

Although Lord Brougham tells us that a perpetual miracle is a contradiction in terms, we cannot but think that the present continued dispersion of the Jews is something like a perpetual miracle, and were his lordship to be wafted to the Dead Sea, and from thence to the spot where Babylon once was, he might, as he pondered over these silent deserts, feel that prophecies have been fulfilled.

Lord Brougham dare not, with all his hardihood, assert that the account of our Saviour's mission was false, or that any thing contained in the Evangelists is a fabrication. Among the first disciples, and the early converts, what was known of this modern "Natural Theology," upon which the truth of all revelation depends? Did the Crucified teach it? Where was it? And who shall presume to say that, under the very eye of our blessed Redeemer, religion—the purest, the best—was not? If revealed religion was incomplete and inconclusive as to holiness, until Newton discovered his calculus, and Harvey the circulation of the blood, and "Natural Theology" had a Brougham for its apostle, according to his lordship's own favourite system of argument by induction, there could have been no religion at all. He distinctly asserts that "natural theology is necessary to the support of revelation." Consequently, when they neither cared for nor knew what natural theology meant, revelation could have no support—therefore, not being supported it must have perished, and thus there was an end of the matter altogether.

Again, what does the great mass of believers know about "Natural Theology"—the peasant, the artisan, the neophyte all over the world?—Is there no revelation for them because they have not read Paley or Lord Brougham's misrepresentation of him?

And shall there be no merit in faith? If this "Natural Theology," is to make the doctrines of religion, and the mysteries of the pact between God and man as simple and as undeniable as the proposition that four times four are sixteen, what becomes of the great merit in confiding with an implicit humility in the mysterious promises of redemption? And his lordship pretends to fear, that God's word might be weakened by being carried to distant ages through the means of tradition, were it not for the assistance afforded to it by human knowledge. Has not our Saviour said that "My church?" &c.

Revealed religion has most assuredly nothing to be thankful for at

the hands of his lordship. He fears openly to deny it, but he would have us think that it is dependent for its very existence upon "Natural Theology,"* and then—

The cause of natural theology he degrades and damnifies.

But, before we proceed to prove this, we must say one word upon the double title of this "Discourse." It would, in its duplicity, seem to insinuate that Brougham has illustrated Paley. The only illustration that the necessarian and expediency-loving divine has had from his illustrator, is, in many invidious remarks, and in wholesale plagiarism, not of words, but of ideas and arguments; so disguised, indeed, that Brougham may now very safely own them, for we are sure that, were Paley living, *he* would not.

There is truth in natural theology. It is, so to speak, an innate principle of the human mind. While it acts upon us so as to cause us to adore in humbleness, it is a safe, and even a heart-cherishing and ennobling contemplation. It has always existed among the educated, even where revelation did not; but where revelation is, it has too often proved its deadliest foe; puffing up the human heart with that vain parade of terms which vanity is so fond to call knowledge, and which is no more than that which was to the "Greeks" foolishness. Yet, after all, what is this discovery that we owe to natural theology? Merely, that there is a first cause—a God. Does it require ponderous tomes to prove this? To say nothing of the assurances of Holy Writ, every storm thunders it forth to the dullest capacity, every expanding flower whispers it to the weakest. Yes, there is truth in natural theology, but not in the theology of Lord Brougham.

We accuse his lordship, in the first place, where he is most intelligible, of endeavouring to promulgate such a system that, while it affects to draw the mind to the contemplation of the one God, it tempts it, at the same time, to neglect first, and afterwards utterly to disregard, all forms of faith; and, secondly, where he is not so intelligible, it appears to us, that either in malice or in ignorance, perhaps under the influence of both, he has made what he is pleased to call "Natural Theology," such a jumble of contradictions, as will lead the mind at once to repudiate it; and thus, by a filicidal act of Lord Brougham, in destroying what he is pleased to esteem the major of the argument, the minor, that is, revelation, falls of course to the ground.

The first sixteen pages of the work consist principally of definitions so nice, and approaching the one to another so nearly, and even mingling, as it were, their extreme edges, that instead of clearing the rough ground of the tangled weeds and intricate obstructions that always lie before the very outworks of the subject, he only makes the confusion the greater. What definite idea is there contained in the following paragraph?

"The merely contemplative pursuits, which thus form one of the great branches of mental exertion, seem again to be divisible into two classes, by a line that, to a careless observer, appears sufficiently defined. The objects of our inquiry and meditation appear to be either those things in the physical and spiritual worlds, with which we are conversant through our senses, or by means of our internal conscious-

* We refer, in this place, our readers to a re-perusal of Mr. Johnson's letter.

ness; or those things with which we are made acquainted only by reasoning—by the evidence of things unseen and unfelt. We either discuss the properties and relations of actually perceived and conceived beings, physical and mental—that is, the objects of sense and of consciousness—or we carry our inquiries beyond those things which we see and feel; we investigate the origin of them and of ourselves; we rise from the contemplation of nature and of the spirit within us, to the first cause of all, both of body and of mind."

What are those things in "the spiritual world with which we are conversant through our senses?" And what are those strange things which we are to understand by the strange evidence of things *unseen* and *unfelt?* Let the reader ponder over the whole passage, which pretends to lead him to the *First Cause*, and say if he ever before met with a more complete specimen of mystification.

After this, his lordship very arbitrarily, and, we think, somewhat injudiciously, divides philosophy into human science and divine science: injudiciously because, notwithstanding this decision, he goes on to prove that they ought not and cannot reasonably be divided, seeing that the proofs of the one are precisely and exactly those by which we arrive at the knowledge of the other.

Lord Brougham has before told us that there are things which we must understand by the evidence of some other things that are *unseen* and *unfelt;* and yet in page 26 he says, that "the evidence upon which our assent to both classes of truths reposes (meaning physical and divine) is of the same kind, namely, inferences drawn by reasoning from *sensations* or ideas, originally presented by the *external senses*, or by our inward consciousness."

In the name of common sense, to what are these inferences presented, drawn by reasoning from sensations derivable from the external sense? We ask to what—or, still deeper to plunge into this slough of bird-lime,—to what are presented our inferences drawn from our inward consciousness?

Almost the whole of the second section is a repetition of Paley's arguments, but without Paley's lucidness or his popular manner of enforcing them, which, after all, amount to this only, that when we see design we must infer a designer, where we experience an effect we must presuppose a cause. All this is as clear as are mathematical propositions; but even this, the best part of Brougham's work, he has, with a skilful obliquity, contrived to render injurious to true religion, and offensive to humble and sound-hearted piety, by presenting a degrading picture of the Deity as a mere plastic agent, balancing the yolk in eggs, adjusting the prismatic machinery of eyes, and complimenting him upon making "an instrument far more perfect than the achromatic glass of Mr. Dollond." Now, talking in this too familiar manner, and calling God the great artificer, with other terms that seem to imply effort and the exercise of ingenuity, is assuredly derogatory to the divine essence. It is enough for us to know that He willed this universe and all that it contains. Let us not contemplate Him with Lord Brougham as manipulating an eye, but as issuing one vast and general law, which all matter instinctively obeys.

His lordship says, "When we see that a certain effect, namely, distinct vision, is performed by an achromatic instrument, the eye, why do we infer that some one must have made it? Because we no

where, and at no time, have had any experience of any one thing fashioning itself." Now, we humbly conceive that this is not the way to view the subject. The presenting to the mind the idea of the Almighty employed upon an eye, instead of honouring and worshipping the general law by which all eyes are fashioned, is much less consonant to the feelings of the real Christian, and by no means appropriate to the man of science or even to the philosopher.

We do at all times, and every where, experience things fashioning themselves. This very eye does, though always in obedience to God's immutable law. The nucleus upon which it is formed in the early fœtus has the faculty of adapting to itself all the matter necessary to develope itself in its perfect state. Lord Brougham has fashioned himself both morally and physically, and, we thank God, in a fashion not likely to become very prevalent.

We now dismiss this, the best portion of the work, by stating it as our honest conviction, that the author has injured, as far as in him lay, his argument, by unintentionally, perhaps, giving an artificial and undignified idea of the Deity, and that he has covertly sown the first seeds of infidelity, by starting subjects, that if followed out to their natural consequences, must destroy all faith, and establish in its stead a theism proveable by fallible human reason alone, and which, if entertained, the bewildered mind, if it escape the darkness of atheism, can find no other refuge than that which deism can afford.

His third section treats of the immateriality of the soul. It is the most confused and least logical of the whole. His lordship's notion of the mind seems to be visionary and dreamy in the extreme. He would have it to be an existence independent of matter, and yet immortal. Now the whole tendency of the Scriptures goes to prove that the soul must have some identity, something when it has "shuffled off this mortal coil" by which it is distinguishable from another soul. In a pious sense, our Saviour himself was a materialist. He has told us, that the dead shall arise, that they shall be judged in the flesh, and in the flesh they shall be punished. It is no where insinuated that the soul shall be an abstraction, an idea, an intangible *ignis fatuus*, but that it shall have, if blessed, the organs of sensation that shall administer exquisite happiness, or if condemned, that will undergo infinite torture. We will defy the human mind to conceive an immaterial Deity. Let the blessed and all holy essence effuse itself over boundless space, or concentrate itself into a single point of the most ineffable light, we must still have the notion of something that can make itself felt and seen; but how infinitely sublimed this is, the human understanding can never approach to contemplate.

We are far, very far, from being materialists in the gross sense of the word, but believing, as we do, in the immortality of the soul, and in the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, we must necessarily come to the conclusion that, in our after life, there will be something material, we care not how refined it is, upon which pain and pleasure may act.

All Lord Brougham's reveries about dreaming amount to this:—that man exercises his memory sleeping as well as awake. Dreams prove nothing of the soul having a distinct existence from the body.

We will now quote what the author highly values himself upon as a new argument in favour of his proposition.

"Nothing can be conceived better calculated than these facts to demonstrate the extreme agility of the mental powers, their total diversity from any material substances or actions; nothing better adapted to satisfy us that the nature of the mind is consistent with its existence apart from the body.

"The changes which the mind undergoes in its activity, its capacity, its mode of operation, are matter of constant observation, indeed, of every man's experience. Its essence is the same; its fundamental nature is unalterable; it never loses the distinguishing peculiarities which separate it from matter; never acquires any of the properties of the latter; but it undergoes important changes, both in the progress of time, and by means of exercise and culture. The development of the bodily powers appears to affect it, and so does their decay; but we rather ought to say, that, in ordinary cases, its improvement is contemporaneous with the growth of the body, and its decline generally is contemporaneous with that of the body, after an advanced period of life. For it is an undoubted fact, and almost universally true, that the mind, before extreme old age, becomes more sound, and is capable of greater things, during nearly thirty years of diminished bodily powers; that, in most cases, it suffers no abatement of strength during ten years more of bodily decline; that, in many cases, a few years more of bodily decrepitude produce no effect upon the mind; and that, in some instances, its faculties remain bright to the last, surviving the almost total extinction of the corporeal endowments. It is certain that the strength of the body, its agility, its patience of fatigue, indeed all its qualities, decline from thirty at the latest; and yet the mind is improving rapidly from thirty to fifty; suffers little or no decline before sixty; and therefore is better when the body is enfeebled, at the age of fifty-eight or fifty-nine, than it was in the acme of the corporeal faculties thirty years before. It is equally certain, that while the body is rapidly decaying, between sixty or sixty-three and seventy, the mind suffers hardly any loss of strength in the generality of men; that men continue to seventy-five or seventy-six in the possession of all their mental powers, while few can then boast of more than the remains of physical strength; and instances are not wanting of persons who, between eighty and ninety, or even older, when the body can hardly be said to live, possess every faculty of the mind unimpaired. We are authorized to conclude, from these facts, that unless some unusual and violent accident interferes, such as a serious illness or a fatal contusion, the ordinary course of life presents the mind and the body running courses widely different, and in great part of the time in opposite directions; and this affords strong proof, both that the mind is independent of the body, and that its destruction in the period of its entire vigour is contrary to the analogy of nature.

"The *strongest of all the arguments* both for the separate existence of mind, and for its surviving the body remains, and it is drawn from the strictest induction of facts. The body is constantly undergoing change in all its parts. Probably no person at the age of twenty has one single particle in any part of his body which he had at ten; and still less does any portion of the body he was born with continue to exist in or with him. All that he before had has now entered into new combinations, forming parts of other men, or of animals, or of vegetable or mineral substances, exactly as the body he now has will afterwards be resolved into new combinations after his death. Yet the mind continues one and the same, 'without change or shadow of turning.' None of its parts can be resolved; for it is one and single, and it remains unchanged by the changes of the body. The argument would be quite as strong though the change undergone by the body were admitted not to be so complete, and though some small portion of its harder parts were supposed to continue with us through life."

Now all this is contrary to the fact. We find the same *self-existent* and *independent* mind,—partaking of every disorder of the body, and, to all outward appearances, in the cases of syncope and insanity, become utterly in abeyance and shattered, whilst the body remains intact, and, at least in the latter case, enjoys a good state of health. Too often do we find that the body survives the mind, and that men begin to die at the top. If the mind be *self-existent* and *independent*,

it is not in ratiocination necessary that every body should have a mind. If this assumed self-existence be a true thing, when a birth took place, the mind intended for the new-born might miss its appointed home, and thus the body live to a good old age and die without it. Indeed, the supposition does not seem so absurd after reading certain discourses "on natural theology." The assumed unchangeableness of the mind, cited in the above quotation, is worth nothing as an argument: for in the first place, it does vary with our poor variable frames; and, in the second place, if it were unchangeable, it does not necessarily follow that it can exist separate from the body that sustains it. Observe, we do not impugn the doctrine of the soul's immortality,—for we believe it, and assert it,—we only say, that his lordship's argument is worth nothing.

"If the mind continues the same, while all or nearly all the body is changed, it follows that the existence of the mind depends not in the least degree upon the existence of the body; for it has already survived a total change of, or, in the common use of the words, an entire destruction of that body. But again, if the strongest argument to show that the mind perishes with the body, nay, the only argument be, as it indubitably is, derived from the phenomena of death, the fact to which we have been referring affords an answer to this. For the argument is that we know of no instance in which the mind has ever been known to exist after the death of the body. Now here is exactly the instance desiderated, it being manifest that the same process which takes place on the body more suddenly at death is taking place more gradually, but as effectually in the result, during the whole of life, and that death itself does not more completely resolve the body into its elements and form it into new combinations than living fifteen or twenty years does destroy, by like resolution and combination, the self-same body. And yet after those years have elapsed, and the former body has been dissipated and formed into new combinations, the mind remains the same as before, exercising the same memory and consciousness, and so preserving the same personal identity as if the body had suffered no change at all. In short, it is not more correct to say that all of us who are now living have bodies formed of what were once the bodies of those who went before us, than it is to say that some of us who are now living at the age of fifty have bodies which in part belonged to others now living at that and other ages. The phenomena are precisely the same, and the operations are performed in like manner though with different degrees of expedition. Now all would believe in the separate existence of the soul if they had experience of its existing apart from the body. But the facts referred to prove that it does exist apart from one body with which it once was united, and though it is in union with another, yet as it is not adherent to the same, it is shown to have an existence separate from, and independent of, that body. So all would believe in the soul surviving the body, if after the body's death its existence were made manifest. But the facts referred to prove that after the body's death, that is, after the chronic dissolution which the body undergoes during life, the mind continues to exist as before. Here, then, we have that proof so much desiderated—the existence of the soul after the dissolution of the bodily frame with which it was connected. The two cases cannot, in any soundness of reasoning, be distinguished; and this argument, therefore, one of pure induction, derived partly from physical science, through the evidence of our senses, partly from psychological science by the testimony of our consciousness, appears to prove the possible Immortality of the Soul almost as rigorously as 'if one were to rise from the dead.'"

Now, in reference to the above, let us make ourselves understood thus:—Take a lamp, supply it with pure oil, and light the wick. Continue feeding it for the space of twelve hours; and if, though it be fed unequally, the flame be found of a much more unchanging brilliance till the fuel is wholly withdrawn, than the mind is proved to be unvarying through its changes of infancy, adolescence, visibly

and sensibly, no one is stolid enough to assert that the flame of the lamp is *self-existent* and *independent*, because it appears to be the same, though not one particle of the same matter that first supplied it contributes to its existence when it is burning at the end of the twelve hours. All through this work, speaking of our immortal parts, Brougham uses the words soul and mind indiscriminately. This is wrong. It is our soul that is imperishable; it is that which will hereafter succeed and represent the body. The mind, we conceive, will go out like the flame of the lamp when the oil is exhausted; for what is this mind but a combination of qualities, made up of anger, hope, rage, love, curiosity, and every other sentiment dependent upon our physical formation? dissolve or disintegrate the loadstone by the means of chemistry and the properties inherent in it of attraction, and polarity are no more; take the breath from the body, and the mind is not; the soul will exist, will be judged, and we trust, even in Lord Brougham's case, be saved.

Now, we feel assured, that dogs have *minds*. They dream, they are acute in their instincts, and rational in many of their actions. But we cannot for a moment suppose them to have souls. The impulses that direct them are blind and irresistible, though the manner in which they obey some of them, show the discrimination of something approaching to the reasoning faculty. Thus, they cannot be said to have a free will; where there is no free will, there can be no responsibility, where no responsibility no reward, and therefore no necessity for a future state in which such reward may be meted. But man, being the reverse of all this, acting so that every moment in the day he exercises his free will, must have an immortal soul, for he surely has a most fearful responsibility.

We had, when we set down to this, our very unwilling task, determined to expose all the inconsistencies of this work. We never made a more rash determination in our lives. Who can count the droppings of a water-wheel in motion, or attempt to marshal the ravings of a heated brain? In one place we are told that the mind cannot be dissipated or resolved into its element, because it has no parts: and then again, that it cannot be annihilated, because if it were, it would be the only example of annihilation which we know. Certainly it is a folly to talk of annihilation when there is nothing to annihilate: but, we fear, that we shall almost annihilate our readers with excess of weariness if we proceed any farther to place before them contradiction upon contradiction.

Have we been harsh with Lord Brougham? We answer emphatically—No: we have dealt with his book only—a book that we deem whether so intended or not, certainly calculated to subvert the Protestant church, by marring the cause of natural, in order to destroy revealed, religion. We have found in this work the inconsistency without the general redeeming point in his lordship's compositions,—vivacity. We seem to read in it a spirit of revenge against the high dignitaries of the church who have, in their places in the council of the kingdom, given him lessons so manifold and so severe. We have arrived, however, at a greater certainty respecting the extent of the ex-Chancellor's capabilities through the means of this publication. It has proved that

he has but little penetration, and no depth. He is a man of surfaces —in every thing a special pleader. He will see only one side of a question at one time. More skilful at marking the trippings of an adversary than in preserving his own equilibrium, he has founded a reputation for talent upon the mistakes of others, because hitherto no one has been daring enough to point out his own.

Still will we give the Baron justice. He is industrious, and we applaud him; energetic, and he has for it our admiration. But he is weak in principle, therefore we despise him; and mischievous, we therefore denounce him. But after all, we do not know whether our feeling of pity for him does not predominate over every other. We look upon him as we would upon an angry scold, just about to be bound on the ducking-stool,—growing the more loud and frantic the nearer she is to that immersion that will prove so fatal to the volubility * of her tongue. Brougham's hour is almost come. Let him prepare to retire from a wearied public with, at least, some share of dignity. He can escape future contumely only by shrouding himself in the obscurity of private life: as a public character, the world has had too much of him.

The "*lex talionis*,"—who ought to dread those words more than Lord Brougham? Who ever flourished the moral scalping-knife with more ferocious zest? Who was ever stronger before the weak—more insolent before humility? His finest oratory has always been a volley of sarcasms; he was never eloquent until he found a feeble adversary, or great until triumphing over opposed littleness. He has never shown mercy, and can expect none: but we hope to have subdued some little of his irascibility, and won him to be a gentler and improved man by the unexampled mildness with which we have adverted to his dangerous work, by the moderation with which we have spoken of its pernicious tendency, and, lastly, by the very friendly advice to his lordship with which we now conclude our article,—"Go, and sin no more."

* This is the famous Hobbes' opinion of volubility: "As men abound in *copiousness of language*, so they become more wise, or more mad than *ordinary*." Is Lord B. becoming more wise?

THE DYING PARSEE.

He gaz'd toward the orb of day,
  Upon the horizon's verge;
'Twas passing, like himself, away,
  And just about to merge
Into the ocean's liquid gold;
But yet, in sooth, it seem'd to hold
  Its downward course awhile;
As though its worshipper to hear,
Breathe forth his fervent, latest prayer,
  And bless him with a smile.

" Fire God! I cast a parting gaze
Upon thy golden brow:
To-morrow will renew thy rays,
And thou be bright as now!
But *me*, no more to-morrows wait;—
Nor would I wish another fate,
Than thus to turn my eye
On thy bright flame, and worship thee,
Bright, only type of Deity,
And worshipping to die!

" When the young world was in its prime,
Thou wast as bright as now!
No wrinkle plants the hand of time,*
On thy immortal brow!
Thou hast beheld earth's changing face,
States, empires, pass,—nor leave a trace
To mark the spot awhile:—
Temple, and pyramid, and bust,—
Man's loftiest works, crumble to dust,
With the same changeless smile!

" Thou need'st no temple for thy beams,
Earth is but one glad shrine;
And ocean, with his myriad streams,
Of thee asks leave to shine;
The lofty heav'n's delicious blue,
The swelling hills refreshing hue,
Light, beauty, are thine own!
Thine, life and joy;—not fancy's dream
Is fairer than the dazzling beam
Of thy red sunset throne!

" My native land is far away,
I breathe a foreign air;
But where can we escape thy ray?
Whence cannot breathe a pray'r?—
On Persia's hills my childhood stray'd,
On Persia's hills I could have pray'd
To sigh my latest breath;
But *here* thy boundless glories stream
The same; and *here* thy parting beam
Smiles on me e'en in death!

"O let that parting beam, which now,
Pour'd from thy golden urn,
Sheds a warm flush upon a brow
That soon will cease to burn,
Be a kind token from that seat,
Where all thy worshippers shall meet,
The Parsee's blissful home!
Yes!—yes—I hail with fading eye
The ray that cheers me as I die,
Fire God to thee I come!"

W. Bennett.

* " Time writes no wrinkle on the azure brow."—Childe Harold.

DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

CHAPTER XIII.

En Route.

May 26th.

Passed Waterloo—was informed that two days before the Marquis of Anglesea had arrived there, and stayed a short time to visit the cemetery of his leg; a regular family visit of course, as all the *members* were present.

May 27th.

Slept at Namur. The French are certainly superior to us in the art of rendering things agreeable. Now, even in the furnishing of an apartment, there is always something to relieve the eye, if no. to interest you. I recollect when I was last in London, in furnished apartments, that as I lay awake in the morning, my eye caught the pattern of the paper. It was a shepherdess with her dog in repose, badly executed, and repeated without variation over the whole apartment. Of course, I had nothing to do but to calculate how many shepherdesses and dogs there were in the room, which, by counting the numbers in length and breadth, squaring the results, and deducting for door and windows, was soon accomplished. But how different was the effect produced by the paper of the room in which I slept last night! It was the history of Dunois, the celebrated bastard of France, who prays, in his youth, that he may prove the bravest of the brave, and be rewarded with the fairest of the fair. This was not the true history, perhaps, of Dunois; but I am drawing the comparison between the associations and reminiscences conjured by this decoration in opposition to the dull and tasteless recapitulation of the English manufacture. From the latter I could not extract a bare idea except that shepherdesses are, as a race, extinct, and that Lord Althorp had taken the tax off shepherds' dogs, by way of a bonus, to relieve a distressed capital of some hundred millions, to which the agricultural interest had very properly replied, "Thank you for nothing, my lord;" but from the sight of the French paper what a host of recollections started up at the moment! The mind flew back to history, and was revelling in all the romance of chivalry, from King Arthur and his Knights, to the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

"Yet, after all," thought I, after a long reverie, "divest chivalry, so called, of its imposing effect, examine well into its nature and the manners of the times, and it must be acknowledged that modern warfare has a much greater claim than the ancient, to the title of chivalry. In former times men were cased in armour of proof, and before the discovery of gunpowder had little to fear in a *mêlée*, except from those who, like themselves, were equally well armed and equally protected, and even then only from flesh wounds, which were seldom

[1] Continued from p. 36.

mortal. The lower classes, who served as common soldiers, were at the mercy of the mounted spearsmen, and could seldom make any impression upon their defences. In those days, as in the present, he who could command most gold carried the day, for the gold procured the steel harness, and a *plump* of spears brought into the field was more than equal to a thousand common men. He who had the best tempered armour was the most secure, and that was to be only procured by gold. He who could mount and case in iron the largest number of his followers, was the most powerful, and, generally speaking, the most lawless. Divest chivalry of its splendour, which threw a halo round it, and it was brutal, and almost cowardly. Single combats did certainly prove courage; but even in them, skill, and more than skill, personal strength, or the best horse, decided the victory. In fact, although not the origin, it was the upholder of the feudal system, in which might was right; and we may add, that the invention of gunpowder, which placed every man upon a level, if not the cause of, certainly much assisted to the breaking up of the system. How much more of the true spirit of chivalry is required in the warfare of the present day, in which every man must stand for hours to be shot at like a target, witnessing the mowing down of his comrades, and silently filling up the intervals in the ranks made by their deaths, exposed to the same leaden messengers; a system of warfare, in which every individual is a part of a grand *whole*, acting upon one concerted and extended plan, and forced a hundred times to exhibit the passive and more perfect bravery of constancy, for once that he may forget his danger in the ardour of the charge! When shall we learn to call things by their right names?"

Liege, May 28th.

Our landlord is a most loyal man, but there is a reason for it. Leopold took up his quarters at this hotel in his way to Spa. In every room we have upon every article of *fayence*—"Leopold, with the Genius of Belgium crowning him with laurels, while Truth is looking on." Every plate, every dish, is impressed with this proof print of loyalty. But this is not all, as the man said in the packet, "O no." All the washhand basins, jugs, and every other article required in a bedchamber, have the same loyal pattern at the bottom. Now it appeared to me, when I went to bed, that loyalty might be carried too far; and what may have been intended as respect, may be the cause of his Majesty being treated with the greatest disrespect, and not only his sacred Majesty, but the glorious Belgian constitution also. As for poor Truth, she is indeed said to sojourn at the bottom of a well; but in this instance, it would perhaps be as well that she should not be insulted——I am wrong, she always is, and always will be, insulted, when she appears in the purlieus of a court, or in the presence of a king.

After all, mine is a strange sort of Diary. It is not a diary of events, but of thoughts and reminiscences, which are thrown up and caught as they float to the surface in the whirlpool of my brain. No wonder!—events are but as gleanings compared to the harvest of many years, although so negligently gathered into store. I have been

puzzling myself these last two hours to find out what a man's brain is like. It is like a kaleidoscope, thought I; it contains various ideas of peculiar colours, and as you shift them round and past, you have a new pattern every moment. But no, it was not like a kaleidoscope, for its patterns are regular, and there is very little regularity in my brain, at all events.

It is like a pawnbroker's shop, thought I, full of heterogeneous pledges; and if you would take any thing out, experience stands at the counter and makes you pay her compound interest, while many articles of value are lost for ever, because memory cannot produce the duplicate.

And then I compared it to almost every thing, but none of my comparisons would hold good. After all, thought I, I have been only playing at "What are my thoughts like?" which is a childish game; and how can I possibly find out what my brain is like, when my brain don't choose to tell? However, I appealed to another as a last resource, "What is my brain like, my dear?"

"More like '*to go mad*' than any thing else," replied she.

It was a satisfactory answer, certainly; so I rose, and opening the window, lighted my cigar, and smoked myself into a reverie as I watched the smoke ascending from the chimneys of the good town of Liege.

And this is the city which travellers pass through, describing it as a manufacturing town, thought I. A city which has, in its time, produced a more moral influence upon society than any other in existence—a city that has led the van in the cause of religion and liberty. Liege presents a curious anomaly among the states of Europe. It is the only town and province which has been, for centuries, ruled by the clerical power, with the exception of Rome. But be it recollected, that at the very period that Christianity was offering up her martyrs at the blood-stained arena of the Coliseum, it was from Liege (or rather Tongres, for Liege was not then built) that she was spreading wide her tenets, unpersecuted and unrestrained, for she was too far removed from idolatry and imposture to be regarded. The province of Liege was the cradle of the Christian faith. From the earliest records there were bishops at Tongres, and it was about five hundred years after Christ that St. Monulphe, the reigning bishop, founded the city of Liege. From that time until the French Revolution, this town and these fertile provinces have always remained under clerical authority.

Although these prince-bishops proved that, upon necessity, they could change the crosier for the coat of mail, still, as by endowments and benefactions they increased their revenues, so did they, by the mildness of their sway, induce thousands to settle in their territory; and to increase their population, which was to increase their wealth, they first granted to their citizens those privileges and liberties, which have, upon their precedent, been obtained by force or prayers by others. The very boast of the English of the present day, that *every man's house is his castle*, was the sacred grant of one of the bishops to the citizens at Liege, long before the feudal system had been abolished in our island.

I may also observe, for it is to be gained from the chronicles of this province, that the time at which it may be said that the Catholic religion fell into its gross errors, appears to have been about one thousand years after the death of our Saviour. And as I thought of all this, and a great deal more, and smoked my cigar, I felt a great deal of respect for the good old city of Liege; and then I wandered back to the country I had passed through the day before, excelling in all lovely scenery. I had seen it before, but it was many years ago; but it may be seen many times without the least degree of satiety. It was the very country for a Blasé. I do not know any scenery which raises up such pleasurable sensations as that of the Valley of Meuse, taking it the whole way from Namur to Liege, and from Liege to Spa. It is not so magnificent as the Rhine, to which it bears a miniature resemblance. It is not of that description which creates a strong excitement, which is invariably succeeded by depression; but it is of that unchanging and ever pleasing joyous description, that you are delighted without being fatigued, and have stimulus sufficient to keep you constantly in silent admiration without demanding so much from the senses as to weary them. If I could have divested myself from the knowledge that I was in motion, and have fancied that the scene was moving past, I could have imagined myself seated at one of our large theatres, watching one of Stanfield's splendid panoramas. But the lighted end of my cigar at last approximated so near to my nose, that I was burnt out of my reverie; I took the last saveall whiffs, tried to hit an old woman's cap with the end of it, as I tossed it into the street, and retreated to the diurnal labour of shaving—of all human miseries, certainly, the "unkindest cut of all"—especially when the maids have borrowed your razor, during your absence, to reduce the volume of their corns.

CHAPTER XIV.

Liege.

I have been reading the "Salmonia" of Sir Humphrey Davy: what a pity it is that he did not write more, there are so many curious points started in it. I like that description of book, which, after reading a while, you drop it on your knee, and are led into a train of thought which may last an hour, before you look for the page where you left off. There are two cases argued in this work, which led me into a meditation. The one is, a comparison between reason and instinct, and the other as to the degree of pain inflicted upon fish by taking them with the hook. Now it appeared to me, in the first question, what has been advanced is by no means conclusive, and although it is the custom to offer a penny for your thoughts, I shall give mine for nothing, which is perhaps as much as they are worth, (I say that, to prevent others from making the sarcastic remark,) and in the second question, I think I can assist the cause of the lovers of the *gentle* art of angling—why *gentle*, I know not, unless it be that anglers bait with *gentles*, and are mostly *gentle*-men.

But before I attempt to prove that angling is not a cruel sport, I must first get rid of "reason and instinct." Of reason most undoubtedly a philanthropist would reply, "Be it so;" nevertheless, I will

argue the point, and if I do not succeed, I have only to hedge back upon Solomon, and inquire, "If man was born to misery as the sparks fly upwards, why are not the inferior classes of creation to have their share of it?"

I do not think that any one can trace out the line of demarcation between reason and instinct. Instinct in many points is wonderful, especially among insects, but where it is wonderful, it is a blind obedience, and inherited from generation to generation. We observe, as in the case of the bees, that they obey the truest laws of mathematics, and from these laws they never have deviated from their creation, and in all animals, as far as their self-defence or their sustenance are concerned, is shown a wonderful blind obedience to an unerring power, and a sagacity almost superior to reason. But wonderful as this is, it is still but instinct, as the progenitors of the race were equally guided by the same, and it is handed down without any improvement, or any decay in its power. Now if it could be asserted that the instinct of animals was only thus inherited from race to race, and could "go no farther," the line of demarcation between reason and instinct would at once be manifest, as instinct would be blindly following certain fixed laws, while reason would ever be assisted by memory and invention. But we have not this boasted advantage on the side of reason, for animals have both memory and invention, and moreover, if they have not speech, they have equal means of communicating their ideas. That this memory and invention cannot be so much exercised as our own, may be true, but it is exercised to an extent equal to their wants, and they look no further; that is to say, that if any want not prepared for, or any thing should take place interfering with their habits and economy, instinct will enable them to meet the difficulty. There is nothing more wonderful than the application of mechanical power by ants. No engineer could calculate with greater nicety, and no set of men work together with such combination of force. After they have made ineffectual attempts to remove a heavy body, you will observe them to meet together, consult among themselves, and commence an entire new plan of operations. Bees, also, are always prepared to meet any new difficulty. If the *sphinx atropos*, or death's head moth, forces its way into the hive, the bees are well known, after having killed it with their stings, to embalm the dead body with wax—their reason for this is, that the body was too large for them to remove through the passage by which it entered, and they would avoid the unpleasant smell of the carcase. It may be argued, that instinct had always imparted to them this knowledge, but if so, they must have had a fresh accession of instinct after they had been domiciled with men, for it is well known that the hole in the tree, in which the wild bees form their cells, is invariably too small to admit any animal larger than themselves, and whose bodies they could remove with as much ease as they do the bodies of their own dead.

I could cite a hundred instances, which would prove that animals have invention independent of the instinct handed down from generation to generation. I will, however, content myself with one instance of superior invention in the elephant, which occurred at Ceylon. Parties were employed felling timber in the forests of Candia, and this

timber, after having been squared, was dragged to the depôt by a large party of elephants, who, with their keepers, were sent there for that purpose. This work was so tedious, that a large truck was made, capable of receiving a very heavy load of timber, which might be transported at once. This truck was dragged out by the elephants, and it was to be loaded. I should here observe, that when elephants work in a body, there is always one who, as if by common consent, takes the lead, and directs the others, who never refuse to obey him. The keepers of the elephants, and the natives, gave their orders, and the elephants obeyed, but the timber was so large, and the truck so high on its wheels, that the elephants could not put the timber in the truck according to the directions given by the men. After several attempts, the natives gave up the point, and retiring to the side of the road as usual, squatted down, and held a consultation. In the mean time, the elephant who took the lead summoned the others, made them drag two of the squared pieces to the side of the truck, laid them at right angles with it, lifting one end of each on the truck, and leaving the other on the ground, thus forming the inclined plane. The timber was then brought by the elephants, without any interference on the part of the keepers or natives, who remained looking on, was pushed by the elephants with their foreheads up the inclined plane, and the truck was loaded. Here then is an instance in which inventive instinct—if that term may be used—was superior to the humbler reasoning powers.

That animals have the powers of memory as well as man, admits of no dispute. In elephants, horses, and dogs, we have hourly instances of it; but it descends much lower down—the piping bullfinch, who has been taught to whistle two or three waltzes in perfect concord, must have a good memory, or he would soon forget his notes. To detail instances of memory, would therefore be superfluous; but, as it does occur to me while I write, I must give an amusing instance how the memory of a good thrashing overcame the ruling passion of a monkey, which is gluttony, the first and only instance that I ever saw it conquered.

I had on board of a ship which I commanded, a very large Cape baboon, who was a pet of mine, and also a little boy, who was a son of mine. When the baboon sat down on his hams, he was about as tall as the boy was when he walked. The boy having a tolerable appetite, received about noon a considerable slice of bread and butter, to keep him quiet till dinner time. I was on one of the carronades, busy with the sun's lower limb, bringing it in contact with the horizon, when the boy's lower limbs brought him in contact with the baboon, who having, as well as the boy, a strong predilection for bread and butter, and a stronger arm to take it withall, thought proper to help himself to that to which the boy had been already helped. In short, he snatched the bread and butter, and made short work of it, for it was in his pouch in a moment. Upon which the boy set up a yell, which attracted my notice to this violation of the articles of war, to which the baboon was equally amenable as any other person in the ship; for it is expressly stated in the preamble of every separate article, "All who are *in*, or *belonging* to." Whereupon I jumped off the car-

ronade, and by way of assisting his digestion, I served out to the baboon, monkey's allowance, which is, more kicks than halfpence. The master reported that the heavens intimated that it was twelve o'clock, and with all the humility of a captain of a man-of-war, I ordered him to "make it so;" whereupon it was made, and so passed that day. I do not remember how many days it was afterwards that I was on the carronade as usual, about the same time, and all parties were precisely in the same situations, the master by my side, the baboon under the booms, and the boy walking out of the cabin with his bread and butter. As before, he again passed the baboon, who again snatched the bread and butter from the boy, who again set up a squall, which again attracted my attention. I looked round, and the baboon caught my eye, which told him plainly that he'd soon catch what was not "at all *my eye;*" and he proved that he thought so, for he actually put the bread and butter back into the boy's hands. It was the only instance of which I ever knew or heard, of a monkey being capable of self-denial when his stomach was concerned, and I record it accordingly. (Par parenthèse:) it is well known that monkeys will take the small pox, measles, and I believe the scarlet fever, but this fellow, when the ship's company were dying of the cholera, took that disease, went through all its gradations, and died apparently in great agony.

As then, invention and memory are both common to instinct as well as to reason, where is the line of demarcation to be drawn; especially as in the case of the elephants I have mentioned, superior instinct will invent when inferior reason is at fault. It would appear, if the two qualities must be associated, that at all events there are two varieties of instinct: blind instinct, which is superior to reason, so far that it never errs, as it is God who guides, and inventive instinct, which enables the superior animals to provide for unexpected difficulties, or to meet those which memory has impressed upon them. But if we examine ourselves, the difficulty becomes even greater—we have decidedly two separate qualities. We are instinctive as well as reasonable beings; and what is inventive instinct but a species of reason, if not reason itself?

But although I say that it is hardly possible to draw the line of demarcation, I do not mean to say that they are one and the same thing, for instinct and reason, if we are to judge by ourselves, are in direct opposition. Self-preservation is instinctive, all the pleasures of sense, all that people are too apt to consider as happiness in this world, I may say, all that we are told is wrong, all that our reason tells us we are not to indulge in, is *instinct.*

Such are the advantages of being reasonable beings in *this world;* undoubtedly, we have a right to claim for ourselves, and deny to the rest of the creation, the enjoyments of the next. Byron says,

"Man being reasonable, must get drunk."

That is to say, being reasonable and finding his reason a reason for being unhappy, he gets rid of his reason whenever he can. So do the most intellectual animals. The elephant and the monkey enjoy their bottle as much as we do. I should have been more inclined to agree with Byron, if he had said,

"Man being reasonable, must *go to the devil.*"

For what are poor reasonable creatures to do, when instinct leads them to the "old gentleman," and reason, let her tug as hard as she pleases, is not sufficiently powerful to overcome the adverse force.

After all, I don't think that I have come to a very satisfactory conclusion. Like a puppy running round after his own tail, I am just where I was when I set out; but, like the puppy, I have been amused for the time. I only hope the reader will have been so too.

And now, my brethren, I proceed to the second part of my discourse, which is, to defend anglers and fly-fishers from the charge of cruelty.

It is very true that Shakspeare says, "The poor beetle that we tread on, in mortal sufferance, feels a pang as great as when a giant dies;" and it is equally true that it is as false as it is poetical.

There is a scale throughout nature, and that scale has been divided by unerring justice. Man is at the summit of this scale, being more fearfully and wonderfully made, more perfect than any other of the creation, more perfect in his form, more perfect in his intellect; he is finer strung in his nerves, acuter in his sympathies; he has more susceptibility to pleasure, more susceptibility to pain. He has pleasures denied to, and he has pains not shared with him by, the rest of the creation. He enjoys most, and he suffers most. From man the scale of creation descends, and in its descent, as animals are less and less perfect, so is meted out equal but smaller proportions of pleasure and pain, until we arrive to the Mollusca and Zoophyte, beings existing certainly, but existing without pleasure and without pain—existing only to fill up the endless variety, and add the links to the chain of nature necessary to render it complete. The question which naturally will be put is, "How do you know this? it is assertion, but not proof." But arguments are always commenced in this way. The assertion is the *quid*, the *est demonstrandum*, always comes afterwards. I handle my nose, flourish my handkerchief, and proceed.

Man is the most perfect of creation. What part of his body, if separated from the rest, can he renew? No part, except the hair and the nail. Reproduction can go no further. With the higher classes of animals also there is no reproduction, but even at this slight descent upon the scale, we may already point out a great difference. Although there is no reproduction, still there are decided proofs of inferiority; for instance, a hare or rabbit caught in a trap, will struggle till they escape, with the loss of a leg—a fox, which is carnivorous, will do more, he will *gnaw* off his own leg to escape. Do they die in consequence? no, they live and do well; but could a man live under such circumstances? impossible. And yet the conformation of the mammalia is not very dissimilar from our own; but man is the more perfect creature, and therefore has not the same resources.

I have hitherto referred only to the *limbs* of animals; I will now go further. I had a beautiful little monkey on board my ship. By accident it was crushed, and received such injury that the back-bone was divided at the loins, and the vertebra of the upper part protruded an inch outside of its skin. Such an accident in a man would have produced immediate death, but the monkey did not die: its lower limbs were of course paralysed. The vertebra which protruded, gradually rotted off, and in six weeks the animal was crawling

about the decks with its fore feet. It was however such a pitiable object, that I ordered it to be drowned. Now, if we descend lower down in the scale until we come to the reptiles and insects, we shall find not only that the loss of limbs is not attended with death, but that the members are reproduced. Let any one take a spider by its legs, it will leave them in your hands that it may escape. Confine the animal under a glass, and in a few weeks it will have all its members perfect as before. Lizards are still more peculiar in their reproduction. I was at Madeira for many months, and often caught the lizards which played about the walls and roofs of the out-houses, and if ever I caught a lizard by the tail, he would make a spring and leave his tail in my hand, which seemed to snap off as easily as would a small carrot. Now the tail of the lizard is longer than its body, and a continuation of the vertebræ of the back. I soon found out that lizards did not die from this extensive loss, but on the contrary, that their tails grew again. Even the first week afterwards a little end began to show itself, and in about two months the animal had reproduced the whole. What I am about to say now will probably be considered by some as incredible, they are however at full liberty to disbelieve it. One day I was looking out of the window with the late Tom Sheridan, who lived in the same house, and we observed on the roof of the outhouse a lizard with two tails, but neither of them full grown, and we argued that at the time the animal lost his tail he must have suffered some division of the stump. Being at that time a naturalist, *i. e.*, very cruel, I immediately caught a lizard, pulled off his tail, notched the vertebra, and turned him loose again. Our conjectures were right; the animal in two or three weeks had two tails growing out like the one we had seen. I repeated this experiment several times, and it always appeared to succeed, and all the two-tailed lizards were called mine.

Now this power of reproduction increases as you descend the scale; as an instance, take the polypus, which is as near as possible at the bottom of it. If you cut a polypus into twenty pieces without any regard to division, in a short time you will have twenty perfect polypi.

Now the deductions I would draw from these remarks are—

That the most perfect animals are least capable of reproduction and most sensible of pain,

That as the scale of nature descends, animals become less perfect and more capable of reproduction.

Ergo—they cannot possibly feel the same pain as the more perfect.

Now, with respect to fish, they are very inferior in the scale of creation, being, with the exception of the cetaceous tribe, which class with the mammalia, all cold-blooded animals and much less perfect than reptiles or many insects. The nervous system is the real seat of all pain, and the more perfect the animal, the more complicated is that system: with cold-blooded animals the nervous organization is next to nothing. Most fish, if they disengage themselves from the hook, will take the bait again, and if they do not, it is not on account of the pain, but because their instinct tells them there is danger. Moreover, it is very true, as Sir H. Davy observes, that fish are not killed by

the hook, but by the hooks closing their mouths and producing suffocation. How, indeed, would it otherwise be possible to land a salmon of thirty pounds weight in all its strength and vigour with a piece of gut not thicker than three or four hairs.

Upon the same grounds that I argue that fish feel little comparative pain, so do I that the worm, which is so low in the scale of creation, does not suffer as supposed. Its writhings and twistings on the hook are efforts to escape natural to the form of the animal, and can be considered as little or nothing more. At the same time, I acknowledge and indeed prove by my own arguments, that it is very cruel to *bob for whale.*

To suppose there are no gradations of feeling as well as perfection in the animal kingdom, would not only be arguing against all analogy, but against the justice and mercy of the Almighty, who does not allow a sparrow to fall to the earth without his knowledge. He gave all living things for our use and our sustenance; he gave us intellect to enable us to capture them: to suppose, therefore, at the same time that he endowed them with so fine a nervous organization as to make them undergo severe tortures previous to death, is supposing what is contrary to that goodness and mercy which, as shown towards us, we are ready to acknowledge and adore.

I cannot finish this subject without making a remark upon creation and its perfectibility. All *respectable* animals, from man down to a certain point of the scale, have their lice or parasites to feed upon them. Some wit, to exemplify this preying upon one another, wrote the following:—

> "Great fleas have little fleas,
> And less fleas to bite them,
> These fleas have lesser fleas,
> And so—*ad infinitum.*"

This however is not strictly true. Parasites attach themselves only to the great. Upon those they can fatten. Having your blood sucked is, therefore, a great proof of high heraldry and perfectibility in the scale of creation. If animals were endowed with speech and pride like man, we might imagine one creature boasting to another, as a proof of his importance,

> "And I, too, also have my louse!!"

(To be continued.)

THE STATISTICS OF THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

(Corrected up to the present Month.)

BY DR. C. M. FRIEDLAENDER, MEMBRE CORRESPONDANT DE L'INSTITUT HISTORIQUE DE FRANCE, ETC.*

THE German Confederation, formed with the design of curbing those aspirations for liberty, which are so natural to the inhabitants over whom it dominates, as well as to create a barrier against French propagandism and French conquest, comprehends the following States, of which fifty-four have a monarchical, and four a republican, form of government, as indicated by the Federal Act.

The first session of the legislative body of the German Confederation took place on the 5th of November, 1816.

The principal object of this meeting was to guarantee to Germany *external* and *internal* security, and mutually to protect the independence and inviolability of the States. The extent of its power was fixed by the final act of the Congress of Vienna, dated 15th of May, 1820.

The meetings of the Germanic Confederation are constituted under a double form,

Firstly. As a general re-union (*Conseil Complet, Consilium Plenum*, General Council,) in the which each member votes with the number of suffrages that we shall hereafter designate. The General Council must consist of sixty-nine votes, two-thirds of which form a majority that binds the whole.

Secondly. As a federal council (*Consilium Restrictum.*) In this meeting the totality of the votes are reduced to seventeen, thus apportioned. Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, Baden, Electoral Hesse, Hesse Darmstadt, Holstein, and Luxemburg, each of which has a suffrage. The other six are thus obtained. One for the Grand Duchy of Saxe Weimar, and the three Saxon duchies; one for Brunswick and Nassau; one for Mecklenbourg Schwerin, and Strelitz; one for Oldenbourg, the three duchies of Anhalt, and the two principalities of Schwarzbourg, one for the principalities of Hohenzollern, Lichtenstein, Reuss, Lippe, and Waldeck, and one for the four free towns.

The federal, as a limited council, opens the sessions, and occupies itself with the initiative of propositions for the *Conseil Complet;* but this *Consilium Plenum* never discusses, but votes simply and unconditionally, by aye or no.

The discussions which previously take place in the limited council, with seventeen votes, are always decisive, as the Great States form a

* Author of *Der Abfall der Neiderlande*, eine natürliche Folge nach den Beschlüffen der Wiener Congress-Acte. Hamburgh, 1833.—Polemische Schirften über die Belgische Revolution. Paris, Guillaumin, 1834.—Aperçu Historique des Finances Néerlandaises, traduit de l'Allemand. Brussells, Meline, 1835, etc. etc.

complete majority of eleven against six, and thus the *Consilium Plenum* is but a kind of court ceremony. As a proof of this, let any sensible man reflect on the despicable situation of the little princes, who appear there but as the executors of the sovereign wills of Austria and Prussia.

A majority of votes determine; nine votes are necessary and sufficient. Austria presides in both councils, and decides whenever the votes are equal.

The Germanic Confederation does not interfere with the different States, only when there is some great abuse, and in order to uphold their respective institutions, or when public order appears to be threatened. Then, and upon the demand of the governing authority, the Confederation interferes for the re-establishment of the rights of sovereignty.

The Confederated States are established to adjust, by pacific means, and without the intervention of an armed force, all the differences that may arise among them.

The envoys are governed by those sending them, and by their prescribed regulations; but, in unforeseen cases, they may vote without previously referring to their sovereigns, upon innate conviction, and the dictates of their consciences.

All the forces of the federal army are divided into ten corps, and comprise a total of 301,637 men, thus classified:—

Infantry	222,119
Chasseurs	11,694
Cavalry	43,090
Artillery and Train	21,717
Pioneers, &c. &c.	3,017
Total	301,637

And 612 field-pieces, divided into seventy-six batteries.

The fortresses of the Confederation are, *Mayence*, *Luxembourg*, and *Landau*.

The Germanic Confederation consists of thirty-eight States, which we shall recapitulate in their federal order.

1. The Empire of Austria, comprising

	Sq. miles.*	Inhabitants.
1. The Duchy of Austria	708	2,100,000
2. The Duchy of Steiermark	399½	870,000
3. The Kingdom of Illyria	516½	1,130,000
4. The Comté of Tyrol	519½	830,000
5. The Kingdom of Bohemia	953	3,840,000
6. The Markgraviat of Moravia and Austrian Silesia	418½	
Total	3,515	10,820,000

* Throughout this article, German miles are spoken of, four being equal to one English geographical mile. The German mile is equal to 4 miles 760 yards English.

This empire is governed by States, under Ferdinand I., Charles Leopold Joseph François Mascellin, born the 19th of April, 1793. He succeeded his father, François I., the 2nd of March, 1835. Residence, Vienna. The army and contingent are fixed in time of peace at 270,000 men, and twenty ships of war. Contingent 94,822 men, which form the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd *Corps d'Armée.*

Austria has four votes in the General Council, and contributes towards the expense of the diet the sum of 2,000 florins. The revenues of the State amount to from 90 to 100 millions of rix dollars,* the debt is 550,000,000 rix dollars.

2. The KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA is divided as follows:—

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Province of Brandenburgh†	723	1,548,000
2. The Province of Pomerania	567	870,000
3. The Province of Silesia	743	2,414,000
4. The Province of Saxony	455	1,424,000
5. The Province of Westphalia	364½	1,234,000
6. The Principalities of Juliers, Clèves, and Berg	173½	1,075,000
7. The Province of the Lower Rhine	307	1,100,000
Total	3,333	9,665,000

The government is an absolute monarchy, with the exception of some provinces that have States, under William the Third, born the 3rd of August, 1770, succeeded his father, Frederick William II., 16th of November, 1797. Residence, Berlin.

The army is composed of 120,000 men, regular troops, and 200,000 landwehr. The contingent 79,234, which forms the 4th, 5th, and 6th *Corps d'Armée.* Prussia has four votes in the General Council, and pays towards the expense of the diet 2,000 florins. The revenue of the state amounts to 50,000,000 rix dollars; its debts are 170,000,000.

3. The KINGDOM OF BAVARIA is divided into the eight following departments.

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Department of Isar	311	590,000
2. The Department of the Upper Danube	171	540,000
3. The Department of Nezat	143	565,000
4. The Department of Ratisbon	195	410,000
5. The Department of the Lower Danube	197	445,000
6. The Department of the Upper Maine	186	475,000
7. The Department of the Lower Maine	156	530,000
8. The Department of the Rhine	140	475,000
Total	1,499	4,030,000

The government is a constitutional monarchy, with two chambers, instituted 26th of May, 1818. The first chamber is composed of

* The rix dollar may be taken at about *three* shillings English. The florin may be taken at twenty pence English.

† All these provinces have their distinct Regencies, or local administrations, called *Regierungs Bezirk.*

princes, mediatised princes, employés of the crown, archbishops, bishops, the president of the Protestant worship, and councillors of state named by the king. The second chamber is composed of deputies elected by the landed proprietors, by the universities, by the ecclesiastical bodies, and by the towns. Louis the First, Charles-Augustus, is king. He succeeded his father, Maximilian Joseph, 13th of October, 1825, and resides at Munich. The army consists of 53,900 men. The contingent 35,600, and forms the 7th *Corps d'Armée.* Bavaria has four votes in the *Consilium Plenum*, and contributes 2,000 florins to the diet. Its revenues amount to 20,000,000 of rix dollars, its debt is 32,000,000.

4. The KINGDOM OF SAXONY, which is divided into five departments, thus:—

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Department of Meissen	78	350,000
2. The Department of Upper Lusa (Oberteausitz).	39	200,000
3. The Department of Leipsick	47	250,000
4. The Department of Misnie (Erzgebirge)	83	530,000
5. The Department of Voigtlande	25	105,000
Total	272	1,435,000

Government, a constitutional monarchy, based upon the ancient States, and represented, 1st. By prelates, princes, counts, and lords. 2nd. By the knights. 3rd. By the deputies of eighty-five towns. Anthony the First is the king, began to reign the 5th of May, 1827, and associated to the government, as co-regent, his nephew the Duke Frederick Augustus, on the 13th of September, 1830. They reside at Dresden. The army is composed of 12,869 men. The contingent 12,000, which forms the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* Saxony has four votes in the General Council, and contributes 2,000 florins to the diet. Its revenue 6,000,000, its debt 21½ millions of rix dollars.

5. The KINGDOM OF HANOVER. Thus divided:—

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The (Landdrostei*) of Hanover	117	296,000
2. The Landdrostei of Hildesheim	80	322,000
3. The Landdrostei of Lunebourg	204	285,000
4. The Landdrostei of Stade	122	221,000
5. The Landdrostei of Osnabruck	105	244,000
6. The Landdrostei of Aurich	52½	152,000
7. The Superintendency of the Mines of Clausthal	9	26,000
Total	689½	1,546,000

Hanover is governed by a constitution, granted the 7th of December, 1819, divided into two chambers. William the Fourth, our gracious sovereign, is the king, and Prince Frederick Adolphus, Duke of Cam-

* *Landdrostei.* The *Landdrost* is the civil governor of the district or province; his attributes are similar to those of the French prefects. His powers are extensive, and almost unlimited in all matters of local administration.

bridge, his viceroy, residing at Hanover. The troops of the line amount to 12,940 men. The landwehr to nearly 18,000. Its contingent is 13,054 men, which forms part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* Hanover has four votes in the General Council, and contributes 2,000 florins to the diet. Its revenues amount to 3,200,000 rix dollars, its debt to 10,000,000.

6. The KINGDOM OF WURTEMBERG. Thus divided:—

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The District of Neckar	66	440,000
2. The District of the Black Forest	88	415,000
3. The District of the Danube	111	370,000
4. The District of Jaxt	97	360,000
Total	362	1,585,000

Wurtemberg is governed by the fundamental law of the 25th of September, 1819, and constitutionally, by two chambers. William Frederick Charles, born 27th of September, 1781, succeeded his father, Frederick, 30th of October, 1816, and resides at Stutgardt. Its peace establishment consists of 4,906 troops, its war of 16,824, contingent 13,955, which make a part of the 8th *Corps d'Armée.* Wurtemberg has four votes in the General Council, and pays to the diet the sum of 2,000 florins. Revenue 6,300,000 rix dollars, debt 18,000,000.

7. The GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN. Thus divided:—

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The District of Mourg and Pfinz	54	220,000
2. The District of Kinzing	49	205,000
3. The District of Treisam	60½	280,000
4. The District of Mer	55½	164,000
5. The District of Neckar	35½	200,000
6. The District of Mein and Tauber	26	88,000
Total	280½	1,157,000

Baden is governed by the fundamental law of the 22nd of August, 1818, and constitutionally by two chambers. Charles Leopold Frederic, born 29th August, 1799, is the Grand Duke, and succeeded his brother Louis, 30th of March, 1830, and resides at Carlsrushe. Its army 10,979 men, contingent 10,000, constituting a part of the 8th *Corps d'Armée.* Baden has three votes in the General Council, and pays 2,000 florins to the diet. Revenue 6,200,000 rix dollars, debt 9,000,000.

8. The ELECTORATE OF HESSE is divided into

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Province of Lower Hesse	94	295,000
2. The Province of Upper Hesse	44¼	105,000
3. The Province of Fulde	41	125,000
4. The Province of Hanau	23	88,000
Total	202¼	613,000

Hesse is governed by the fundamental law of the 5th January, 1831, and constitutionally by one chamber, under the electoral prince, Frederic William, declared co-regent 30th September, 1831, and charged with the full direction of the government. Army 9,359 men, contingent 5,679, making a part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* Electoral Hesse has three votes in the General Council, and furnishes 2,000 florins to the diet. Revenue 300,000 rix dollars, debt *nil.*

9. The GRAND DUCHY OF HESSE is thus divided:

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Province of Starkenbourg	54	258,000
2. The Province of Upper Hesse	95	284,000
3. Rhenish Hesse	25	178,000
Total	174	720,000

The Grand Duchy of Hesse is governed by the fundamental law of the 17th December, 1820, and constitutionally by two chambers. Louis II., born the 26th of December, 1777, is the Grand Duke, and replaced his father the 6th of April, 1830, and resides at Darmstadt. The army 8,421 men. The contingent 6,195, forming a part of the 8th *Corps d'Armée.* The Grand Ducal Hesse has three votes, and contributes 1,500 florins to the diet. Revenue 3,800,000 rix dollars, debt 9,000,000 crowns.

10. The DUCHIES OF HOLSTEIN AND LAUENBOURG, comprising

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Duchy of Holstein	153½	417,000
2. The Duchy of Lauenbourg	16	37,000
Total	169½	454,000

The duchies of Holstein and Lauenbourg are governed by the ancient States. Frederick VI., born the 28th of January, 1768, succeeded his father, Christian VII. (King of Denmark,) the 13th of March, 1808. He resides at Copenhagen. The army is composed of 5,400 men, the contingent 3,600 men, making part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* The duchies of Holstein and Lauenbourg have three votes in the *Consilium Plenum,* or General Council, and pay the diet the sum of 2,000 florins. Revenue 190,000 rix dollars, debt *nil.*

11. The GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBOURG, comprehending the districts of Luxembourg, Diekirch, and Neuf-Chateau, comprises a total of one hundred and eight square miles, and 298,650 inhabitants. The Grand Duchy participates in the constitution of Holland. William I., born the 24th of April, 1772, assumed the sovereignty of it the 6th of December, 1815; he resides at the Hague. The contingent is 2,556 men, making a part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* Luxembourg has three votes in the General Council, and pays 1,500 florins to the diet.

12. The GRAND DUCHY OF SAXE-WEIMAR, EISENACH, contains

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Duchy of Weimar	46	155,000
2. The Duchy of Eisenach	21	75,000
Total	67	230,000

This Grand Duchy is governed by the fundamental law of the 5th of May, 1816, and by on echamber. Charles Frederick, born the 2nd of February, 1783, succeeded his father, Charles Augustus, the 14th of June, 1828. His residence is at Weimar. The army 2,380 men. The contingent 2,010, making part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* It has one vote in the General Council, and pays its quota of 400 florins to the diet. Revenue 1,000,000, debt 4,000,000 of rix dollars, without reckoning that of the domains.

13. The GRAND DUCHY OF SAXE COBOURG GOTHA, is thus divided—

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Principality of Cobourg	16	39,000
2. The Principality of Gotha	24	88,000
3. The Principality of Lichtenberg	9	29,000
Total	49	156,000

This Grand Duchy is governed by a constitution, granted at Cobourg the 8th of August, 1821. Ernest, born the 2nd of January, 1784, succeeded his father the 9th of December, 1806. Residing at Cobourg. Army 2,500 men, contingent 1,366, forming part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* One vote in the General Council, without contributing to the expenses of the diet. Revenue 700,000 rix dollars, debt 1,800,000 rix dollars.

14. DUCHY OF SAXE ALTENBOURG is divided into two provinces, that of the West and East, making a total of twenty-three square miles, and of 109,500 inhabitants. Frederic, born the 29th of April, 1765, succeeded his father, the Duke Ernest Frederic Charles, the 22nd of September, 1780. Residing at Altenbourg. The army 2,000 men, contingent 982 men, making a part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* One vote in the General Council, without contributing to the diet. Revenue 460,000 rix dollars, debt 600,000 rix dollars.

15. The DUCHY OF SAXE-MEININGEN-HILDBOURGHAUSEN, comprising a total of forty-two square miles, and 136,000 inhabitants, governed by states, installed the 25th of August, 1829, and composed of eight knights, eight citizens, and eight peasants. Bernhard-Erich-Freund, born 27th December, 1800, succeeded his father, George, the 24th of December, 1803. Residing at Meiningen. Army 1,800 men, contingent 1,150 men, forming a part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* The duke has one vote in the General Council, without contributing to the diet. Revenue 380,000 rix dollars, debt 812,000 rix dollars.

16. The DUCHY OF BRUNSWICK is thus divided—

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The District of Wolfenbuttel	21½	110,000
2. The District of Schoningen	13½	40,500
3. The District of Blankenbourg	8	20,000
4. The District of Hartz	14	43,000
5. The District of Weser	13	37,500
Total	70	251,000

This Duchy is governed by the fundamental law of the 6th of April, 1826, with states, and two chambers. Augustus-Louis-William-Maximilian-Frederic, born the 25th of April, 1806, became sovereign the 28th September, 1830. He resides at Brunswick. Army 3,500 men, contingent 2,096 men, making part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* Has two votes in the General Council, and contributes 1,000 florins to the diet. Revenue 650,000, debt 360,000 rix dollars.

17. DUCHY OF NASSAU, comprising eighty-two square miles, and 248,000 inhabitants, is governed by the fundamental law of the 2nd of September, 1814, and that of the 4th of November, 1815, with states and two chambers. William-George-Augustus-Henry-Belgicus, born the 14th of June, 1792, succeeded his father, Frederic-William, the 9th of January, 1816; residing at Wiesbade. Army 4,200 men, contingent 3,028 men, making part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* Has two votes in the General Council, and pays 1,000 florins to the diet. Revenue 1,200,000, debt nearly 4,000,000 rix dollars.

18. The GRAND DUCHY OF MECKLENBOURG SCHWERIN is thus divided—

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Duchy of Schwerin	127	235,000
2. The Principality of Schwerin	8	22,000
3. The Duchy of Gustrow	85	150,000
4. The District of Rostock	5	24,000
5. The Duchy of Wiesmar	3	15,000
Total	128	446,000

This Grand Duchy, with the Grand Duchy of Strelitz, form together but one chamber, and are governed by the ancient states. Frederic-François, born the 10th of December, 1756, succeeded his uncle the Duke Frederic, the 24th of April, 1785. He resides at Schwerin. Army 3,846 men, contingent 3,580, a part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* Has two votes in the General Council, and contributes to the diet 1,333⅓ florins. Revenue 2,000,000, debt 8,000,000 rix dollars.

19. The GRAND DUCHY OF MECKLENBOURG STRELITZ is divided into the Lordship of Stargarde and the Duchy of Ratzebourg, containing thirty-eight square miles, and 79,343 inhabitants. George-Frederick-Charles-Joseph, born on the 12th of August, 1779, succeeded

his father, the Grand Duke, Charles-Louis-Frederick, the 6th of November, 1816. His residence at New Strelitz. Army 742 men, contingent 718, a part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote in the General Council, and pays to the diet 666⅔ florins. Revenue 400,000 rix dollars, debt . . . . . .

20. The GRAND DUCHY OF OLDENBOURG is divided into

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Duchy of Oldenbourg	100	210,000
2. The Principality of Lubeck	8	21,000
3. The Principality of Birkenfeld	9	23,000
Total	117	254,000

Paul Frederic Augustus, born on the 15th of July, 1783, succeeded his father the Duke, Peter-Frederic-Louis, the 21st of May, 1829. He resides at Oldenbourg. The army 2,500 men, contingent 2,178, a part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote in the General Council, and pays to the diet 1,000 florins. Revenue 1,000,000 rix dollars, debt . . . . . .

21. The DUCHY OF ANHALT DESSAU comprises sixteen and one-fourth square miles, and 58,070 inhabitants. Leopold Frederick, born the 1st of October, 1794, succeeded his grandfather, Duke Leopold Frederic François, the 9th of August, 1817. Resides at Dessau. Army 700 men, contingent 529, making part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* One vote in the General Council, and pays 200 florins to the diet. Revenue 500,000, debt 600,000 rix dollars.

22. The DUCHY OF ANHALT BERNBOURG has fifteen and three-quarters square miles, and 40,100 inhabitants. Alexis-Frederic-Christian, born the 12th of June, succeeded his father, Prince François Albert, the 9th of April, 1796. Resides at Bernbourg. Army 500 men, contingent 370 men, composing a part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* One vote in the General Council, and pays the diet 200 florins. Revenue 300,000, debt 600,000 rix dollars.

23. The DUCHY OF ANHALT COETHEN reckons fifteen square miles, and 35,000 inhabitants. The duchies of Anhalt-Dessau, Bernbourg, and Coethen, are governed in common by states. Henry, born the 30th of July, 1778, succeeded his brother, Duke Ferdinand, the 25th of August, 1830. He resides at Coethen. Army 350 men, contingents 325, a part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote in the General Council, and pays the diet 200 florins. Revenue 200,000 rix dollars, debt . . . . . .

24. The PRINCIPALITY OF SCHWARZBOURG SONDERSHAUSEN is divided into

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Upper Lordship	8½	27,500
2. The Lower Lordship	8	22,500
Total	16½	50,000

It is governed by the new laws, dated the 20th of December, 1831, and by five knights, five citizens, and five peasants. Gunther-Frederic-Charles succeeded his father, the Prince Christian Gunther, the 4th October, 1794, residing at Sondershausen. Army 500 men, contingent 457 men. Has one vote in the General Council, pays the diet 200 florins. Revenue 120,000, debt 450,000 rix dollars.

25. The PRINCIPALITY OF SCHWARZBOURG RUDOLSTADT is also divided into an upper and lower lordship, comprising nineteen square miles, and 58,000 inhabitants, and is governed since the 8th of January, 1816, by states, composed of eighteen deputies. Frederic-Gunther, born the 6th of November, 1793, succeeded his father, Louis Frederic, the 28th of April, 1807. His residence is at Rudolstadt. Army 700 men, contingent 539 men, making part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote in the General Council, and contributes to the diet 200 florins. Revenue 200,000 rix dollars, debt 200,000.

26. The PRINCIPALITY OF HOHENZOLLERN-HECHINGEN contains five square miles, and 15,000 inhabitants. Frederic-Hermann-Otton, born 22nd of July, 1776, succeeded his father, Prince Frederic-Otton, 2nd of November, 1810, and resides at Heckingen. Army 250 men, contingent 145 men, a part of the 8th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote at the General Council, and pays the diet 250 florins. Revenue 44,500 rix dollars, debt . . . . . .

27. The PRINCIPALITY OF HOHENZOLLERN-SIGMARINGEN comprises eighteen and a quarter square miles, and 41,800 inhabitants. Antoine-Aloys-Menard François, born the 20th of June, 1762, succeeded his father, Prince Charles-Frederic, 26th of December, 1785. He resides at Sigmaringen. Army 450 men, contingent, 356 men, making a part of the 8th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote in the General Council, and pays to the diet 250 florins. The revenue 166,600 rix dollars, debt . . . . . .

28. The PRINCIPALITY OF LICHTENSTEIN is divided into the counties of Schellenberg and Vadoutz, containing two and a half square miles, and 5,850 inhabitants. Jean-Joseph, born the 20th of June, 1760, succeeded his brother, the Prince Aloys-Joseph, 24th of March, 1805; resides at Vadoutz. The army 150 men, contingent 55 men, making a part of the 8th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote in the General Council, and pays to the diet 250 florins. Revenue 9,500 rix dollars, debt . . . . . .

29. The PRINCIPALITY OF REUSS, (*Elder Branch,*) contains seven square miles, and 24,300 inhabitants. Henry 19th, born the 1st of March, 1790, succeeded his father, Henry 18th, the 29th of January, 1817, resides at Greiz. Army 300 men, contingent 223, a part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote in the General Council, and contributes 250 florins to the diet. Revenue 80 or 90,000 rix dollars, debt 120,000 rix dollars.

30. The PRINCIPALITY OF REUSS, (*Younger Branch,*) is formed by

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. Reuss-Schleiz	6	18,000
2. Reuss-Lobenstein-Ebersdorf	7½	16,000
3. The Lordship of *Gera*	7½	24,500
Total	21	58,500

These two principalities of Reuss, the elder and younger branches, are governed in common by ancient states. (*a.*) Henry 62, born the 31st of May, 1785, succeeded his father, Prince Henri 42, the 17th of April 1818, residing at Schleis. (*b.*) Henri 72, born 27th of March, 1797, succeeded his father, the Prince Henri 51, the 10th of July, 1822, residing at Lobenstein. The army 650 men, contingent 522 men, a part of the 9th *Corps d'Armée.* The Princes Henri 62 and 72 have one vote in the General Council, and pay the diet 250 florins. The revenue 105,000 rix dollars, debt . . . . . .

31. The PRINCIPALITY OF LIPPE contains twenty and a half square miles, and 67,730 inhabitants, governed by a new constitution from the 8th of June, 1819. Paul-Alexander-Leopold, born the 6th of November, 1796, succeeded his father the 4th of April, 1802, residing at Detmold. Army 800 men, contingent 691 men, making a part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote at the General Council, and pays 250 florins to the diet. Revenue 320,000, debt 460,000 rix dollars.

32. The PRINCIPALITY OF LIPPE-SCAUMBOURG comprises ten square miles, and 26,000 inhabitants, and is governed by states installed the 15th of January, 1816. George-William, born the 20th of December, 1784, succeeded his father the 13th of February, 1787, under the regency of his mother. He resides at Buckebourg. Army 300 men, contingent 220 men, making part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote in the General Council, and pays 250 florins to the diet. Revenue 140,000 rix dollars, debt . . . . . .

33. The PRINCIPALITY OF WALDECK, composed of

	Sq. miles.	Inhabitants.
1. The Principality of Waldeck	20	50,000
2. The Earldom of Pyrmont	1½	6,000
Total	21½	56,000

Governed by states since the 19th of April, 1816. George-Frederic-Henry, born the 20th of December, 1789, succeeded his father, Prince George, the 9th of September, 1815, residing at Arolsen. Army 650 men, contingent 519 men, part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote in the General Council, and pays the diet 250 florins. Revenue 260,000, debt 800,000 rix dollars.

34. The LANDGRAVIAT OF HESSE-HOMBOURG contains seven and three quarters square miles, and 22,400 inhabitants. Louis-William-Frederic, born the 29th of August, 1770, succeeded his brother, Frederic-Joseph, the 2nd of April, 1829, residing at Hombourg.

Army 250 men, contingent 200 men, making a part of the 8th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote in the General Council, and pays the diet 250 florins. Revenue 100,000, debt 390,000 rix dollars.

35. The FREE CITY OF FRANKFORT comprises four and a half square miles, and 54,000 inhabitants. The free cities are represented by a senate. The army amounts to 600 men, the contingent 479, making a part of the 8th *Corps d'Armée.* Frankfort has one vote in the General Council, and pays 500 florins to the diet. Revenue 222,000, debt 1,666,000 rix dollars.

36. THE FREE CITY OF HAMBOURG contains seven square miles, and 140,000 inhabitants. The army, 10,000 men, composed of burgher guard, contingent 1,298 men, making a part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* It has one vote in the General Council, and contributes to the diet 500 florins. Revenue 330,000, debt 600,000 rix dollars.

37. THE FREE CITY OF LUBECK comprises six square miles, and 47,000 inhabitants. Army 650 men, the contingent 407 men, making a part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* Lubeck has one vote in the General Council, and contributes to the diet 500 florins. Revenue 220,000, debt 1,666,000 rix dollars.

38. The FREE CITY OF BREMEN contains five square miles, and 57,800 inhabitants. Army 600 men, contingent 485 men, making a part of the 10th *Corps d'Armée.* Has one vote in the General Council, and contributes to the diet 500 florins. Revenue 220,000, debt 1,650,000 rix dollars.

RECAPITULATION.

Confederated Germany comprehends an extent of 11,365¾ square miles, containing 34,276,943 inhabitants. Its revenues amount to 207,557,000, and its debts to 852,308,000 rix dollars; without taking into consideration the debts of the towns and the domains. The expense of the Chancery of the most serene German diet, reaches but to the very moderate sum of 31,641 florins.

The States, to the number of eleven, which in the federal council (of seventeen votes) form a complete majority, (seeing that nine votes carry it,) have, in the General Council, for greater security, thirty-nine of the sixty-nine votes. As, in reality, this league was never made for the security of all these cock-robin kings and puppet-princes of plundered Germany, this sovereignty of a thousand and one nights, but rather with the intention of increasing the strength of Austria and Prussia, which might protect themselves from the spirit of conquest of France, and the political aggrandizing of Russia, it results, that central Germany ought to be considered only as a Prusso-Austrian administration; and, that all these numerous princes are clad with a semi-official authority, only in order to facilitate the march of this great machine. This polity has also the advantage of not frightening France with the Bourbons, of securing the good graces of England, and of exciting the jealousy of neither. Moreover,

they have also succeeded by these means in establishing a well-organized secret police, of which these *soi-disant* sovereigns are nothing but the chiefs.

The Thirty-eight Sovereigns of Germany, represented at the Diet of Frankfort, by Seventeen diplomatic Agents.

President, M. Le Comte de Munch-Bellinghausen, Envoy of Austria, and Minister Plenipotentiary.

		Represented by	Votes.
1	Austria	M. Munch-Bellinghausen	4
2	Prussia	M. le Gl. Schüber	4
3	Bavaria	M. de Mieg	4
4	Saxony	M. de Manteuffel	4
5	Hanover	M. de Stralenheim	4
6	Wurtemberg	M. le Baron de Trott	4
7	The Grand Duchy of Baden	M. le Baron de Blittersdorf	3
8	Electoral Hesse	M. Riess de Scheuerschloss	3
9	The Grand Duchy of Hesse	M. de Gruben	3
10	The Grand Duchy of Holstein and Lauenbourg	M. le Baron de Pechlin	3
11	The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg	M. le Comte de Grünne	3
12	The Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach The Duchy of Saxe-Cobourg The Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen The Duchy of Saxe-Altembourg	M. le Comte de Beust	4
13	The Duchy of Brunswick The Duchy of Nassau	M. le Comte de Stralenheim	4
14	The Grand Duchy of Mecklenbourg Shwerin The Grand Duchy of Mecklenbourg Strelitz	M. de Schalk	3
15	The Grand Duchy of Oldenbourg The Duchy of Anhalt-Dessau The Duchy of Anhalt-Coethen The Principalities of Schwarzbourg-Sondershausen The Principality of Swarzbourg-Rudolstadt	M. de Both	6
16	Principality of Hohenzollern-Hechingen of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen of Lichtenstein of Reuss (elder branch) of Reuss (younger branch) of Lippe of Schaumburg of Waldeck The Landgraviat of Hesse-Hombourg	M. le Baron de Leonhardi	9
17	The Free Cities of Frankfort Hamburgh Lubeck Brêmen	M. Smidt, Bourgemetre of Bremen	4
		Total	69

The number of Envoys of the Germanic Confederation is composed of seventeen persons, of whom sixteen are noble and one plebeian, the latter a burgess representing the four free towns under a republican form of government.

The Military Commission is composed of

Austria, represented by	M. de Walden, President and Major General	Perpetual Members.
Prussia, represented by	M. de Wolzogen, Lieut.-General	
Bavaria,	M. de Volderndorf, Lt.-Gen. of Staff.	

The 8th, 9th, and 10th *Corps d'Armée*, are represented by members who are changed every year on the 19th of March.

The thirty-eight German States employ, for Germany alone, the following *personnel* among the upper officials, with exorbitant allowances.

	Persons.
The *Personnel* of the Crown, and the upper officials of the Court, are composed of	127
The *Personnel* of the Ministers, without counting the Secretaries-General (France has but 9, England 13)	132
Ambassadors, without comprehending a part of those who are at Frankfort	78
Counsellors of Legation, and first Secretaries	108
Total	445

Are not these poor Germans to be pitied, condemned to labour like slaves to nourish this body of almost totally useless idlers, who show activity only in favour of violence, oppression, and arbitrary power? As a proof of which, we subjoin the following.

La Hesse Electorale, in consequence of the events of 1830, governed by a reformed constitution, possesses in its legislative assembly a few men of firmness and talent. This assembly, in 1834, refused the government some of the items demanded in the budget. Long and violent debates ensued. The inconvenience occasioned by the refusal of the sums demanded, and the boldness of such conduct, although perfectly constitutional, became the subject of a complaint to "la serenesme diéte," which immediately assembled, and passed the following decree. Count Munch Bellinghausen, as president, pronounced a long discourse, in which he explained the necessity of the measures adopted by the diet, to prevent, for the future, the federal constitutional assemblies of Germany making an improper use of the liberty accorded them; and the ambassadors without exception, *convinced* of this necessity, immediately signed the following Act—(Schiedsgericht.)

Court of Arbitration.

Art. I.—In case of any dispute happening in any state of the confederation, between the government and the states, either with regard

to the explanation of the constitution or the powers granted to the state in the execution of certain rights of sovereignty, namely, in consequence of the refusal of the necessary means to govern conformably to the constitution and the federal obligations; and all the means of conciliation offered by the laws and the constitution having been employed without effect, the members of the Germanic confederation engage themselves reciprocally in that quality to cause such differences to be decided by arbitrators, in the manner indicated in the following article, before requiring the intervention of the confederation.

Art. II.—To form a court of arbitration, each of the seventeen votes of the ordinary assembly of the diet shall nominate every three years in the states which they represent, two men, distinguished by their character, reputation, and opinions, and who, by many years service, have given proofs of their capacity and knowledge of business, one in the legal and the other in the administrative department. The government shall communicate this nomination to the diet, which shall publish it as soon as the seventeen votes shall be assembled; the government also shall fill up the said tribunal during the period of three years, in case one of the members should leave it voluntarily or a vacancy should occur by sickness or death before the expiration of the period for which he is nominated.

Art. III.—When in the case designed by the first article it becomes necessary to have recourse to arbitration, the government interested shall inform the diet, and from among the thirty-seven persons named in the list and published in due form, six arbitrators shall be chosen, three by the government and three by the state: the arbitrators chosen by the government interested shall be excluded in the election as judges in the case in dispute, unless both parties agree to admit them; the two parties have the power of fixing the number of arbitrators at two or four, and even to increase them to eight. The arbitrators chosen shall be declared to the diet by the government interested. In case of having recourse to the court of arbitration, if the arbitrators are not chosen within one month after the government shall have communicated the list of arbitrators to the states, the diet shall have the right to choose the arbitrators in the place of the parties neglecting to do so.

Art. IV.—The arbitrators shall be informed of their election by the diet by the means of their government, they shall be requested to elect from among the arbitrators a chief arbitrator; in case of the votes being equal *the diet shall name the chief arbitrator.*

Art. V.—The acts sent to the diet by the government interested, and in which the question in dispute must be stated, either by reciprocal memorials or in any other manner, shall be sent to the chief arbitrator, who shall charge with the compiling, narrating, and digesting, two arbitrators, one of whom shall be taken from among those chosen by the government, and the other from among those chosen by the states.

Art. VI.—The arbitrators, the chief arbitrator inclusive, shall immediately assemble in a place fixed upon by the two parties, or the diet, in case the parties cannot agree, and shall decide by the majority

of votes the question in dispute, according to their *conscience* and *conviction.*

Art. VII.—If the arbitrators before pronouncing sentence find it necessary to have more ample information, they shall acquaint the diet of their desire, who shall cause the said information to be procured by the minister of the government interested.

Art. VIII.—Unless the case mentioned in the preceding article should occasion an inevitable delay, sentence must be pronounced within four months from the date of the nomination of the chief arbitrator, and sent to the diet to be communicated to the government interested.

Art. IX.—The sentence of arbitration shall have the same force and effect as a decision *austregale,* and the order of execution established by the laws of the confederation shall be resorted to on the occasion. In disputes relating particularly to the budget, the arbitration shall extend to the duration for which the taxes have been granted by the budget in question.

Art. X.—If any disagreement should arise concerning the expenses of the court of arbitration, and which must be supported by the state interested, they shall be levied *by an order of the diet.*

Art. XI.—A similar employment of the court of arbitration in all questions designated from the first to the tenth article shall be resorted to, to settle all disputes which may arise in the towns between the senate and the municipal authorities. This article not to alter, in any respect, the constitution of the free town of Frankfort, as detailed in the forty-sixth article of the congress of Vienna.*

Art. XII.—The members of the confederation having the right to decide by the court of arbitration any differences arising among themselves, in such case the diet, after the declaration made by the parties, shall take the necessary measures to enforce the execution of the arbitration, conformably to the articles from three to ten.

Here follow the seventeen signatures, which are those of the ambassadors mentioned in the table.

The protocol of the diet of the 12th March, 1835, makes the nominations indicated in the subjoined table.

List of Arbitrary Judges appointed for 1835, 1836, 1837, *named by the* CONSILIUM RESTRICTUM, *in Virtue of the Decree of the Diet of the* 30*th of October,* 1834.

Members of the Diet, represented by Seventeen Votes in the *Consilium Restrictum.*	Names of the arbitrating Judges.	Residence.
1 Austria . . .	Baron de Hess . .	Prague.
	Count de Ugarte . . .	Brunne.
2 Russia . . .	Count de Hardenberg . .	Berlin.
	M. Stelzer	Halberstadt.
3 Bavaria . . .	Baron de Sutner . . .	Munich.
	Baron de Korb . . .	Amberg.
4 Saxony . . .	M. Schumann . . .	Dresden.
	Baron de Nostiz et Jänkendorf	

* This article refers to the independence of the confederate states in case of war.

Members of the Diet, represented by Seventeen Votes in the *Concilium Restrictum.*	Names of the arbitrating Judges.	Residence.
5 Hanover	M. Meyer Count de Kielmannsegge	Lunebourg. Celle.
6 Wurtemberg	Baron de Hartmann Baron de Schmidlin	Stuttgard.
7 Baden	M. Thibaut Baron de Theobald	Heidelberg. Carlsruhe.
8 Electoral Hesse	Baron de Hanstein M. Bickell	Cassel.
9 Grand Duchy of Hesse	Baron de Kopp M. Linde	Darmstadt. Giessan.
10 Denmark on account of Holstein and Lauenburg	Baron Gattsche de Leweltzau M. Jngwer Carsten Lewsen	Ratzebourg. Gluetrstadt.
11 Luxembourg	M. Stifft M. München	Luxembourg.
12 Saxe Weimar Saxe Coburg Gotha Saxe Meiningen Hildburghausen Saxe Altenburgh	M. Riedesel de Eisenbach M. Lotz	Neufhof. Eisenbach. Coburg.
13 Brunswick and Nassau	Baron de Amsberg Baron de Winzingerode	Brunswick. Usingen.
14 Meklembourg Schwerin Meklembourg Strelitz	Baron de Oertzen M. Bouchholtz	Parchim. Schwerin.
15 Oldenbourg Anhalt Dessau Anhalt Bernbourg Anhalt Coethen Schwarzbourg Sondershausen Schwarzbourg Radolstadt	M. Luden M. Albert	Oldenbourg. Bernbourgh.
16 Hohenzollern Hechingen Hohenzollern Sigmaringen Lichtenstein Reus (elder & younger branch) Schaumbourg Lippe Lippe and Waldeck	Baron de Strauch Baron de Strombeck	Gera. Wolfenbuttel.
17 Free City of Lubeck Free City of Francfort Free City of Bremen Free City of Hamburgh	M. Horn M. Monckeberg	Bremen. Hamburgh.

It is worthy of observation that all the persons called upon to execute the office of arbitration judges have been nominated by the diet, and all occupy high official situations, dependant upon one or the other of the governments.

BLUE COATOMANIA.

Don't tell me of reds, buffs, and yellows,
For mustachios I care not a jot,
Give me sailors—dear frank-hearted fellows,
Still charming, if handsome or not.

But all sailors are handsome—at least,
They've a sort of—a something—delightful,
Which makes flirting with them a feast,—
A respite from every thing spiteful.

Since marriage is taskmaster's sorrow,
I *once* vowed he never should task me,
But I do think I'd marry to-morrow,
If a sailor should happen to ask me.

You're a Mid. and a Luff., my dear brothers,
Your captain—describe him each feature,—
"Oh, well built—with a nose like my mother's,—
His wife is the loveliest creature!"

His wife—how provoking!—but Charley,
Just sketch me the Gnat's first lieutenant:
"Why, a good sort of fellow is Harley,
But weather-worn, like our old pennant."

Delightful!—I have him before me,—
Tall, with bronzed open features, "Stop there:"
What's the matter?—he's single,—assure me,
"Yes, single—with very red hair."

Umph—well, well—hair golden—what next?
"And a singular arm,"—I'm enchanted—
A hero's own badge—I'm delighted, not vex'd,
A hero is just what I wanted.

"And a singular leg,"—What! Oh now
You are jesting, dear Charles, I am sure;
"Quite true, besides all must allow
That Harley's a singular bore."

If I *could* win a Gnat, I would rather;
Can I have the Gnat's third, if I choose?
What's his age? "Just the age of my father,"—
And his height?—"Five feet nothing, in shoes."

Ah, well—George, you shall take me below;
Are the midshipmen—boys, every one?
"I'm fifteen, and the youngest. Boys, no!—
We've lately had capital fun.

Frank Vane fell in love with Jane Beaumont,
(He's an oldster, and sets us the fashion,)
So we all fell in love in a moment,
And each wrote an ode to his 'passion.'

Our flames were, of course, the first fair
That occurr'd, and those were the last seen;
But we pleased ourselves as to hair,
Eyes, and names—mine was 'blue-eyed Kathleen!'

This won't do: and, alas! if I wait,
I may grow quite an old-maidish person;
And my own beau-ideal come too late,—
So I'll marry poor Colonel Macpherson.

M.

GARDENER'S LETTER.

To the Editor of the Metropolitan Magazine.

SIR;

My missis takes in your Mag., because she says that your Mag. is sometimes very divarting; more than I can say of all people's, for I often tell my wife to hold her *mag*, but like all women, she only talks the louder—but never mind that. Now, sir, you must allow me to introduce myself, and tell you who I am, and how it it is that I take the liberty to write to you. I am gardener to a lady who is very fond of flowers, and who spends a great deal of money every year; and a very good way of spending money, I think, for she gives work and comfort to a dozen or more poor families, while she honours God in making the most of his beautiful works. I forgot to say that I am head gardener, with many men under me, and that our garden is the surprise of them who do know any thing about flowers, and the 'stonishment of them who don't. I often feels, as I stand in the midst of all the beds of plants, and turns round and round, my eye catching every colour of the rainbow, and many more that the rainbow can't match, that I am a king, and that those pretty creatures are all my subjects, looking up to me for protection; and then I calls my ministers, and like the Centurion in the Scriptures, I have only to say "do this," and he doeth it; for if they don't, I discharges them the next Saturday night. And I look at one bed of flowers, and see that they droop, and I says, "You want water, my dears, and you shall have it;" and when they are fresh and smiling through their tears of joy, as it were, they seem to thank me, and be so grateful; and then I thinks of God, and feel grateful too—that I want nothing. Now, sir, missis is in the garden best part of the day, and she brings out the newspaper and your Mag., and very often lays them down on one of the seats, and leaves them when she goes in. Then I takes my seat, and reads them both till dark, when I sends them into the house; and so I picks up a good many things from my missesses leavings, and somehow or another I gets into politics, which is very puzzling, and I scratches my head, and thinks for an hour or more, till I find I can make nothing of it at all. Still I sees in the main who's right, and as one must have an opinion, I think as a gardener that I chose well in being a Conservative. For what am I but a conservative? Have not I a conservatory for my plants? do not I preserve seeds and flowers in my hothouses? At one time I had an idea, as I was busy with dahlia and bulbous roots, that I ought by profession to be a Radical; but that was only for a short time. I was putting them up for the winter, and it was conservatism after all. But there was another reason which decided me, which is, that we have a power of ladies and gentlemen, who come to see our garden with tickets, on a Wednesday, so we have a regular sweep up on Tuesdays, and I knows 'em all by sight and by name, for they puts their names down on the visiting book, and as I reads the papers, and your Mag., I know which

be Whig which Radical, and which be Tory or Conservative. Now I finds that your Whigs and Radical people won't leave my flowers alone, they pulls at this, and breaks off that, while the Conservatives and Tory gentlemen behave as gentlemen, and leave things alone. I don't say a word about the ladies, 'cause they will take liberties, and can't keep their fingers quiet; but I don't so much mind that, for I consider a lady and a flower as natural sisters, and seldom thinks of one without thinking of t'other. But when I sees a Whig come into the garden, I calls my prime minister, Tom, and I says, "Tom," says I, "watch that chap quietly, and suppose you see him about to help himself, you *cough*, that 'ill frighten him." And many a good flower have I saved by a loud hem! I can tell you, sir; and it is all this which has decided me to be a Conservative, for I judge of people by their actions, and not by their talking.

Now, sir, I will confess to you that I am main puzzled about some things, and I don't much like to ask missis, because she's a lady, and thinks more of flowers than politics, and had sooner look upon her roses in full bloom, than upon the king going to the House of Lords. And so had I, for the matter of that, for I do think of all God's works, man is about the ugliest, though we are so proud, and so full of conceit about ourselves. That's my opinion.

Now, sir, the first question I would put to you is about education, which people now make such a fuss about, and which I can't make up my mind about at all. I reads a paragraff in the newspaper, the Times, (I cannot imagine how any man can write all that paper, double sheet too, sometimes, in one day,) well, it says how a young man has been brought up to the Old Bailey for forging the name of another man to a bill, and then that he was sentenced to transportation for life, and then I thinks, now, if this poor fellow hadn't been educated, this would never have happened. All this comes of education. As soon as I've settled that point in my mind, I reads the next paragraff, and then I finds that a brute has been stabbing his poor wife, and that he is locked up till they know whether she will recover or not; and then I says to myself, "Now, if that fellow had been educated, he would probably have known better." Then I am quite puzzled, and I should wish to have your opinion, sir. I thinks myself, that it would be better to educate the poor just enough to make it of use and advantage to them, but not too much, just as I have my two sons, who can write sufficient to make it out, but not so as to forge a man's name. But really, education goes on so fast now, that one don't know where one is—and children begin just about where I left off. We have a national school, and we have an infant school, and I think the infants are the cleverest of the two. I'm sure when I was there, and heard them sing in chorus, that butter was made from the milk of a cow, I learnt something before they had finished their song; but they did make a bit of a mistake the other day in the church, for all the infants were seated round the communion steps when the bishop came down to a confirmation, and as they were buzzing among one another, and making too much noise, the bishop, who is a very kind man, held up his finger to them, as much as to say, "Oh, fie, and hush!" when what did they all do but scream out together, as loud as

they could bawl, "*perpendicular.*" I'm sure I never knew what perpendicular was, till long after I was grown up; but now, you see, sir, they begins mathematiks at two years old.

I should like, at the same time that you writes me your opinion about education, that you will also tell me something about this Corporation Bill, for I can't make it out. I see aldermen are mentioned in it, and I know they are fat fellows. I myself am 'bout seventeen stone, and a short man, so you see, Mr. Editor, I feel that, having a no small share of corporation myself, I am very much interested about the matter, still I can't imagine why they should legislate for people's stomachs; but them Whigs are sad meddling fellows. That's my opinion.

I have only one more question to put to you, sir, and then I will finish this long letter. It is a kind of question of conscience, and I don't know what to make of it. You see, sir, the orticultural and other societies gives prizes for the best show of flowers, and I believe I gets more than any body else. They give medals, and money, and plate. I always takes the plate, and I have a great deal, which I shall leave to my eldest boy as a hare-loam. My master did the same with his plate chests, and I follows his plan, notwithstanding all the fuss about primogeniture. I considers it right, and that's my opinion. But that is not the question—it's about some scruples of conscience. You know, sir, new flowers always get the prizes, and I makes new flowers. My missis says to me the other day, "How do you contrive, gardener, to make so many new and beautiful flowers?" I laughs, and won't tell at first. At last, as missis would know, I says very softly to her, "Why, ma'am, the fact is, I high breeds them myself, when nobody is bye." Now, sir, I've been thinking whether that be right or not—cause, d'ye see, God made all the flowers as they grow, and there be beauty and variety enough to satisfy any man who has any conscience, and who don't want to get prizes; and did he intend that we should *highbreed* them, as we do now? Is not this making the flowers break the seventh commandment, besides being contrary to nature, and interfering with God's works? I've been thinking of this for some time, and should very much like your opinion on the subject. The bishop was here the other day, and I was very near putting the question to him, but I didn't like; and Lord L———t came down last week, and I thought of asking his legal opinion, but he was too busy with the dahlias. So I thought it better to put it to you—and begging pardon for giving so much trouble, I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

T. R———G.

As soon as I hear from you, and find that you are not displeased with the liberty, I shall write again.

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.[1]

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

It is always a greater proof of courage to stand fire coolly than to fire. Captain Reud, I must suppose, wished to try the degree of intrepidity of his officers, by permitting the chase to give us several rounds of weighty objections against any more advance of familiarity on our parts. A quarter of a century ago there were some very strange notions prevalent in the navy, among which none was more common, than that the firing of the bow guns *materially* checked the speed of the vessel. The captain and the first lieutenant both held this opinion. Thus we continued to gain upon the corvette, and she, being emboldened by the impunity with which she cannonaded us, fired the more rapidly and with greater precision, as our rent sails and ravelled running rigging began to testify.

I was rather impatient at this apparent apathy on our parts. Mr. Burn, the gunner, seemed to more than participate in my feelings. Our two bow guns were very imposing looking magnates. They would deliver a message at three miles distance, though it were no less than a missive of eighteen pounds avoirdupois; and we were now barely within half that distance. Mr. Burn was particularly excellent at two things, a long shot and the long bow. In all the ships that I have sailed, I never yet met with his equal at a cool, embellished, intrepid lie, or at the accuracy of his ball practice. Baron Munchausen would have found no mean rival in him at the former; and were duels fought with eighteen pounders, Lord Camelford would have been remarkably polite in the company of our master of projectiles.

I was upon the point of writing that Mr. Burn was *burning* with ardour. I see it written—it is something worse than a pun—therefore, *per omnes modos et casus*—heretical and damnable—consequently I beg the reader to consign it to the oblivion with which we cover our bad actions, and read thus. The gunner was burning with impatience to show the captain what a valuable officer he commanded. The two guns had long been ready, and with the lanyard of the lock in his right hand, and the rim of his glazed hat in the left, he was continually saying, "Shall I give her a shot now, Captain Reud?"

The answer was as provokingly tautologous as a member of parliament's speech, who is, in aid of the whipper-in, speaking against time. "Wait a little, Mr. Burn."

"Well, Mr. Percy," said the fat doctor, blowing himself up to me, "so you have been knighted—on the deck of battle too—knight banneret of the order of the light bobs."

I was standing with the captain's glass to my eye, looking over the hammocks. In order to get near me he had been obliged to cling

[1] Continued from p. 78.

hold of the hammock-rails with both hands, so that his huge, round, red face, just peeped above the tarpaulin hammock-cloths, his chin resting upon them, no bad type of an angry sun showing his face above the rim of a black cloud, through a London November fog.

"Take care, doctor," I sang out, for I had seen the flashings of the enemy's guns.

"Light bobs," said the jeering doctor; when away flew the upper part of his hat, and down he dropped on the deck, on that part which nature seems to have purposely padded in order to make the fall of man easy.

"No light bob, however," said I.

The doctor arose, rubbing with an assiduity that strongly reminded me of my old schoolmaster, Mr. Roots.

"To your station, doctor," said the captain harshly.

"Spoilt a good hat in trying to make a bad joke;" and he shuffled himself below.

"Your gig, Captain Reud, knocked all to shivers," said a petty officer.

This was the unkindest cut of all. As we were approaching Barbadoes, the captain had caused his very handsome gig to be hoisted in from over the stern, placed on the thwarts of the launch, and it had been in that position, only the day before, very elaborately painted. The irritated commander seized hold of the lanyard of one of the eighteen-pounders, exclaiming at the same time, "Mr. Burn, when you have got your sight, fire!"

The two pieces of artillery simultaneously roared out their thunders, the smoke was driven aft immediately, and down toppled the three topmasts of the corvette. The falling of those masts was a beautiful sight. They did not rush down impetuously, but stooped themselves gradually and gracefully, with all their clouds of canvas. A swan in mid air, with her drooping wings broken by a shot, slowly descending, might give you some idea of the view. But after the descent of the multitudinous sails, the beauty was wholly destroyed. Where before there careened gallantly and triumphantly before the gale a noble ship, now nothing but a wreck appeared painfully to trail along laboriously its tattered and degraded ruins.

"What do you think of that shot, Mr. Farmer?" said the little captain, all exultation. "Pray, Mr. Percy, where did Mr. Burn's shot fall?"

"*One* of the shot struck the water about half a mile to port, sir," said I, for I was still at my post watching the proceedings.

"O Mr. Burn! Mr. Burn! what could you be about? It is really shameful to throw away his Majesty's shot in that manner. O Mr. Burn!" said the captain, more in pity than in anger.

Mr. Burn looked ridiculously foolish.

"O Mr. Burn," said I, "is this all you can show to justify your bragging?"

"If ever I fire a shot with the captain again," said the mortified gunner, "may I be rammed, crammed, and jammed in a mortar, and blown to atoms."

In the space of a quarter of an hour we were alongside of the Jean

Bart. She mounted twenty-two guns, was crowded with a dirty crew, and after taking out most of them, and sending plenty of hands on board, in two hours more we had got up her spare topmasts.

Before dark every thing appeared to be as if nothing had occurred, with the exception of the captain's gig and the doctor's hat; and hauling our wind, in company with our prize, we made sail towards that quarter in which we had left our convoy.

I am going to mention a very trivial anecdote; but as it is one of those curious coincidences, upon which are grounded so much superstition, I may be pardoned for narrating it. After the topmasts of the prize had fallen, every body had run below in the Jean Bart, with the exception of the captain, and two or three of the officers. The captain had taken the wheel, and still kept his vessel before the wind. When we were close upon her, we had hailed him several times to broach to, but either not hearing, or not understanding, there was no attention paid to our commands. The consequence was, a half dozen marines were ordered to fire into her. This had the desired effect. Of the four or five persons still on her decks, the captain was the only one struck. The ball passed through his right arm. He then let go the wheel immediately, and the ship came, with her yards all square, and the wreck hanging about her, right into the wind.

When the French commander was having his wound dressed in the gun-room, he continued sacré-ing between his teeth, *cette maudite chemise.* The ball had passed clean through the arm, and not half an inch from the spot there were two scars, the marks that showed the passage of another ball, and on the shirt that he had on were the corresponding orifices.

This is the story of the shirt, which we had from his own mouth, and which he told the officers without much appearance of shame. The few French vessels then upon the seas were hunted about without intermission. They could rarely make any of the few friendly ports that were open to them; and in the West Indies, every harbour was in the hands of their enemies. Consequently, linen of any sort was a great luxury. About two years before, the French captain had boarded and taken possession of an English merchant vessel, on board of which there was the body of a young gentleman, who had the day before died of a consumption. He was attended by an old black woman, indeed, her age was almost as much beyond belief as was her activity and strength. She had nursed this young gentleman's father, and his father, and felt a sort of canine devotion for every one bearing the family name. She had dressed out the body in the best linen shirt that she could find.

As the French captain had no idea of running into Antigua in order that the rites of sepulture should be paid to the departed plantation proprietor, he ordered the corpse, amidst the imprecations of the old negress, to have a shot attached to it, and to be thrown overboard. Not wishing to lose a good shirt, when shirts were so very scarce, he had it removed from the body, as he thought any old canvas was good enough to sink a corpse in. The horror of the negress at this profanation was intense, and she cursed him with all the bitterness of hate and

revenge. Among other things, she wished that every time he put it on, it might bring disgrace and ruin upon his head, wither the strength of his right arm, and be stained with his best blood. Protected as this shirt was by the maledictions of the venerable of years, he had put it on but twice, at the interval of a year. Each time he had been wounded in the right arm, each time been ruined, and each time lost his ship.

Three times is generally considered fatal in similar affairs; but whether he experienced this fatality, I know not. I can only vouch for as much as I have related. Methinks a very pretty nautical drama might be made out of this anecdote, entitled "The Fatal Shirt," or "The Curse of the Oboe Woman." If any manager is inclined to be liberal, my tale and my talents are entirely at his service.

At daylight next morning we found ourselves again with our convoy. Mr. Silva had recaptured the four vessels taken by the felucca. The Falcon hove in sight about mid-day. She had chased the felucca well to windward, when the immense large schooner had intruded herself as a third in the party, and she and the felucca, as well as I could understand, had united and gave the man-of-war brig a pretty considerable tarnation licking, as brother Jonathan hath it.

She certainly made a very shattered appearance, and had lost several men. However, in the official letter of the commander to Captain Reud, all this was satisfactorily explained. He had beaten them both, and they had struck; but owing to night coming on before he could take possession of them, they had most infamously escaped in the darkness. However, it did not much signify, as they were now, having struck, lawful prizes to any English vessel that could lay hold them. I thought at the time that there was no doubt of *that*.

The next day we made the land. The low island of Barbadoes had the appearance of a highly-cultivated garden, and the green look so refreshing in a hot country, and so dear to me, as it reminded me of England.

I have no intention of repeating the oft-repeated description of the West India islands. What is personal to me I shall relate: of course, incidentally I may be drawn in to describe what has struck me as peculiar to these very favoured regions. We made but a short stay at "little England," as the Barbadians fondly call their verdant plat, and then ran down through all the Virgin islands, leaving parts of our convoy at their various destinations. Our recaptured vessels, with a midshipman in each, also went to the ports to which they were bound. When we were abreast of the island of St. Domingo, our large convoy was reduced to about forty, all of which were consigned to the different ports of Jamaica. Our prize corvette was still in company, as we intended to take her to Port Royal.

We were all in excellent humour: luxuriating in the anticipation of our prize-money, and somewhat glorious in making our appearance in a manner so creditable to ourselves and profitable to the admiral on the station. All this occupied our minds so much, that we had hardly time to think of persecution. But some characters can always find time for mischief, especially when mischief is but another name for pleasure. The activity which Mr. Silva had displayed in making the

recaptures had gained him much respect with his messmates, and seemed to *pave the way* for a mutual good understanding.

What I am now going to relate could not, by any possibility, happen in the naval service of the present day. Let no one, therefore, suppose that in recording things that actually occurred, I am disseminating a libel against the profession, amongst the members of which I passed the happiest days of my life, in whom I have ever found the most chivalrous honour, the most unbounded generosity, and feelings the most remote from that all-pervading selfishness, that bane of the social circle, and the besetting sin of the times, at least in England. The little that is good, the very little upon which I can pride myself, that my character gathered up, was gained amidst the toils, the dangers, and the constantly occurring privations of my ocean life: had the profession, however, been then improved, in many particulars, to what it now is, I make no doubt that it would have had a beneficial effect upon me But no profession, drill the body and awe the mind as it may, can destroy identity of character. Discipline and coercion will, and always do, modify it; and the more the submission of the lower grades of any social pact is complete, the controlling power must necessarily be the more haughty, the more wilful, and too often, becomes the more insolent.

To show the navy as it was, and to point out some of its insolences of office, instead of being a libel, is a compliment to the navy that now is. The affair that drove poor Silva out of the service can never recur; but it may not be amiss to relate it, as it is, in some measure, a justification for that curtailment of the mere wantonness of power in the commanding officer, that now, much to the annoyance of many worthy old tars, exists. It will also show to those who delight in tracing the philosophy of the mind, the rampant course of the passions, when an individual supposes himself above the consideration of the feelings of others, and released from every responsibility, even that of opinion; for opinion dared not make itself heard on board of a man-of-war then, and even now, and properly too, is wholesomely checked by the contemplation of danger.

The second lieutenant was invited to dinner with his two constant quizzers, the fat doctor and the acute purser, just as we had made the east end of Jamaica. I, it having been my forenoon watch, was consequently invited with the officer of it. We had lately been too much occupied to think of annoying each other; but those who unfortunately think that they have a prescriptive right to be disagreeable, and have a single talent that way, (the most common of talents,) seldom violate the advice of the Scripture, that warns us not to hide that one talent in a napkin.

We found our sarcastic little skipper in the blandest and most urbane humour. He received us with a courtesy that almost made me feel affection for him. We found Mr. Farmer, the first lieutenant, with him, and had it not been for a sly twinkling of the eye of the captain, and very significant looks that now and then stole from Mr. Farmer, as he caught the expression of his commander's countenance, I should have thought that that day there was no "minching malicho," or any thing like mischief meant. There were but five of us sat down to

table, yet the dinner was superb. We had, or rather the captain, supplied himself now with all the luxuries of a tropical climate, and those of the temperate were, though he could boast of little temperance, far from exhausted. We had turtle dressed different ways, though our flat friend made his first appearance in the guise of an appetising soup. We had stewed guanna, a large sort of delicious lizard, that most amply repairs the offence done to the eye by his unsightly appearance, in conciliating in a wonderful manner all those minute yet important nerves that providence has so bountifully and so numerously spread over the palate, the tongue, and the uvula. The very contemplation of this beneficent arrangement is enough to make a swearing boatswain pious.

We lacked neither fish, beef, nor mutton; though it is true, that the carcases of the sheep, after having been dressed by the butcher and hung up under the half deck, gave us the consolation of knowing, that while there was a single one on board, we should never be in want of a poop lantern, so delicately thin and transparent were the teguments that united the ribs. Indeed, when properly stretched, the body would have supplied the place of a drum, and but little paring away of flesh would have fitted the legs and shoulders for drumsticks. Of fowls we had every variety, and the curries were excellent. Reud kept two experienced cooks; one was an Indian, well versed in all the mysteries of spices and provocatives, the other a Frenchman, who might have taken a high degree in Baron Rothschild's kitchen, which Hebrew kitchen is, we understand, the best appointed in the Christian world. The rivals sometimes knocked a pot or so over with its luscious contents in their contests for precedency, for cooks and kings have their failings in common; but, I must confess, that their Creole master always administered even-handed justice, by very scrupulously flogging them both.

Well, we will suppose the dinner done, and the West Indian dessert on the table, and that during the repast the suavity of our host had been exemplary. He found some means of putting each of us on good terms with himself. At how little expense we can make each other happy!

The refreshing champagne had circulated two or three times, and the pine-apples had been scientifically cut by the sovereign hand of the skipper, who now in his native regions, seemed to have taken to himself an increased portion of life. All this time nothing personal or in the least offensive had been uttered. The claret, that had been cooling all day, by the means of evaporation, in one of the quarter galleries, was produced, and the captain ordered a couple of bottles to be placed to each person with the exception of myself. Having thrown his legs upon another chair than that on which he was sitting, he commenced, "Now, gentlemen, let us enjoy ourselves. We have the means before us, and we should be very silly not to employ them. In a hot country, I don't like the trouble of passing the bottle."

"It is a great trouble to me, when it is a full one," said Dr. Thompson.

"Besides, the bustle and the exertion destroys the continuity of high-toned and intellectual conversation," said Captain Reud, with amiable gravity.

"It is coming now," thought I. Lieutenant Silva looked at first embarrassed, and then a little stern; it was evident, that that which the captain was pleased to designate as highly-toned intellectual conversation, was, despite his literary attainments, and the *pas* of superiority the publishing a book had given him, no longer to the author's taste.

"I have been thinking," said Captain Reud, placing the fore finger of his left hand, with an air of great profundity on the left side of his nose, "I have been thinking of the very curious fatality that has attached itself to Mr. Silva's excellent work."

"Under correction, Captain Reud," said Silva, "if you would permit this unfortunate work to sink into the oblivion that perhaps it too much merits, you would confer upon me an essential favour."

"By no means. I see no reason why I may not be proud of the book, and proud of the author, (Mr. Silva starts,) providing the book be a good book; indeed, it is a great thing for me to say, that I have the honour to command an officer who has printed a book; the mere act evinces great *nerve*." (Mr. Silva winces.)

"And," said the wicked purser, "Captain Reud, you must be every way the gainer by this. The worse the book, the greater the courage. If Mr. Silva's wit——"

"You may test my wit by my book, Mr. ———, if you choose to read it," and the author looked scornfully, "and my courage, when we reach Port Royal," and the officer looked magnificently.

"No more of this," said the captain. "I was going to observe, that perhaps I am the only officer on the station, or even in the fleet, that has under my command a live author, with the real book that he has published. Now, Mr. Silva, we are all comfortable here—no offence is meant to you—only compliment and honour; will you permit us to have it read to us at the present meeting? we will be all attention. We will not deprive you of your wine—give the book to the younker."

"If you will be so kind, Captain Reud, to promise for yourself, and the other gentlemen, to raise no discussion upon any particular phrase that may arise."

The captain did promise. We shall presently see how that promise was kept. The book was sent for, and placed in my hands. Now, I fully opined, at least we should get past the second page. I was curiously mistaken.

"Here, steward," said the skipper, "place half-a-bottle of claret near Mr. Percy. When your throat is dry, younker, you can whet your whistle; and when you come to any particularly fine paragraph, you may wash it down with a glass of wine."

"If that's the case, sir, I think, with submission, I ought to have my two bottles before me also; but, if I follow your directions implicitly, Captain Reud, I may get drunk in the first chapter."

Mr. Silva thanked even a midshipman, with a look of real gratitude, for this diversion in his favour. I had begun to like the man, and there might have been a secret sympathy between us, as one day it was to be my fate to write myself author.

Having adjusted ourselves into the most comfortable attitudes that we could assume, I began, as Lord Ogleby hath it, "with good emphasis, and good discretion," to read the "Tour up and down the Rio

de la Plate." Before I began, the captain had sent for the master, and the honourable Mr. ———, so I had a very respectable audience.

I had no sooner finished the passage, "After we had paved our way down the river," than with one accord, and evidently by preconcert, every one, stretching forth his right hand, as do the witches in Macbeth, roared out, "stop!" It was too ludicrous. My eyes ran with tears, as I lay down the book, with outrageous laughter. Mr. Silva started to his feet, and was leaving the cabin, when he was *ordered* back by Captain Reud. An appearance of amicability was assumed, and to the old argument they went, baiting the poor author like a bear tied to a stake. Debating is a thirsty affair; the two bottles to each, and, two more, quickly disappeared; the wine began to operate, and with the combatants, discretion was no longer the better part of valour.

Whilst words fell fast and furious, I observed something about eight feet long, and one high, on the deck of the cabin, covered with the ensign. It looked much like a decorated seat. Mr. Silva would not admit the phrase to be improper, and consequently his associates would not permit the reading to proceed. During most of this time the captain was convulsed with laughter, and, whenever he saw the commotion at all lulling, he immediately, by some ill-timed remark, renewed it to its accustomed fury. At length, as the seamen say, they all had got a cloth in the wind—the captain two or three, and it was approaching the time for beating to quarters. The finale, therefore, as previously arranged, was acted. Captain Reud rose, and steadying himself on his legs, by placing one hand on the back of his chair, and the other on the shoulder of the gentleman that sat next to him, spoke thus:—"Gentlemen—I'm no scholar—that is—you comprehend fully—on deck, there—don't keep that d——d trampling—and put me out—where was I?"

"Please sir," said I, "you were saying that you were no scholar."

"I wasn't—couldn't have said so. I had the best of educations—but all my masters were dull—d——d dull—so they couldn't teach a quick lad, like me, too quick for them—couldn't overtake me with their d——d learning. I'm a straightforward man. I've common sense—com—— common sense. Let us take a common sense view of this excruciation—ex—ex—I mean exquisite argument. Gentlemen, come here," and the captain between two supporters, and the rest of the company, with Mr. Silva, approached the mysterious-looking, elongated affair, that lay, like the corpse, covered with the Union Jack, of some lanky giant, who had run himself up into a consumption by a growth too rapid. The doctor and purser, who were doubtlessly in the secret, wore each a look of the most perplexing gravity, the captain one of triumphant mischief; the rest of us of the most unfeigned wonder.

"If," spluttered out Captain Reud, see-sawing over the yet concealed thing. "If, Mr. Paviour, you can pave your way down a river——"

"My name, sir, is Don Alphonso Ribidiero da Silva," said the annoyed lieutenant, with a dignified bow.

"Well, then, Don Alphonso Ribs-are-dear-o da Silva, if you can pave your way down a river, let us see how you can do it in a small

way, down this *hog-trough* full of water," plucking away, with the assistance of his confederates, the ensign that covered it.

"With fool's heads," roared out the exasperated, and I fear, not very sober, Portuguese.

Though I was close by, I could not fully comprehend the whole manœuvre. The captain was head and shoulders immersed in the filthy trough, which uncleaned, was taken from the manger, that part of the main deck directly under the forecastle, and filled with salt water. The doctor and purser had taken a greater lurch, and fallen over it, sousing their white waistcoats, and well-arranged shirt frills, in the dirty mixture. The rest of us contrived to keep our legs. The ship was running before the wind, and rolling considerably, and the motion, aided by the wine, and the act of plucking aside the flag *might* have precipitated the captain into his unenviable situation—he thought otherwise. No sooner was he placed upon his feet, and his mouth sufficiently clear from the salt water decoction of hog-wash—than he collared the poor victim of persecution, and spluttered out, "Mutiny—mu—mu—mutiny—sentry. Gentlemen, I call you all to witness, that Mr. Silva has laid violent hands upon me."

The "paviour of ways" was immediately put under arrest, and a marine, with a drawn bayonet, placed at his cabin door, and the captain had to repair damages, vowing the most implacable vengeance for having been shoved into his own hog-trough. *Did ever any body know any good come of hoaxing?*

(To be continued.)

THE QUESTION.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

WHAT has the world to do with me?
Or what have I to do with it?
I'd wish to part in charity
With that I've known so long: but smit
With Nature's dear untutored face,
In airy grot and sylvan cell
I long to pass my quiet days;—
To sit, and wake my Doric shell,
Beneath some abbey's ivied towers,
Whose very stones are eloquent,
And breathe of those departed flowers,—
Those sisters of the soul, that spent

Their modest days from life remote.
I love those wild neglected domes;
My very spirit seems to doat
On solitary things, and roams
Like truant child, delighted, free
To bound away from all control,
With feather'd feet in golden glee:
But wordly scenes enchain my soul.
With nature I'm as blithe as birds,
That sing because the *heart's in bloom*,
But when *I measure* out my words,
To jewell'd ears, in drawing-room,—
List to the tale of scandal told,
Or fashions fresh from fancy's loom,—
My feelings grow as dead, and cold,
As any tenant's of the tomb.
Be mine the mountain solitude,
Where Nature's children *only* dwell,
And loving friends alone intrude,
To *hallow*, and not break the spell:
Where speech is unconfined and bold,
As in primeval days, I ken,
When *faith* had higher price than *gold*,
And charity was loved of men.
There let me dwell, remote from all
The city's din, the selfish train,
That mingle at the feast or ball,—
Their pleasures bought with others' pain.
Be mine dear Nature's drawing-room,
With curtain of the orient sky,
And carpet from her matchless loom,
All radiant with the Tyrian dye
Of violets, or virgin gold
Of cowslips, that with vestal head,
Within their cloister'd cells unfold
For sportive fays a silken bed.
And, as for music—let me hear
The sound of silver waterfall,
More pleasant to my sober ear,
Than polish'd strain in courtly hall;
And 'stead of costly chandelier,
Reflecting colours like the bow,
Give me the stars, that just appear
Like angel's eyes to man below,
All glittering through the dews that fall,
As if for man the angels wept,
While keeping holy watch for all,
As angels have for mortals kept.
Yes, Nature! let me dwell with thee;
It suiteth best my simple wit;
What has the world to do with me?
Or what have I to do with it?

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ÆTNA.

CHAPTER I.

Shower of Ashes—Eruption of Mount Ætna—Debarkation of Murat in 1809— ——— *and the Princess of L*——— *—The Princess and the Lieutenant—Scaletta—Fiume di Nisi—Bulimia—Giardini —Professions of our Host—Beauty of the Plains at the foot of Ætna—The Cantara—The Devil's Bridge—Fiume freddo—Apollo Archagetes—Devotion of the Sicilian Ladies in former times.*

DURING my residence in Messina, one of the most remarkable eruptions of Ætna, which have occurred for many years, took place. Notice of the event was given in Messina by the fall of a copious shower of ashes, which, the very reverse of a snow storm, in a short time, put the edifices, streets, and inhabitants, who happened to be out of doors, into a general mourning. The white vestments of the belles, the gay uniforms of the military, with the more sober dresses of the bourgeois, all soon assumed the same sombre hue. To a stranger, this might appear as extraordinary as Livy's showers of blood and stones; but the natives did not long allow us to contemplate the phenomena as a prodigy, by explaining the cause. Messina lies about fifty miles from the mountain; but these ashes are often conveyed by the wind to more than double that distance. The Heræan chain, which runs behind Messina, rising to a height of upwards of three thousand five hundred feet, of course intercepts all view of Ætna from that town. Towards evening the heavens began to present a fiery appearance on that side, and when dark, the whole atmosphere seemed one vast sheet of distant flame. At this time we were ignorant of the extent and nature of the eruption.

As it was uncertain how long it might continue, we left Messina next morning, mounted on good horses, and accompanied by two mules carrying provisions and other conveniences, a precaution very necessary in Sicily. By the time we reached Scaletta, a village distant about twelve miles from Messina, the sun had mitigated the freshness of the morning air, and the sea breeze had already rendered our appetites craving; but we preferred pushing on to Fiume di Nisi, where, in a wretched fundaco, we knew we should find delicious wine, and probably a good dish of fish; at any rate, we might depend on an omelet, the only article on which travellers in this country can securely rely. We did find the fish, and the wine answered the eulogiums we had heard of it. The inn, as usual, afforded us but one knife, but we had a clean, though coarse table-cloth, with a napkin and silver fork each: the latter piece of luxury will perhaps surprise, but it is usually found even in the houses of the peasantry. What little money they are enabled to save is generally thus laid out: they have no means of disposing of it to any advantage, and purchase arti-

cles of plate to diminish the facility and temptation of spending it to less advantage. At Fiume di Nisi, whether it were owing to the goodness of the wine, or the morning ride and sea air, I know not; but I was seized with a species of Bulimia, although I have usually a very moderate appetite. After dispatching my fair proportion of the fish and omelet, I had a piece of roast beef unpacked, which we had brought with other provisions, to serve us when on the mountain. After eating I cannot tell how much, I began to be alarmed, and literally left off nearly as hungry as when I sat down—so much for the air and wine of Fiume di Nisi. Fortunately for my companions, my good appetite did not return during our trip. The Fiume di Nisi is the ancient Enisis, called also by the Greeks Chrysorhoas, from the grains of gold which were often mixed with its sand. There is certainly gold, and I have heard, silver also, in the neighbourhood; the excavations from which the gold was extracted are still to be seen, but the mines are no longer worked, not being found sufficiently productive. Iron and alum also exist in the same hills, and there are some porphyry quarries of excellent quality. Near the river, on a lofty hill, stands the hamlet of Nisi, which defied the force of the Athenians, and to which Ovid alludes, when he says,—

"Nisiades matres, Sicelidesque nurus."

But this, according to Fazzello, is uncertain. Near Mili on this coast, Murat succeeded in 1809 in debarking a body of about 3,500 troops. At the head of an army of 30,000 French he had for some time threatened Sicily with invasion, but his projects and attempts had been constantly baffled by the activity and courage displayed by the Sicilians employed in the gun-boats. The troops, which at length effected a landing under cover of the night, were given to suppose by Murat that they were only the advance, and that they would immediately be followed by the main body. It is said that he made the attempt merely for the purpose of proving how the population of Sicily stood affected to the French; a silly and expensive experiment, by which he sacrificed a large portion of the finest troops in his army. Others assert, that day broke on the French before the remainder could be embarked. Be that as it may, the scheme was contemptible both in plan and execution, and met with the failure it merited. After committing some enormities on what females fell into their hands, the French took up a position on a hill, where they were soon surrounded by the peasantry, who ran to arms on all sides, and by the British regiments from Messina. Finding resistance hopeless, they threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion.

Scandal was not wanting on this occasion, and it was whispered that the British naval commandant, seduced by the attractions of the notorious Princess L———, a known spy and emissary of the intriguing queen, at that time, as was afterwards proved, in close correspondence with Napoleon, was deficient in his precautions and remiss in his exertions. But that whilst the fortunes and welfare of Great Britain, and the security of so large a portion of the army, depended on his prudence and vigilance, an officer of his rank should have suffered himself to be duped by the artifices of the most con-

temptible court in Europe, and have weakly sacrificed in the arms of its agent his own honour and the interests of his country, is not only improbable, but, in my opinion, absolutely impossible.

The lady was remarkable in her youth for her beauty, her accomplishments, and her intrigues; but she has since reformed her life, having taken a husband in the person of a young able-bodied officer of the Hanoverian legion, little more than one-half her own age, with whom she is now passing her maturer years in chaste connubial bliss. By the death of her father, she has become the richest proprietor in Sicily, whilst her meritorious spouse, the quondam lieutenant, has been exalted to the titles of his father-in-law, and is now his Excellency the Prince of B——, one of the first dignitaries of the court of Naples, where he supports with much condescension and éclat the various honours bestowed on him by his liberal lady. It is said, to be prepared against any change of fortune, he takes care to invest every year considerable sums in the British funds.

Three miles from Fiume di Nisi is the Savoca, and the remains of an ancient castle of the same name, built, together with the strong hold of Pentefur, by Count Roger, the gallant deliverer of Sicily from the Moslem yoke, who collected the inhabitants of several Saracen villages for that purpose. Lucadi and Tagliara succeed, with the ancient and remarkable fortress of Forza, erected also by the Norman conqueror, on a rock so precipitous and rugged, that we were obliged to alight and lead our horses up the steep ascent with the utmost caution. The road runs along a perpendicular precipice of several hundred feet; and it is to be feared lest the animal, stumbling and unable to recover itself, should roll over into the abyss beneath, as has more than once happened on this spot. At night and in windy weather the passage must be truly dreadful if not impracticable.

But since I passed this spot on the present occasion, a carriageable road has been formed, which extends from Messina to Syracuse. The rock having been cut through, the above-mentioned passage is no longer frequented. Forza stands on the cape St. Alessio, the ancient Promontorium Argennum. The prospect from the neighbouring heights is indescribably beautiful, and having ascended them for the purpose, we here had the first view of the object of our excursion. The eruption was now visible in an immense volume of dense smoke rising to the clouds, and, notwithstanding the clearness of the day, and the brightness of the sun, giving the heavens in that part the appearance of night, and completely veiling the lofty summit of Ætna. The effect was most surprising; the excessive splendour on this side contrasted with the awful obscurity on the other, seemed as if night and day were striving for mastery, and having broken through the neutral bounds of twilight, were contending abruptly face to face for the dominion of the island. The explosions of the mountain were distinctly heard, and even at this distance the earth trembled sensibly under our feet.

Before us lay the beautiful plains at the foot of Ætna romantically interspersed with rivers, rocks, villages, and forests. In front rose the mountain of Taormina, which our hurry to be at the scene of the eruption did not permit us to visit at this time. It is very high: the

almost inaccessible town of Mola, which rises immediately above it, is one of the strong places which Sicily so frequently presents to the military eye. Next to the classic recollections induced by travelling in this country, I am interested in its peculiar natural strength; nearly every hill presents an almost inassailable position; nor is it to be wondered at that this island has been in all ages the scene of such obstinate and lengthened contests; every inch may be, indeed has been, disputed and defended with success. I am partial to the ancient mode of warfare, nor am I by any means certain that the modern system is so superior as is generally supposed. Most of the small towns and villages on the coast are built on the sides or summits of lofty hills. These are not generally of a very ancient date, but were erected during the middle ages, when the fertile shores of Sicily offered a rich and easy prize to every depredator; it was dangerous to dwell in the plain, except in fortified and populous cities, capable of resisting a sudden assault. These towering situations offered, in those troubled periods, a ready defence and secure abode, being generally accessible even to the natives by only a single narrow foot-path, easily maintained against superior numbers. The inhabitants have now descended into the vales, and the lofty dwellings of their ancestors are, for the most part, either deserted or thinly peopled, though even till very lately, the occasional visits of the Algerines or Tunisians still swept away, without distinction, every thing that could be conveyed on board. Sometimes the whole population of a village was thus carried into slavery, who might well regret the cloud-encircled habitations of their forefathers. The watch-towers, formerly used to alarm the country on the descent of pirates or enemies, still exist at intervals along the coast. The Muniuffo falls into the bay of San Nicolao, near Cape St. Alessio; the rocks in the vicinity contain quarries of a variegated marble, much esteemed by the ancients, who termed it tauromenitan.

St. Alessio is five miles from Taormina, and the passage I have above described was, according to Cluverius, the fauces tauromenitanæ.

It was four o'clock before we reached Giardini, a pleasant village at the foot of the mountain of Taormina, or Mount Toro. We rode up to the door of the only house of reception in the place, and loudly invoked alternately Boniface and his respectable satellites, the waiter and hostler, but in vain; no one made his appearance; whilst a group of villagers stood gazing at us with an air of vacant surprise, without offering us the least assistance or information, until one of them, in reply to my question of where was the locandiere, asked me if I wanted the captain. "The captain!" I rejoined in astonishment, "is not this the inn?" when my informant acquainted me, that the master of the house was also Capitano di Giustezia, or chief magistrate of the village, who was far too great a man to take the least notice of his customers, whom he always left to shift for themselves. I afterwards found that, on entering on his double occupation of innkeeper and justice, he had abandoned a third, which was no less than the command of a band of robbers, in which capacity he had long infested the country, committing divers enormities, and setting the myrmidons of justice at defiance. Unable to suppress him by force, the govern-

ment had wisely entered into treaty with him; like many other great men, he was unable to resist a bribe.

On receiving a handsome consideration, he was contented to disband his followers, and to sit down in an honourable retirement, enjoying the fruits of his honest labour, "cum otio et dignitate," and administering justice to the good people of Giardini, instead of plundering them, or cutting their throats. He soon after made his appearance, and having politely welcomed us to his house, instead of, as is the custom in other countries, inquiring our commands, he, with a magisterial air, put a variety of questions to us, such as, whether we were really Englishmen—if we were married—how old we were—where we were going? He seemed particularly surprised to hear that we were on our way to visit the eruption of Mongibello, the present appellation of Ætna. We were very passably lodged and treated by our host, but we had reason in the morning to remark that he seemed to understand his three professions all equally well, and to make them all equally productive. If his gains on the road, and in court, correspond with those of his inn, he is in a fair way of advancing his fortune, and of becoming even a greater man than he is at present.

We were soon on the beach, and galloping over the sand, on which at a short distance from the village is a rude statue of some protecting saint, the object of peculiar veneration to peasants of the district. Farther on runs into the sea a promontory of lava, perhaps the most extensive torrent which has flowed from the mountain. On this point is an old town called Castel Schiso, built, according to Fazzello, on the site of ancient Naxos, though Cluverius places that town at a distance of five miles from Taormina, and supposes that it was the Portus Tauromenitorum, which originally stood on this spot, where coins and other remains of antiquity are still often discovered. Naxos was remarkable as being the first city founded by the Greeks in Sicily. It was built by Theocles and a party of Chalcideans, from Eubœa, in the first year of the seventh Olympiad, or seven hundred and thirty-six years B. C., in pursuance of the directions of the Delphic oracle, which commanded the Greeks to send colonies to Sicily, in remembrance of which the Naxians erected a celebrated temple to Apollo Archagetes, or the leader.

Naxos does not appear to have been a place of much importance; its founder, Theocles, soon abandoned it, to build the city of Catania, finding the air of the place very unwholesome, on account of the many streams, which descending from Ætna became stagnant in the neighbourhood. The country is still marshy, and infected by the malaria, the curse of most warm climates. Naxos stood three hundred and thirty-three years, and was destroyed by Dionysius the Elder in the second year of the fourteenth Olympiad. The inhabitants who survived its ruin, settled on Mount Taurus, and founded there the city of Tauromenium.

A stream of lava stopped our further course along the shore, and we turned into the plains at the foot of Ætna. According to Spallanzani the real eruptions of Ætna commence at about thirty-seven miles from Messina. After they once begin, the shore is entirely formed by lavas, which proceed in a right line from the mountain;

many of these torrents have been broken by the violent and continued shocks of the waves, and exhibit the various stratifications and different epochs at which they have flowed by the coatings of vegetable earth, more or less thick between the strata: all these are similar with respect to their base, which is horn stone, and all contain within them feltspar crystals.

I have endeavoured, in other parts, to give some idea of the scenery of different places; I have even presumed to attempt a description of the magnificent view which presents itself from the summit of the Antenna Marc, but it is impossible for words to give an adequate idea of the earthly elysium we were now traversing, and which I have so often visited since with increased delight. It contains every species of beauty; the soft, the sublime, the pleasing, the terrible, the luxuriant, the romantic, are all united to form the most delightful prospect eyes ever beheld. A soil so fertile as to yield its fruits almost spontaneously, is covered with a vast variety of the most beautiful shrubs and fragrant flowers, over which gracefully tower the most useful and magnificent trees, the oak, the beech, the chesnut, the mulberry, the orange, with numberless others; whilst corn, the vine, and the olive, all grow promiscuously together.

Through this delicious plain meander transparent streams, and pour foaming along, impetuous torrents, which have worn a course for themselves many feet deep in their beds of rock and lava. Around are hills of all heights, some sloping their verdant sides gradually into the plain, others descending almost perpendicularly, and presenting appalling precipices, from the edges of which villages, castles, or at times grey ruins of ancient days, look down on the paradise below. Behind was Mount Ton, crowned by the City of Taormina; before us extended the plain to the blue hills in the distance; on our left projected into the sea natural capes and rugged promontories of lava, the former surmounted with luxuriant vegetation, the latter presenting still a black and terrific aspect. To complete the grandeur of the scene, on our right soared Ætna into the clouds, discovering to us at intervals its lofty snow-covered summit, when the breeze for a moment dispelled the dense veil of smoke, which, rising in immense volumes from the furnace in its side, concealed it from our observation. Add to all this, the tremendous and never-ceasing explosions of the eruption, which rolled like subterranean thunder under our feet, and shook the ground over which we passed with an unremitting earthquake.

The Cantara is one of the principal Sicilian rivers; it has its source in a mountain between Tra Castagne and Randazzo. It runs along the eastern base of Mount Ætna, and washes the walls of Randazzo, becoming a considerable stream by the addition of the Rocella, the Mojo, and the Francavilla; afterwards it assumes the Saracenic appellation of the Cantara or Alcontara. The Sicilian rivers have often a different name at their mouth than that by which they are distinguished at their source; thus the Erineus, now the Miranda, in the interior, is styled the Fiume di Noto. The banks of the Cantara are adorned with abundance of fine plane trees. It, however, yields in beauty to the Asines, which runs at the distance of a mile, and is now called the Fiume Freddo, a name which it well merits, as its waters

are more gelid than those of the neighbouring rivers. It is one of the most delightful of the Sicilian streams. Fazzello terms it the Acis, and on account of classical recollections, I have done the same in my Sicilian fragment, but I fear there is no resisting the crowd of authorities brought forward by Cluverius, who is conclusive, and convicts honest Tommaso of error in this, as in several other instances. The Fiume Freddo has worn itself a bed to a considerable depth; it is rapid, limpid, and as clear as crystal: the banks are everywhere clothed with a profusion of aromatic herbs and flowers; altogether, it is one of the most beautiful streams I ever beheld.

(To be continued.)

SONG.

THE DAYS OF YORE!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

AWAKE the harp that slumbers,
The merry harp of old,
And tell, in lightsome numbers,
Of England's age of gold!
When *honour* won the guerdon,
And *merit* wore the crest,
And *labour* from its burden
Found sunny spots for *rest*
In the days of yore!

Oh! sing the days of glory,
When *nobles* graced their state,
By deeds that *live* in story;
When every castle gate
Was open to the *stranger;*
Then wassail flow'd for all,
And songs of love and danger
Rang through the feudal hall,
In the days of yore!

Wake England's harp to glory!
It will not waken *now:*
She has no mighty story,
Nor garland for her brow:
No wassail cups are flowing,
To cheer the *stranger* guest:
No earth with embers glowing,
Where *pilgrim feet* may rest
As in days of yore!

Bring sallow leaves, that wither
On autumn's chilling breast;
Bring cypress—bring them hither,
Till England's harp is drest.
Now strike the chords to anguish,
For glory past away,—
Hark! how the sweet notes languish!
'Tis England's dying lay
For the days of yore!

THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

HAVING arrived at this period of my history, I submitted my writing to my friend the surgeon, who, after making a few corrections, advised me not to give a particular account of all the robberies in which I was concerned; because, in many instances, the circumstances were very similar; "besides," as he said, "the principal interest of my life consisted in my having filled the office of hangman so long." For these reasons, therefore, I shall now, as briefly as expedient, slightly touch upon my various changes in life, and hasten on to my appointment to office.

If, indeed, I were to detail every affair in which I was engaged, it would swell this work to a most unconscionable size, and exhaust the patience of my readers. Many times, however, I had nothing to do for months together; but, as said before, I always drew money for my wants. After those two robberies, viz. the coach and the grazier, I was a good deal employed in fetching plate and jewels from noblemen and gentlemen's houses, both in town and country, in every case of which the plans were so well laid, that with common prudence none but a bungler could have failed to carry them with success. I was also employed in the plundering of two banks, and one other coach affair: this I will relate from the peculiar manner in which it was accomplished. One of the partners belonging to a banking-house in the west of England, having most likely heard of our former robbery, had determined, upon all occasions, to travel with the money himself, whether sending it up or bringing it from town. For better security he had a portable strong trunk made, peculiarly banded with brass, having his name and address engraved on it in large letters; in this trunk the money was locked, and then conveyed to the mail-coach by himself, putting it into the seat immediately under where he sate, a particular place always being reserved for him: whenever he had occasion to alight for refreshments, &c. he uniformly took his little trunk in his hand with him, replacing it in the same place when he came back. Our company having information of all his movements, procured a *fac simile* of the trunk, and learnt when he carried the most money, resolving to possess themselves of it; and this they accomplished in the following manner. The mail-coaches are all made to one pattern; a piece of board was therefore procured, which being placed at the bottom of the seat with a string attached to the end of it, and brought through a hole at the other end, could be drawn from one side of the coach to the other while it was in motion. On this piece of board, or false bottom, it was certain the banker would deposit his trunk, and

[1] Continued from p. 99.

that the person who sate next to him could, by means of the string, draw it under himself. The next object was to place our trunk in the same place, instead of the one we should so remove, and in such a manner as to occasion his taking it for his own; if we had put our trunk at the bottom of the seat, it would have been in the way of removing the other, we therefore made two holes in the lid of the seat, placing another piece of thin board at the bottom; through these holes we brought two strings, by pulling of which we could raise our trunk, and let the other pass under it, then having a piece of string already attached to it, and passed through a hole reaching across the coach door, but on the floor to the person sitting opposite the banker, one pull brought the deceiving trunk into the place of the true one; this being done, it was only necessary to remove the string which was attached to the handle of the trunk, and this, by using a double or endless line, was accomplished in a minute, while in conversation with the owner of the property. If it be asked how we could make these preparations in a mail-coach, I answer, that we had only four holes to bore with a gimlet, the two pieces of board being ready cut to their lengths, and carried into the coach under a cloak; besides, we had secured all the places for thirty miles before the banker was taken up, and had the inside to ourselves. The first time the banker got out, which was to take some supper, one of our party left the coach with the real money trunk, while the owner of it was nursing our bastard between his legs as he used his knife and fork. Three thousand pounds were obtained, upon this occasion, in cash; and twenty thousand pounds in local notes and other securities, afterwards given up on the payment of two thousand more; a compromise the partners of the house thought themselves very fortunate in making.

The extent of this robbery was never made known to the public, for the times were ticklish with bankers, and the credit of the house not very good; prudence, therefore, prompted them to make as little stir as possible upon the occasion, well knowing the public are sure to magnify the amount lost, and therefrom predict the ruin of the house, especially if the parties have enemies; and who, it may be asked, in this money-disturbing country is without them?

Upon another occasion I was engaged in robbing a bank in Scotland. A person upon the spot took moulds in wax of all the keys connected with the premises, to which we had new keys made here in London by a smith kept for the purpose, all of which, when brought into use, were found to act as well as the original keys made to the locks. The banking premises were very strongly built and securely fastened, two clerks slept upon the premises, and a man was always day and night kept in the house to guard and watch the place. Under these circumstances our planning agent adopted the following course. He sent a young man of pleasing manners and vocal talents into the town to visit the coffee-rooms, and form an intimacy with the clerks, which a gentlemanly exterior and liberal conduct soon accomplished; he also sent an emissary to form an acquaintanceship with the man who lived in the house. Upon these occasions the usual plan is to find out the party's relations who are living at a distance, and the particular circumstances connected with their locality; these being known, an entire stranger may call, with their remembrances, as if he had just come from the place; when the introduction is made, and country cousinship is insisted on, a frank, manly air, and generosity in treating, seldom fail to establish a permanent intimacy.

In a few months every thing was ready for action, Sunday being fixed upon for the sacking of the bank. One partner, who resided next door to the offices and the iron room which contained the property, it was known would be at church; the two clerks had an engagement to spend

the day a few miles from home with our colleague, and were therefore sure to be out of the way: but there was still the man upon the premises whom it would be hazardous to attempt to allure from his post; it was, therefore, arranged that an opiate should be infused in two bottles of port wine, and that our man, who was now upon familiar terms of friendship, should call upon him in the course of the Sunday morning, and state that he had had a present of half a dozen of wine, and if he (the banker's man) had no objection as soon as dinner was over, he would put a couple of bottles in his pocket and spend the afternoon with him. All our plans succeeded: the man went to sleep, and we got clear off with the property, having seventeen hours before us to make good our retreat; because we had locked all up again, and left the place, bating only its emptiness, as we found it, rendering it improbable that the loss could be discovered until the banking hours of business on the Monday morning. Upon the subject of locks I will here remark, that all the much puffed-off talk about patent locks and their security over those of older times is all a delusion and a humbug. I have myself opened many of the patent locks, having a notched pipe and key to them with nothing but a new strong quill split a little way up, so as when pushed in to spread upwards and reach the works. And the man now employed at Newgate to look over the locks says, that there are few or none of his master's locks (Messrs. B. and Co.) which he could not open with nothing but the quill, if they be not over weighty and massive, wherein it is strength, not art, which resists the instrument used in picking them. I remember a convict who was on board the hulks with me, that told a committee of the House of Commons who examined him, he was willing to suffer death, if they could bring him any lock which he could not pick with his own instruments; in consequence of this declaration, he was shown some supposed to be the most difficult, which he opened instanter. Still the public continue to pay enormous prices for locks under a mistaken notion of having better security; but let no banker put faith in them or in their iron chests, for if any of our company come across them they are but walls of sand to defend their property. Our whitesmith has assured the partners in the concern, (I have been told,) that if they will but bring him the dimensions of a lock and an outside pattern of it, that he will make three keys, one of which he will warrant shall act as effectually as the key used by the owner of the lock. In support of this assertion, I may add, that I was never furnished with a key during the three years and a half I was in the company's service which did not suit the lock for which it was intended. I have long suspected that London, from the highest to the lowest, down to the man who writes the dying speeches for the malefactors, is made up of humbugs, but this patent-lock story I know to be one of the greatest among them all.

A man cannot own a worse property than a bad character; it will always be bringing him into the most perplexing scrapes against his inclinations; besides, none will ever step forward to help him out of them. I was now living all but the life of a gentleman, and if I had never known any other should, like most of the members of our society, have remained in it most likely all my days undisturbed; but my destiny would have it otherwise. I one night went to the theatre, taking a place in the centre of the pit with a female who accompanied me there. When the curtain dropped at the end of the first piece, a little fat citizen called out most lustily that he had just been robbed of his gold repeater, not forgetting to tell all the persons around him that it was capped and jewelled, and that upon his word and honour it was worth fifty-five guineas. The noise occasioned by this circumstance brought in several officers, one of whom knew me, when seeing none other of the family of thieves about, he seized me, declaring aloud that I was a known character; and, although

the watch was never found, locked me up for the night; the next morning, when placed before the magistrate, I protested my innocence; but one of the runners then in the office told the magistrate that I was an old lag and had been on the town all my days; this information, together with the punchy prosecutor's declaration, that he thought he saw me several times reaching over to the place where he sate, occasioned me, contrary to all evidence and known rules of justice, to be committed for trial.

I had a fortnight to stay in Newgate before the sessions came on, which was a period of terrible suspense, because I well knew that all who go up to the bar of the Old Bailey with a character similar to mine are already found guilty and condemned beforehand by the judges who preside there; and it must be a very determined and strong-minded jury which can overcome their influence, when, summing up, they labour so hard for a conviction, right or wrong, when they have an old hand in the trap. The officer who apprehended me had taken from my pockets upwards of forty pounds and a gold watch, he therefore had an interest in buffing it home against me; that is to say, giving the most unfair evidence in order to effect my conviction, in which case he meant to have pocketed my property. Notwithstanding all the unfair treatment I received from the judge, counsellor, and witnesses, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, and I obtained my discharge with the loss of ten pounds, the officer protesting that he took only thirty pounds from me in the first instance; and I had no means of disproving his statement, so he plundered me, as many thousands have been in the same manner before and since that day.

Upon my emancipation from prison I was in hopes of returning to my former employment, which I now considered as good as an annuity to me; but whether they thought me guilty, or that the circumstance had brought me too much before the public for their purposes, I know not, but I never afterwards could obtain a line from them, while my purse was fast upon the wane, and at length grew so thin, that I was forced to think of some cure for the disease. Resolving in my own mind never more, if possible, to relapse into the habit of petty or desperate acts of robbery, I, for some time, subsisted upon the sale of my wardrobe, which was rather a substantial one at the time of my apprehension. The people of the house where I lodged were pork-butchers, and soon noticed my change of appearance, to account for which I told them I had lost my father and my income together, but shortly expected to have some money from a relative.

Things every day getting worse, my landlord told me if I liked to be employed that he would, for the present, make me useful in his trade; this being the first opportunity which had in my whole life offered itself of earning an honest shilling, I accepted it, and went to work at sausage cutting, there being no machines for the purpose at that time; I, however, soon got out of this and took to the killing department, in which capacity I remained six months, giving my master great satisfaction. The truth is, that I paid great attention to his business, because I flattered myself that I should now have a trade and be able to set up for myself, so sanguine had I always been that I should at some time become a master and live by honesty; but the sudden death of my employer, who died of apoplexy in consequence of over eating, frustrated all my hopes, and threw me again upon the world of chance: his goods were all sold off by auction, and I was once more sent adrift with only half-a-crown in my pocket, and no other clothes than those upon my back. Not knowing what course to steer, and my mind being fatigued with the fruitless exertion it had made to find out some prudent mode of proceeding, I walked involuntarily to a well-known public-house, where I thought I might obtain

a bed, and there reflect and determine on my future course of action. I had not, however, been in the house more than a half hour, when in rushed several Bow Street officers, who informed me and two other men (strangers to me) that we were all *wanted*. This was the term formerly used when a man was supposed to have committed a crime *to make him worth his weight*, viz. forty pounds, the reward given for the apprehension of one who had committed a capital offence, and before which the officers would not, if they could avoid it, take offenders into custody, because they very properly thought they should be thinning the market of those thieves who in time would become ripe, and perpetrate deeds which would bring them up to the premium of forty pounds. All three of us were immediately taken before a magistrate, and then sent to Clerkenwell prison on a remand until the next day: here we were locked up in separate cells, being heavily ironed, where I found solace in revolving in my mind the various fates of man, and the multiplicity of wrongs which the error of an immoral and thoughtless individual generates. I had, as I thought, prudently remained silent when before the magistrate, because I knew from experience that it was but a waste of words for any one to simply assert his innocence to a Bow Street or any other magistrate. When in my cell, I laid myself down and abandoned myself to reflection: I did not pass lightly over my own course of life; I was decidedly a faulty member of the community, but then this, I thought, was the hand of fate, and could not have been otherwise, as the fortune-teller says; it was all cast at my nativity, and was written in the stars, as could be shown upon the horoscope; but I could not understand why I should be made the sport of other men's misdeeds, and ended by considering all mankind, like myself, involved in one round of mistakes and errors, among whom there is no truth to be found. The most learned and the greatest orator in the Parliament House, said I to myself, lives but in a maze of blunders, of which he will never be made sensible until it be too late to correct them, and then consistency compels him to die as he has lived,—a prating booby, that his family and friends may boast of his firmness and steady adherence to the mistakes of a few blunderers like himself,—called a party. I looked upon all the magistrates' officers as agents of the devil, sent upon earth only to worry the poor and needy, and to torment the unprotected. The magistrates, I thought, employed their whole time in perverting justice,—in misapplying the laws, in studying how to look austere, and in brow-beating every man and woman brought before them in ragged clothes, which happened to be my condition at the time. The Old Bailey judges seemed, in my eyes, to have no other occupation than to persuade one half of the world that the other half ought to be put to death. With this last thought of death upon my mind I fell asleep, in the course of which I had a dream now as fresh on my mind as when I first awoke after my imagination had been amused with it.

Having the thoughts of death about me when I fell asleep, I suppose made me think of an hereafter, (a subject which did not, at that time of my life, much annoy me by its intrusion on my attention,) for I thought myself dead, and that I instantly appeared before the Judge in the other world,—Rhadamanthus, as my friend, the surgeon, tells me to call him. There he sate upon an elevated seat, but so unlike the judges which I had been used to see, that I thought it was a pleasure to be brought before him; instead of being in fear I was delighted: he wore no wig, but had a kind of crown upon his head, but there was no pride, no austerity; he was all mildness in my eyes, although I was very much surprised to observe a great number before him in a dreadful state of trepidation and fright. Being quite at my ease and under no alarm for myself, I took a look about me, and presently saw the judge who tried me for stealing the watch at the Old Bailey standing close to my elbow in a

complete quandary—so much so, that I felt quite uncomfortable at being so near him, and was about to shift my position, when a person, evidently of authority, desired me to remain, saying, it was necessary for me to be close to him, upon which the judge became much more alarmed. Presently casting my eyes behind me, I saw the little fat citizen who accused me of stealing the watch, and he also was quaking with fear; taking another look about me, I discovered the Bow Street officer who robbed me of the ten pounds in a state of self-conviction and positive fright. In order to relieve myself from these disagreeable objects, I kept my eyes constantly fixed upon the judge, whose whole countenance and frame were the personification of justice; the very air we breathed seemed to be impregnated with this virtue, and I became so entranced as to be incapable, for a time, to think of any thing that had previously transpired, but stood feeling myself every moment filling and dilating with the admiration of the principle of justice. The great men of this world looked so little when brought to its test, that if I had any alloy in the contemplation of this splendid throne, (although unadorned with silver or gold,) it was in the pity I felt for them; and the agony they must be in, at having in a few minutes undergone so great a change as to find this virtue place many above whom they had heretofore considered beneath them. It was no small part of the punishment, I remarked, that the moment they entered the place, they were in a state to see and know the full extent of their errors, and of the vain hope of any attempt to disguise them; this saved the judge and the officers of the court much trouble: there was no swearing of witnesses, no examination and cross-examination, as I had been accustomed to hear and see in the courts above, but each person, when it came to his turn, went voluntarily up to the judge and recounted his doings, which I could not but observe, in almost all cases, were of the very worst character; and I had the satisfaction to be informed from what I then heard, that in almost every instance wherein the parties had left the best name behind them above, they brought, in proportion, the worse one down below, and *vice versâ*. It was then I thought I saw the full extent of the passage in the New Testament, which says, "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required." The parsons sometimes apply this sentence to questions of charity, and, at others, they say it refers to gifts of the mind, just as their purpose or arguments may require, but the great Judge of this world and of men's actions takes the passage in a more comprehensive sense. He will consider what each individual could and ought to have done during his probation on earth, according to his nature and the circumstances which in his whole path environed him. The birth of man is a gift, so are all his attributes; his health, strength, passions, construction of mind, or the conformation of materials which produce thought, called mind; these, together with the influence that other men, whether good or bad, have over us, and with whom, from our cast in life, we were constrained to associate, are all gifts, and will be taken into account when the requirements are reckoned up against us.

Presently it came to the judge's turn, who tried me, to announce who he was, and what he had been about upon earth. O what a course of iniquity was then laid open: he confessed that when he commenced the study of the law, that obtaining justice for his fellow men never entered into his consideration; that gain was all he had in view, and knowing that rogues had more money than honest men, he studied the laws of his country, not for the purpose of understanding the principles of justice, but to become practised in quibbles, and to serve rogues for hire. He then stated how he sold himself to a political faction, and in his speeches and writing supported the profligacy of a few, and the oppression of the many, for the promise of the Attorney-generalship; how, when he became

judge by the vilest means, (all which he detailed, but the particulars were too much for my memory, and would occupy too much space, if I could recollect them,) that he became impatient, arbitrary, and petulant, and never could endure long investigations in criminal cases, because he became prejudiced (knowing his own wicked heart) against all mankind; especially against those who ever entered a prison, whether sent there by the wickedness of others, the stupidity of magistrates, or for real offences, when committed to save a human being from starving. Then turning his eyes towards me, he continued, "I confess that when this man was tried, I was afraid the sessions would last eight days, and I wanted to get them over in six, because the Duke of ——— had invited me down to his house in the country, upon a shooting party, where I was to meet some high political characters, from whose interest I expected promotion. I also confess, that I was very tired of trying so many men for the same kind of offences, in which there was no interest, and that I thought it better to consider them all guilty, and persuade the jury as fast as possible to think the same, so get rid of the trouble in a shorter time than usual; and it was in this mood that the man behind me, and a great number of others that I see about here, came to be tried; many of whom I now know to have been innocent of the crimes of which they were found guilty." So saying, he hung his head, and looked the most foolish of the group. The judge now for the first time spoke, and said, "There is no image so awful as that of man sitting in judgment upon man; who are ye, that ye judge one another? Ye are all ignorant, full of infirmity, miserably imperfect, and narrow in your views. You have been honoured among men with being permitted to wear the robe of authority, decorated with ermine, but you have dishonoured yourself; the most exalted honours heaped on mortality, destitute of that social virtue, justice, would be tarnished with reproaches and disgrace. Justice not only revenges, but rewards; not only condemns, but acquits; it is, however, a plant which appears never to have grown in your garden: these men whom you have unjustly condemned, justice declares must be rewarded, and you punished —stand on one side for the present."

The fat little citizen then came forward, and with somewhat more modesty of manner than the judge, expressed rather awkwardly his contrition for his errors, saying, "I now confess that I accused this man unjustly of stealing my watch; the fact is, that I went into the boxes at the theatre by myself, and meeting with an acquaintance, I was induced to accompany her to a certain house, where I suppose I was robbed, for on my return to the theatre I missed the watch I had about me when I went into it. After searching in vain for the female, I was puzzled what course to take, for the watch was one which originally belonged to my wife's father, and upon it she set a great store, and it could not be replaced with another; besides, I thought if I could by any means find out the girl who had robbed me, that the circumstance of my going to a house with her must come out, in which event, as my wife was not only jealous in her nature, but turbulent withal, that I should have a very sorry life of it. In this dilemma I went into the pit, and after sitting a short time there, conceived the scheme of making my loss to appear as though it had taken place where I then sate; this I was the more induced to do, as I saw near the spot a friend who would not fail to carry the particulars to my wife, and thus bear me out in the tale, as to the manner in which I represented I had lost the watch." When he had finished that part of his history, he was commanded to stand on one side; upon which the Bow Street officer came forward, and confessed that he had robbed me of twelve pounds ten shillings, although I never accused him of taking more than ten; he then went into a long account of the number of similar robberies he had committed. I had heard and known something of these

fellows' tricks, but the extent of this officer's practices would exceed all belief, were I here on earth to enumerate every one, as he candidly recounted them. As he was ordered to withdraw, I prepared myself faithfully to detail my own history, and rely upon the principle of justice, which upon all occasions swayed the court; but just as I was congratulating myself upon being so happy as to have an impartial and unprejudiced hearing, the gaoler unlocked my cell door, and awoke me, saying, I was to make haste, and prepare to go once more before an earthly magistrate.

We all three, very shortly afterwards, were placed inside the dock, when a gentleman came forward and deposed, that he lived in a house situate at Tottenham; that on a certain night four men broke into it, and that, after ill-using him, and tying his wife and himself to the bed-posts, they robbed the premises of all the money, plate, and other valuables they could lay their hands upon; and further, that one stood over himself and his wife with a pistol, threatening in the most horrible manner to blow their brains out if they made any noise, adding, that one of the prisoners, pointing to me, was the man, and the other two, with a third, not present, were the men who went up stairs and packed up the things. Upon hearing this positive swearing, I merely asserted my innocence, and begged of the prosecutor to re-consider his oath; but he was firm to his text, and said he was sure I was the man, while the magistrate bellowed out, "We know you, fellow! and pray how came you in such company?" I replied that he might know me, and that I might have been found in bad company, but that could not make a man, who was innocent of a particular crime, guilty. I was told to hold my tongue, while my fellow prisoners said not a word. This scene ended in our being committed to Newgate for trial, where we were loaded with irons in a most unmerciful manner. Having no friend, I took an opportunity one day to speak to the ordinary of the prison, and the better to secure his favour and good services, I faithfully recounted my history, and the desire I still had to obtain an honest living: the first question, however, he asked me, threw me off my guard, and he left me, I could see, full of suspicion. He said, "Pray, if you had a desire to be honest, how came you to keep company with these men?"

Reflecting upon my perilous situation, and the parson's question, I saw no hopes of escape, unless I could prove an alibi; and if I succeeded in doing that, the other two guilty men would escape, because no jury would have believed the prosecutor upon his oath, after the manner he swore that I was the person who held the pistol to his head. This circumstance increased my difficulty of proof, as nothing but the strongest evidence, I was sure, would be received. As the parson was another time in our yard, I addressed him, and said, "Sir, you asked me the other day how I came into such bad company, after quitting the service of the pork butcher." "Well," said he, "what have you to say to that question?" I answered, "That most persons in the world had some friends who cared for them—some creature to whom they could speak in confidence, and consult when in trouble; and if their own conduct had been bad, yet there was generally some individual who would rejoice to see them reform, and give them encouragement to amend their ways; but," said I, "you will please to remember, this is not my case, from my childhood upwards I have never known any but dishonest men, excepting only the pork butcher, who is now dead, and his servants, who are gone I know not whither, although these persons only can prove my innocence, because I was at work with them at pig killing, or dressing, at the very time this burglary was committed." I then called to his recollection the unhappy and forlorn situation I was in when I left the pork butcher's house, and represented how extremely natural it was for me to go to a house where I was known, where I could make sure of a bed, and have

some human being to speak to; telling him, that those who had friends and relations, knew not how to make allowances for one placed in the world as I was. I urged that animals of opposite natures frequently contracted friendships, rather than live in entire solitude; even cats and dogs associate, rather than live alone; the horse and the cow, and the ass and the horse, will be seen creeping towards each other, when confined in a field or a close without any other company, for the sake of a little companionship.

This reasoning made some impression upon the person to whom it was addressed, for he said smilingly, "Why, you are quite a philosopher." I then explained to him that I thought I was naturally endowed with a turn for reflection, and that the circumstances of my life having forced me into a calling against my inclination, made me frequently look into the affairs of the world pretty closely; besides I had, in my time, associated with some very clever fellows, men who had had a superior education, and become abandoned from habits of extravagance. But as I told him the principal cause of my improvement was the being in the company's service for three years and a half, during which time I spent all my leisure hours either in tavern-parlours, where disputations were carried on by respectable men, or in reading at home at my lodgings. The ordinary then took down the name of the street where I had lived, and said he would see me the next day. I could not now but seriously reflect upon the peculiarity of my situation: if found guilty I knew I must suffer death, for at that time (1800) all housebreakers were executed; and if acquitted, I could not help thinking what was to become of me after the confessions I had made to the ordinary; no person would venture to employ me, that was certain; and would the authorities of the country be justified, I thought, in turning me again upon the world, when they knew that I had no choice between seeking a corner in which I might lie down and perish for want of food, or committing depredations upon the public?

(To be continued.)

CARISBROOK CASTLE.

"The castle—that is, the *old* castle—is a complete ruin. The walls of the room in which Charles the First was imprisoned, and whence he tried to make his escape, are almost completely thrown down, as though in remorse for having retained so innocent a victim."—*Journal of a Tour through the Isle of Wight.*

Why hath the hand of Time thrown down thy walls,
Thou king-imprisoning castle? Why thy halls,
Roofless, and open to the inclement sky?
Art thou ashamed to tell where *he* did lie,
Whom iron Cromwell pent within thy gloom—
Confined and coffined in *that* narrow room?
Thy 'lorn condition answereth with a voice
Of solemn affirmation. "Not my choice,
But Cromwell's red ambition chained him here—
And with him *Liberty*, whose many a tear
Was shed at such high blasphemy. I cried
To Ruin—and she heard—then with stern pride,
Laid bare the place where Charles imprisoned lay,
That Heaven, with cleansing blast, might wash the stain away!"

M.

MARINE INSURANCE,

AS IT AT PRESENT OPERATES UPON THE CONSTRUCTION OF MERCHANT VESSELS.

It is strange how human institutions, founded with the best intentions, and based upon solid principles, will, in the course of time, become perverted and productive of serious evil; but so it is with every thing in this world—religion, patriotism, every virtue as well as every vice, are all made use of as so many rounds to the ladder of interest which the world would climb. Now, there is no arrangement between parties which appears, in itself, more productive of mutual benefit than that of marine insurance. The merchant, who hath his argosies at sea, by sacrificing an inconsiderable portion of his anticipated gains, is not racked with tormenting doubts and fears, tossing his head upon a restless pillow, as he reflects that his whole fortune is at the mercy of the winds and waves, and that the next morning he may find himself a ruined man: on the contrary, by this invention of insurance, he can lie down in peace, aware that should fortune not smile upon his venture, at least, he knows the full extent of his loss, and can meet and defy her malice. On the other hand, the number of vessels insured, and the small portion of risk taken upon each vessel, so divides the liabilities of those who insure, that notwithstanding occasional heavy losses, these losses have to be repaid to the merchant in such fractional parts, that they are not felt, and the general balance being in favour of the insurers, many hundreds obtain by it a respectable and honourable livelihood. It is, in fact, a gain to both parties. If the merchant is fortunate, he can well afford to pay his insurance; if he is not, he is indemnified against loss. A merchant may be a clear-headed, enterprising, and intelligent man, and may speculate with judgment, but all his well-combined speculations may be overthrown, and he may be a ruined man, from disasters arising from the elements, over which we have no control, and whose uncertainties we can reduce to no calculations. These chances are provided against by marine insurance, and the merchant is left free to exercise his judgment, and to speculate in security. Before this arrangement, the clever and intelligent had but a partial advantage over others less gifted, as fortune might favour the latter, and be adverse to the former; now they are in a manner secured against fortune, and as they speculate with judgment or otherwise, so will they prosper or fail. Insurance has produced the effect of securing fair play to judgment and intelligence.

Such were the proposed, and have been for a long time, the advantages of marine insurance: now we will examine into evils which have crept into this otherwise beneficial arrangement.

Observe, first, that it is now, as before, equally beneficial to all the parties concerned on shore.

If the ship arrives safely into port, the insurers receive their money, the merchant profits by his venture, and is able and willing to pay it.

If the ship goes down, the insurers pay the money, and the merchant is indemnified to the amount of his insurance.

If ships go down, they must be replaced, and the shipbuilders do not care how many go down.

If the cargoes are sunk, there is more employment for the manufacturers, as the order must be completed *de novo*, and the manufacturers do not care how many cargoes go down. If the year has been very tempestuous, and the losses at sea very numerous, all the better for the shipbuilder and manufacturer, and none the worse for the merchant who is insured, and, strange to say, all the better for the insurance brokers, who are never sorry to see two pages of casualties on Lloyd's books, for premiums mount up immediately, and the present loss is more than indemnified by future profits.

It would appear strange, that although in the loss of ships and cargoes, there is a loss of so much wealth to the country, that all parties should still be no losers or gainers, but so it is by this arrangement; for the insurance money paid by the merchants may be considered as a fund laid apart by the mercantile community to meet their exigencies, and although the losses are paid out of this fund, still there is more than sufficient left for the fundholders to live in competence. It is a loss which has been, and is, every year provided against—a loss to the nation at large, but not felt by the individual.

It appears, then, that to three parties it is a matter of profit, and to the fourth one of indifference, that ships should founder. Let us examine what effects are produced by this strange anomaly of *profit derived from loss.*

In the first place, in conjunction with the unexampled stupidity of the tonnage admeasurement, which is about to be abolished, it prevents any improvements in shipbuilding, for where would be the use in exerting skill or science upon a fabric which is not intended to last above six or seven years? This is a very important consideration: the merchants vessels are, to our men-of-war, in the ratio of thousands to hundreds, and was it the interest of merchant shipbuilders to build for durability, it would also be their interest to build upon the most improved models. It is well known that many of our men-of-war, in our present navy list, are seventy, eighty, and ninety years old, and as sound now as when first built, but ten years is now about the space of existence allotted to a merchant vessel. We must explain the reason of this.

Insurance brokers are neither sailors nor shipbuilders, still they wish to ascertain how far the vessel may be seaworthy, on board of which is placed the cargo which they insure. They have a list of the merchant vessels, and, as the only criterion they can act upon is, that new vessels are better than old ones, the new built vessels are invariably preferred. A new vessel stands highest on the list, and is marked A. 1. When she has run a very few years, she loses a portion of her caste, and receives another mark as E. 1, and in consequence the premium of insurance is raised in proportion to the character of the vessel, and her freight lowered. Now this is very absurd, as a well-built vessel of twenty years standing is infinitely preferable to a new one put together according to the present fashion; but still it suits all parties. The ship-

owner buys his vessel much cheaper, and the shipbuilder runs them up as fast as he can sell them. Marine insurance now stands in the place of good timbers, good planking, or well-modelled forms; and as long as the vessel has A. 1 opposite to her in Lloyd's list, it is no matter if she is obliged to keep her pumps going every two hours.

In the second place, the wealth lost to the nation by the effects of marine insurance, is enormous; for, as we have observed, although the individuals concerned are all gainers, or protected from loss, still the loss is positive to the nation at large. Ships must be indeed very slightly put together to founder on the open seas; but as they are now built, with small timbers a foot or more apart, thin planking and thinner *sealing*, they not only founder at sea, but should they drive on shore, graze a sand bank, or touch a coral reef, there is a hole immediately in their bottoms, or a separation of the timbers; their cargoes are spread over the waters, or sunk into the depths of the ocean, the hull is soon in fragments, she is posted in Lloyd's books, accounts are settled, another ship is ordered, and there is an end of the matter.

Thirdly—Marine insurance renders a thorough knowledge of navigation, on the part of the master and mates, or of seamanship either in them or their crew, quite supererogatory. Perhaps the less they know about it the better, for the interest of all parties.

Fourthly—To the extent to which it is now carried, it is the occasion of the most infamous fraud. Hardly a month passes over without the suspicious destruction of a vessel taking place, and many acts of this description, difficult as they are to be proved, have been substantiated in our courts of justice. These enormities only tend to raise the rate of insurance, for the brokers will naturally take them into their calculations with other contingencies. We do not intend to cast the least imputation against the insurance brokers themselves. We are aware that they are gentlemen and honourable men, and that insurance, although a species of gambling, is not by any means equal to that which is carried on at the Stock Exchange. The insurance brokers, as we have pointed out, are of the greatest benefit to the merchants, and all their transactions are *bonâ fide* and fair; but they are the honest parts of a system which has led to serious evils: they are not aware of the mischief silently working, and if they were, they could not repair it, for while there is danger, men will insure. As they are not the authors of the evils, but only innocent accessaries, with them the remedy cannot originate.

But we now come to the last and most important consideration. The fact is, that there are other parties interested in the case, but whose claims have been overlooked. We refer to the British seamen who sail in these frail speculations—to the loss of *human life* occasioned by the indifference of all parties concerned, knowing that their *property* is secured. And here we must make a short digression upon the impolicy, and even the barbarity, of a portion of our English laws. We have always, in our legislation, too much regarded property, life too little. If we should entrust to the care of the proprietor of a stage-coach a frangible package, such as glass or china, and, by either the incompetence of the coachman, or the ill condition of the coach, it becomes damaged or destroyed, we are able to recover the

full value of it; but if the said coachman, by his negligence or his incompetence, breaks our neck, our surviving relatives or representatives have no remedy, though our life might have been worth thousands per annum to our family.

But this egregious discrepancy is carried still further in its absurdity as regards the trackless road of the ocean. Against the mismanagement of the captain, master, or the incompetence of the crew, the passenger has no remedy for either life or property, excepting insurance, which only tends to make those intrusted with them more reckless of both.

But to return to our subject—the awful expenditure of human life, through the malformation and slight construction of the generality of our merchant vessels. The seamen that navigate them are essentially offered up to the shrine of mammon. As we before observed, vessels are classed at Lloyd's, not by their actual strength or their intrinsic means of resistance to the perils of the winds and the waves, but simply by their newness. It is therefore the interest of builders to construct, and merchants to employ, ships that are continually, and so slightly run together that there shall be no chance of their ever getting old. A 1. is the puff for the freight. The consequence of all this is, that the shipowner has no inducement to purchase or contract for the building of a strong and safe ship: she will be liable to become old, in the first place, and, secondly, she must of necessity cost him double the price of a weak and an unsafe one; and as he will get no abatement in the insurance for a strong ship, but an increase if his ship is so strong as to become old, he has every inducement to purchase such mere ricketty sieves as will just save appearances, and thus, not altogether unknowingly, sport with the invaluable lives of that class of men to which England owes all her greatness.

We wish every lover of his country to contemplate the enormity of this system—a system that really and truly rewards contingent murder by wholesale with great gain, and pours fortunes into the lap of the luxurious and comparatively idle landsman, at such a vast cost of life to the hardy and labouring sailor.

When the seaman enters on board a merchant vessel he has no means of ascertaining its sea-worthiness. It may be gaudily painted, and have exceedingly pretty decorations carved about the stern, with a most enticing figure-head, but, notwithstanding all this, he may be, even whilst he is admiring the smartness that every where attracts his eye, stepping on board his coffin. If the shipowner and the merchant be so amply protected by the underwriter, and the underwriter by his premium, surely honest Jack, to say nothing of casual passengers—honest Jack, who adventures his all, that is, his life—and how precious is that all to the nation!—should, by the nation be protected. It is a consideration of an importance almost vital to the country: for this protection, justice, fair play, morality, loudly call. Surely the sympathies of his countrymen should, yes, and will, make that call impressive. Do not let the poor fellow be drowned like a rat, in order to save a few pounds to Aaron, Isaacson, Abraham and Co., when he might, in some future emergency, face undauntedly the shot of the foe, and perhaps turn aside invasion, and convert the

approach of an enemy towards our shores into a defeat upon his own.

But how is this protection to be afforded? There are two methods, both efficacious, but not both equally politic. The first is, to prohibit marine insurance. To do this would not be politic—to do it completely would be nearly impossible. We could not, with due regard to the liberty of the subject, pry into every secret transaction between man and man. By a thousand tortuous means an enactment to the effect of making underwriting illegal could be avoided. It is true, that by throwing difficulties in the way of insuring, you might make the premiums so exorbitant as to induce the merchant and shipowner to look for security rather in the solidity of their ships than in the solvency of the broker; but all this would not go to the root of the evil. Weak vessels would still be built, secret policies written, and crews occasionally drowned. We must leave the underwriters free from any open attack upon them, but as they underwrite, we must endeavour to undermine.

Within the bills of mortality no one is allowed to erect a house excepting under the surveillance of an official surveyor. He sees that the materials are good, and that the edifice is of sufficient solidity, so that the landlord, or the owner of it, shall not endanger the lives of the tenants who may hereafter occupy it. No one complains of this law because it is founded strictly in justice, and because it is not possible for every fresh tenant, as he may enter upon possession, to ascertain the strength of the foundation of the edifice in which he is to trust his own life and the lives of his family.

The same system should be followed in the construction of our merchant navy. That the vessels that constitute that service are inadequate to the safety of the goods they transport, and the persons who navigate them, is evident by the numbers of wrecks daily occurring, the great loss of life, and, most conclusively, the high rate of insurance. It appears, therefore, that every ship navigating salt water should be built under the inspection of well-informed government surveyors, who should have no other control over the builder than that of enforcing a sufficient strength and solidity in the construction, and whose powers should be defined by law—as well as the size of the timbers, thickness of planks, and every other property in proportion to the tonnage.

At present, a merchant vessel of one thousand five hundred tons, constructed in the best manner now in practice, has only three inches of oak plank between her and destruction. Now, even in the smallest vessels, the ribs should be made contiguous, as they are in the navy, and the interstices that must occur slightly caulked, and there should be a sufficient planking inside as well as out. The expense of such construction would be, at its outset, much greater, but the ultimate saving would be truly great. It is a fact, proved by official returns, that in 1833 *eight hundred British merchant vessels* were lost, a moiety of which with the *whole* or the *greater part* of their crews. Averaging each vessel with her cargo to be worth twenty thousand pounds, we have here in the short space of twelve months, a loss of property to the nation of one million six hundred thousand pounds, and calcu-

lating ten men to each of the vessels lost with their crews, the seamen who perished must have amounted to between *four and five thousand.* High, indeed, must have been the premium of the ships preserved to bear the underwriters clear of loss, yet was there no failure of the slightest consequence that year among gentlemen in that line. During the same period not a *single man-of-war* was wrecked.

To instance a single case. Had the Amphitrite, the convict-ship, the loss of which caused a sensation so great throughout Europe, been built man-of-war fashion, not a life need have been sacrificed. She would have held together till low water, and every soul on board might have walked, literally speaking, dry shod from the vessel to the beech.

The only practicable remedy we see is, that which we have just mentioned—the making it impossible to build any ship or vessel intended to navigate the seas, without the sanction of surveyors, that sanction only to be granted to ships built, at least, as strong as men-of-war. This could be easily done: you cannot build a ship as you can coin money, in a corner.

We are sorry to be obliged to inform our readers that this so necessary reform in mercantile naval architecture has always been, and is still, violently opposed by the parties who necessarily have the completest control over it. The underwriters must naturally be opposed to a measure that would reduce their profits so much as to make their profession valueless. The merchant's interest is nearly the same as the underwriters: both will have their profit—the consignee and the consumer pay them. The public at large, and the crews and passengers in these ill-built vessels, are the victims. So ardent is the spirit of opposition to all reform in the construction of merchant shipping, that Mr. Ballingal, a person who has made this subject his study, tells us, upon the best authority, that when a model of an improved merchant vessel, built by Admiral Shank, was sent to the naval museum at Somerset House, it was bought up, and either destroyed or sent out of the country, as being not only inimical but destructive to the mercantile and underwriting interests. Every one knows who is at all conversant with this subject, that when, a few years ago, models of a superior construction of merchant vessels, combining safety with despatch, were offered to be exhibited, free of all expense, to the committee of Lloyds', that committee declined even to look at them. We suppose that the hitherto slow progress that Lieutenant Rodgers' anchors have made must be attributable to the same spirit. The masters of merchant vessels, to a man, are desirous for them, but, as they are a trifle more expensive, and *infinitely more secure* than the common ones, the owners seem very much adverse to their adoption.

That the frailty of the mercantile navy is the fortune of the underwriter is certain; but the merchant and the shipowner deceive themselves by holding the same opinion as regards themselves. They would most assuredly very largely partake of all the wealth that is now annually engulphed in the ocean; their transactions would be more secure, and much less complicated; and, above all, they would share among themselves all the enormous wealth that is so rapidly

made by the underwriters, were they to insist upon trading vessels being built upon a more scientific and secure plan.

We have made all these appeals to private classes and influential individuals, through the widest of all viaducts, self-interest. We might write volumes did we take the question upon the grounds of humanity. It is a singular anomaly of our depraved natures, that we will weep over the sufferings and mourn the death of an individual that accident may bring closely under our observation, whilst at the same time we are instrumental, by distant implication, to the death of thousands. We can very well conceive, and do ample justice to benevolent feelings and high sensibilities, in a shipbuilder who is running up a large, frail, sieve-like structure, that when it is launched and fairly on the seas, will require the constant interference of a miracle to preserve it, and all that it contains, from destruction. We heartily wish that we could instil into the habits of these architects a knack of shuddering whenever the gale arose, and of reflecting on what might, haplessly, be occurring in one of their light frameworks. We think that they would make it a matter of conscience to build strongly in order that they might sleep soundly.

But it is to government that the nation has a right to look for a remedy to this crying evil—this sin of many fearful contingencies. From the faulty construction of merchant craft we lose, at least, a thousand good sailors yearly—men who would be always ready and willing to fight our battles. The bereaved families of these poor fellows, who are thus daily sacrificed to a false notion of securing property, would be no longer burthensome to the community, and, above all things, by removing the extreme hazards of the seafaring life, many more valuable persons, and those of a class more respectable, would be induced to embark in it.

Our security depends upon our seamen, and we consider that our arms have always been victorious because our quarrels have been just. Let us not tempt that protecting Providence, by being not only unjust but even heartlessly cruel in neglecting the very instruments of our preservation and our glory, in the abandonment of their lives to the indifference of interested individuals. If we disregard thus guiltily our defenders, ought we to be surprised if, in the day of danger, God disregards us?

ANACREONTIC.

WHEN Jove, veil'd in a show'r of gold,
His beauteous Danäe woo'd and won,
Cried Bacchus, "*I'll* be yet more bold,
Jove's self by me shall be outdone.
One woman's heart to gold resign'd!
A prouder boast shall soon be mine;
I'll gain the hearts of all mankind,
Descending in a shower of wine!"

ELEANOR SNOWDEN.

NOS. 1402 AND 1403* OF THE SONNETS OF SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

SONNET 1402.

The fire, that burns to age, must leave a spark
Of vital force, that comes not from without;
The borrow'd fuel oft will fail supply;
And, as it comes by chance, by chance expires.
There is a ray, which leaves us in the dark
When most we want a lamp to see our route;
But the true flame the blasts, that o'er it fly,
More brightly cherish at our fond desires.
Wrongs cannot crush, and sorrows cannot cloak,
The struggling burst of inborn inspiration;
It heaves its breast against the cruel stroke;
And, as it most is press'd, most feels elation.
On verge of seventy-three sad years of strife,
I feel the warmth of inexhausted life.

SONNET 1403.

All that we most desir'd is, when possest,
Joyless and vapid:—e'en the voice of Fame
Soothes not;—but blame, or scorn, or chill neglect,
Afflict and freeze the movements of the breast,
When happiness is but a moment's flame;—
On rocks at every light breeze we are wreck'd!
While with light streamers o'er the wave we go,
No deep and lasting bliss of heart we know.
O! at a distance ere we reach the goal,
How glorious does the palm, we strive for, seem!
Hope leads us on with ardour of the soul;
But when arriv'd, we find it all a dream!
Without it, wretched;—when in our embrace
We find nor love, nor worth, nor warmth, nor grace!

* We have not been regularly supplied with these effusions.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

HAVING finished my letters, I set off to Park Street, to call upon Lady de Clare and Cecilia. It was rather early, but the footman who opened the door recognised me, and I was admitted upon his own responsibility. It was now more than eighteen months since I had quitted their house at Richmond, and I was very anxious to know what reception I might have. I followed the servant up stairs, and when he opened the door walked in, as my name was announced.

Lady de Clare rose in haste, so did Cecilia, and so did a third person, whom I had not expected to have met—Harcourt. "Mr. Newland," exclaimed Lady de Clare, "this is indeed unexpected." Cecilia also came forward, blushing to the forehead. Harcourt held back, as if waiting for the advances to be made on my side. On the whole, I never felt more awkwardly, and I believe my feelings were reciprocated by the whole party. I was evidently *de trop*.

"Do you know Mr. Harcourt?" at last said Lady de Clare.

"If it is the Mr. Harcourt that I once knew," replied I, "I certainly do."

"Believe me it is the same, Newland," said Harcourt, coming to me and offering his hand, which I took with pleasure.

"It is a long while since we met," observed Cecilia, who felt it necessary to say something, but at the same time did not like to enter upon my affairs before Harcourt.

"It is, Miss de Clare," replied I, for I was not exactly pleased at my reception; "but I have been fortunate since I had the pleasure of seeing you last."

Cecilia and her mother looked earnestly, as much as to say, in what?—but did not like to ask the question.

"There is no one present who is not well acquainted with my history," observed I, "that is, until the time that I left you and Lady de Clare, and I have no wish to create mystery. I have at last discovered my father."

"I hope we are to congratulate you, Mr. Newland," said Lady de Clare.

"As far as respectability and family are concerned, I certainly have no reason to be ashamed," replied I. "He is the brother of an earl, and a general in the army. His name I will not mention until I have seen him, and I am formally and openly acknowledged. I have also the advantage of being an only son, and if I am not disinherited, heir to considerable property," continued I, smiling sarcastically. "Perhaps I may now be better *received* than I have been as Japhet Newland the Foundling: but, Lady de Clare, I am afraid that I have intruded unseasonably, and will now take my leave. Good morning;"

[1] Continued from p. 143.

and without waiting for a reply, I made a hasty retreat, and gained the door.

Flushed with indignation, I had nearly gained the bottom of the stairs, when I heard a light footstep behind me, and my arm was caught by Cecilia de Clare. I turned round, and she looked me reproachfully in the face, as the tear stood in her eye.

"What have we done, Japhet, that you should treat us in this manner?" said she, with emotion.

"Miss de Clare," replied I, "I have no reproaches to make. I perceived that my presence was not welcome, and I would no further intrude."

"Are you then so proud, now that you have found out that you are well born, Japhet?"

"I am much too proud to intrude where I am not wished for, Miss de Clare. As Japhet Newland, I came here to see the Fleta of former days. When I assume my real name, I shall always be most happy of an introduction to the daughter of Lady de Clare."

"Oh! how changed," exclaimed she, fixing her large blue eyes upon me.

"Prosperity changes us all, Miss de Clare. I wish you a very good morning;" and I turned away, and crossed the hall to the door.

As I went out I could not help looking back, and I perceived that Cecilia's handkerchief was held to her eyes, as she slowly mounted the stairs. I walked home to the Piazza in no very pleasant humour. I was angry and disgusted at the coolness of my reception. I thought myself ill used, and treated with ingratitude. "So much for the world," said I, as I sat down in my apartment, and spun my hat on the table. "She has been out two seasons, and is no longer the same person. Yet how lovely she has grown! But why this change—and why was Harcourt there? Could he have prejudiced them against me? Very possibly." While these ideas were running in my mind, and I was making comparisons between Cecilia de Clare and Susannah Temple—not much in favour of the former—and looking forward prospectively to the meeting with my father, the doubts as to my reception in society, colouring every thing with the most sombre tints, the door opened, and in walked Harcourt, announced by the waiter.

"A chair for Mr. Harcourt," said I to the waiter, with formality.

"Newland," said Harcourt, "I come for two reasons: in the first place, I am commissioned by the ladies, to assure you——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Harcourt, for interrupting you, but I require no ambassador from the ladies in question. They may make you their confidant if they please, but I am not at all inclined to do the same. Explanation, after what I witnessed and felt this morning, is quite unnecessary. I surrender all claims upon either Lady de Clare or her daughter, if I ever was so foolhardy as to imagine that I had any. The first reason of your visit it is therefore useless to proceed with. May I ask the other reason which has procured me this honour?"

"I hardly know, Mr. Newland," replied Harcourt, colouring deeply, "whether, after what you have now said, I ought to proceed with the second—it related to myself."

"I am all attention, Mr. Harcourt," replied I, bowing politely.

"It was to say, Mr. Newland, that I should have taken the earliest opportunity after my recovery, had you not disappeared so strangely, to have expressed my sorrow for my conduct towards you, and to have acknowledged that I had been deservedly punished; more perhaps by my own feelings of remorse, than the dangerous wound I had received by your hand. I take even this opportunity, although not apparently a favourable one, of expressing what I consider it my duty, as a gentleman who has wronged another, to express. I certainly was going to add more, but there is so little chance of its being well received, that I had better defer it to some future opportunity. The time may come, and I certainly trust it will come, when I may be allowed to prove to you that I am not deserving of the coolness with which I am now received. Mr. Newland, with every wish for your happiness, I will now take my leave; but I must say, it is with painful feelings, as I feel that the result of this interview will be the cause of great distress to those who are bound to you, not only by gratitude, but sincere regard."

Harcourt then bowed, and quitted the room. "It's all very well," muttered I, "but I know the world, and am not to be soothed down by a few fine words. I trust that they will be sorry for their conduct, but see me again inside of their doors they will not," and I sat down, trying to feel satisfied with myself—but I was not; I felt that I had acted harshly, to say no more. I ought to have listened to an explanation sent by Cecilia and her mother, after her coming down stairs to me to expostulate. They were under great obligations to me, and by my quick resentment, I rendered the obligations more onerous. It was unkind of me—and I wished that Harcourt had not left the room. As for his conduct, I tried to find fault with it, but could not. It was gentlemanly and feeling. The fact was, I was in a very bad humour, and could not, at the time, discover the reason, which was neither more nor less than that I was more jealous of finding Harcourt so intimate at Lady de Clare's, than I was at the unpalatable reception which I had met with. The waiter came in, and brought me a note from Mr. Masterton.

"I have this morning received a summons from your father, who returned, it appears, two days ago, and is now at the Adelphi Hotel. I am sorry to say, that stepping out of his carriage when travelling, he missed his footing, and has snapped his tendon Achilles. He is laid up on a couch, and as you may suppose, his amiability is not increased by the accident, and the pain attending it. As he has requested me to bring forward immediate evidence as to your identity, and the presence of Mr. Cophagus is necessary, I propose that we shall start for Reading to-morrow at nine o'clock. I have a curiosity to go down there, and having a leisure day or two, it will be a relaxation. I wish to see my old acquaintance, Timothy, and your shop. Answer by bearer.

"J. MASTERTON."

I wrote a few lines, informing Mr. Masterton that I would be with

him at the appointed hour, and then sat down to my solitary meal. How different from when I was last at this hotel! Now I knew nobody. I had to regain my footing in society, and that could only be accomplished by being acknowledged by my father; and, as soon as that was done, I would call upon Lord Windermear, who would quickly effect what I desired. The next morning I was ready at nine o'clock, and set off with post horses, with Mr. Masterton, in his own carriage. I told him what had occurred the day before, and how disgusted I was at my reception.

"Upon my word, Japhet, I think you are wrong," replied the old gentleman; "and if you had not told me of your affection for Miss Temple, to see whom, by-the-bye, I confess to be one of the chief motives of my going down with you, I should almost suppose that you were blinded by jealousy. Does it not occur to you, that if Mr. Harcourt was admitted to the ladies at such an early hour, there is preference shown him in that quarter? And now I recollect that I heard something about it. Harcourt's elder brother died, and he's come into the property, and I heard somebody say that he would in all probability succeed in gaining the handsomest girl in London, with a large fortune—that it was said to be a match. Now, if such is the case, and you broke in upon a quiet reunion between two young people about to be united, almost without announcement, and so unexpectedly, after a lapse of so long a time, surely you cannot be surprised at there being a degree of confusion and restraint—more especially after what had passed between Harcourt and you. Depend upon it that was the cause of it. Had Lady de Clare and her daughter been alone, your reception would have been very different; indeed, Cecilia's following you down stairs, proves that it was not from coolness towards you; and Harcourt calling upon you, and the conversation which took place, is another proof that you have been mistaken."

"I never viewed it in that light, certainly, sir," observed I. "I merely perceived that I was considered intrusive, and finding in the company one who had treated me ill, and had been my antagonist in the field, I naturally supposed that he had prejudiced them against me. I hope I may be wrong; but I have seen so much of the world, young as I am, that I have become very suspicious."

"Then discard suspicion as fast as you can, it will only make you unhappy, and not prevent your being deceived. If you are suspicious, you will have the constant fear of deception hanging over you, which poisons existence."

After these remarks I remained silent for some time; I was analyzing my own feelings, and I felt that I had acted in a very absurd manner. The fact was, that one of my castle buildings had been, that I was to marry Fleta as soon as I had found my own father, and this it was which had actuated me, almost without my knowing it. I felt jealous of Harcourt, and that, without being in love with Miss de Clare, but actually passionately fond of another person; I felt as if I could have married her without loving her, and that I could give up Susannah Temple, whom I did love, rather than that a being whom I considered as almost of my own creation, should herself presume to fall in love, or that another should dare to love her, until I had made up

my mind whether I should take her myself: and this after so long an absence, and their having given up all hopes of ever seeing me again. The reader may smile at the absurdity, still more at the selfishness of this feeling; so did I, when I had reflected upon it, and I despised myself for my vanity and folly.

"What are you thinking of, Japhet?" observed Mr. Masterton, tired with my long abstraction.

"That I have been making a most egregious fool of myself, sir," replied I, "with respect to the De Clares."

"I did not say so, Japhet; but, to tell you the truth, I thought something very like it. Now tell me, were you not jealous at finding her in company with Harcourt?"

"Exactly so, sir."

"I'll tell Susannah Temple when I see her, that she may form some idea of your constancy," replied Mr. Masterton, smiling. "Why, what a dog in the manger you must be—you can't marry them both. Still, under the circumstances, I can analyze the feeling—it is natural, but all that is natural is not always creditable to human nature. Let us talk a little about Susannah, and then all these vagaries will be dispersed. How old is she?"

Mr. Masterton plied me with so many questions relative to Susannah, that her image alone soon filled my mind, and I recovered my spirits. "I don't know what she will say to my being in this dress, sir," observed I. "Had I not better change it on my arrival?"

"By no means; I'll fight your battle—I know her character pretty well, thanks to your raving about her."

We arrived in good time at Reading, and as soon as we alighted at the inn, we ordered dinner, and then walked down to the shop, where we found Timothy very busy tying down and labelling. He was delighted to see Mr. Masterton, and perceiving that I had laid aside the Quaker's dress, made no scruple of indulging in his humour, making a long face, and *thee*-ing and *thou*-ing Mr. Masterton in a very absurd manner. We desired him to go to Mr. Cophagus, and beg that he would allow me to bring Mr. Masterton to drink tea, and to call at the inn and give us the answer. We then returned to our dinner.

"Whether they will ever make a Quaker of you, Japhet, I am very doubtful," observed Mr. Masterton, as we walked back; "but as for making one of that fellow Timothy, I'll defy them."

"He laughs at every thing," replied I; "and views every thing in a ridiculous light—at all events, they never will make him serious."

In the evening we adjourned to the house of Mr. Cophagus, having received a message of welcome. I entered the room first. Susannah came forward to welcome me, and then drew back, when she perceived the alteration in my apparel, colouring deeply. I passed her, and took the hand of Mrs. Cophagus and her husband, and then introduced Mr. Masterton.

"We hardly knew thee, Japhet," mildly observed Mrs. Cophagus.

"I did not think that outward garments would disguise me from my friends," replied I; "but so it appeareth, for your sister hath not even greeted me in welcome."

"I greet thee in all kindness, and all sincerity, Japhet Newland,"

replied Susannah, holding out her hand. "Yet did I not imagine that, in so short a time, thou wouldst have dismissed the apparel of our persuasion, neither do I find it seemly."

"Miss Temple," interposed Mr. Masterton, "it is to oblige those who are his sincere friends, that Mr. Newland has laid aside his dress. I quarrel with no creed—every one has a right to choose for himself, and Mr. Newland has perhaps not chosen badly, in embracing your tenets. Let him continue stedfast in them. But, fair young lady, there is no creed which is perfect, and even in yours we find imperfection. Our religion preaches humility, and therefore we do object to his wearing the garb of pride."

"Of pride, sayest thou? hath he not rather put off the garb of humility, and now appeareth in the garb of pride?"

"Not so, young madam: when we dress as all the world dress, we wear not the garb of pride; but when we put on a dress different from others, that distinguishes us from others, then we show our pride, and the worst of pride, for it is the hypocritical pride which apes humility. It is the Pharisee of the Scriptures who preaches in high places, and sounds forth his charity to the poor; not the humility of the Publican, who says, 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.' Your apparel of pretended humility is the garb of pride, and for that reason have we insisted that he discards it, when with us. His tenets we interfere not with. There can be no religion in dress; and that must indeed be weak in itself, which requires dress for its support."

Susannah was astonished at this new feature of the case, so aptly put by the old lawyer. Mrs. Cophagus looked at her husband, and Cophagus pinched my arm, evidently agreeing with him. When Mr. Masterton had finished speaking, Susannah waited a few seconds, and then replied, "It becomes not one so young and weak as I am, to argue with thee, who art so much my senior. I cannot cavil at opinions which, if not correct, at least are founded on the holy writings; but I have been otherwise instructed."

"Then let us drop the argument, Miss Susannah, and let me tell you, that Japhet wished to resume his Quaker's dress, and I would not permit him. If there is any blame, it is to be laid to me; and it's no use being angry with an old man like myself."

"I have no right to be angry with any one," replied Susannah.

"But you were angry with me, Susannah," interrupted I.

"I cannot say that it was anger, Japhet Newland, I hardly know what the feeling might have been; but I was wrong, and I must request thy forgiveness;" and Susannah held out her hand.

"Now you must forgive me too, Miss Temple," said old Masterton, and Susannah laughed against her wishes.

The conversation then became general. Mr. Masterton explained to Mr. Cophagus what he required of him, and Mr. Cophagus immediately acceded. It was arranged that he should go to town by the mail the next day. Mr. Masterton talked a great deal about my father, and gave his character in its true light, as he considered it would be advantageous to me so to do. He then entered into conversation upon a variety of topics, and was certainly very amusing. Susannah laughed

very heartily before the evening was over, and Mr. Masterton retired to the hotel, for I had resolved to sleep in my own bed.

I walked home with Mr. Masterton: I then returned to the house, and found them all in the parlour. Mrs. Cophagus was expressing her delight at the amusement she had received, when I entered with a grave face. "I wish that I had not left you," said I to Mrs. Cophagus; "I am afraid to meet my father; he will exact the most implicit obedience. What am I to do? Must not I obey him?"

"In all things lawful," replied Susannah, "most certainly, Japhet."

"In all things lawful, Susannah! now tell me, in the very case of my apparel: Mr. Masterton says, that he never will permit me to wear the dress. What am I to do?"

"Thou hast thy religion and thy Bible for thy guide, Japhet."

"I have; and in the Bible I find written on tablets of stone by the prophet of God, 'Honour thy father and thy mother;' there is a positive commandment: but I find no commandment to wear this or that dress. What think you?" continued I, appealing to them all.

"I should bid thee honour thy father, Japhet," replied Mrs. Cophagus, "and you, Susannah ——"

"I shall bid thee good night, Japhet."

At this reply we all laughed, and I perceived there was a smile on Susannah's face as she walked away. Mrs. Cophagus followed her, laughing as she went, and Cophagus and I were alone.

"Well, Japhet—see old gentleman—kiss—shake hands—and blessing—and so on."

"Yes, sir," replied I, "but if he treats me ill, I shall probably come down here again. I am afraid that Susannah is not very well pleased with me."

"Pooh, nonsense—wife knows all—die for you—Japhet, do as you please—dress yourself—dress her—any dress—no dress like Eve—sly puss—won't lose you—all right—and so on."

I pressed Mr. Cophagus to tell me all he knew, and I found from him that his wife had questioned Susannah soon after my departure, had found her weeping, and that she had gained from her her ardent affection for me. This was all I wanted, and I wished him good night, and went to bed happy. I had an interview with Susannah Temple before I left the next morning, and although I never mentioned love, had every reason to be satisfied. She was kind and affectionate; spoke to me in her usual serious manner, warned me against the world, acknowledged that I should have great difficulties to surmount, and even made much allowance for my peculiar situation. She dared not advise, but she would pray for me. There was a greater show of interest and confidence towards me than I had ever yet received from her: when I parted from her, I said, "Dear Susannah, whatever change may take place in my fortunes or in my dress, believe me, my heart shall not be changed, and I shall ever adhere to those principles which have been instilled into me since I have been in your company."

This was a phrase which admitted of a double meaning, and she replied, "I should wish to see thee perfect, Japhet; but there is no perfection now on earth: be therefore as perfect as you can."

"God bless you, Susannah."

"May the blessing of the Lord be on you always, Japhet," replied she.

I put my arm round her waist, and slightly pressed her to my bosom. She gently disengaged herself, and her large eyes glistened with tears as she left the room. In a quarter of an hour I was with Mr. Masterton on the road to London.

"Japhet," said the old gentleman, "I will say that you have been very wise in your choice, and that your little Quaker is a most lovely creature: I am in love with her myself, and I think that she is far superior in personal attractions to Cecilia de Clare."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, indeed: her face is more classical, and her complexion is unrivalled; as far as my present knowledge and experience go, she is an emblem of purity."

"Her mind, sir, is as pure as her person."

"I believe it; she has a strong mind, and will think for herself."

"There, sir, is, I am afraid, the difficulty; she will not yield a point in which she thinks she is right, not even for her love for me."

"I agree with you that she will not, and I admire her for it; but, Japhet, she will yield to conviction, and, depend upon it, she will abandon the outward observances of her persuasion. Did you observe what a spoke I put in your wheel last night, when I stated that outward forms were pride? Leave that to work, and I'll answer for the consequences: she will not long wear that Quaker's dress. How beautiful she would be if she dressed like other people! I think I see her now entering a ball-room."

"But what occasions you to think that she will abandon her persuasion?"

"I do not say that she will abandon it, nor do I wish her to do it, nor do I wish you to do it, Japhet. There is much beauty and much perfection in the Quaker's creed. All that requires to be abandoned are the dress and the ceremonies of the meetings, which are both absurdities. Recollect, that Miss Temple has been brought up as a Quaker; she has, from the exclusiveness of the sect, known no other form of worship, and never heard any opposition to that which has been inculcated; but let her once or twice enter the Established Church, hear the beautiful ritual, and listen to a sound preacher. Let her be persuaded to do that, which cannot be asking her to do wrong, and then let her think and act for herself, and my word for it, when she draws the comparison between what she has then heard and the nonsense occasionally uttered in the Quaker's conventicle, by those who fancy themselves inspired, she will herself feel that, although the tenets of her persuasion may be more in accordance with true christianity than those of other sects, the outward forms and observances are imperfect. I trust to her own good sense."

"You make me very happy by saying so."

"Well, that is my opinion of her, and if she proves me to be correct, hang me if I don't think I shall adopt her."

"What do you think of Mrs. Cophagus, sir?"

"I think she is no more a Quaker in her heart than I am. She is

a lively, merry, kind-hearted creature, and would have no objection to appear in feathers and diamonds to-morrow."

"Well, sir, I can tell you that Mr. Cophagus still sighs after his blue cotton-net pantaloons and Hessian boots."

"More fool he! but, however, I am glad of it, for it gives me an idea which I shall work upon by-and-bye; at present we have this eventful meeting between you and your father to occupy us."

We arrived in town in time for dinner, which Mr. Masterton had ordered at his chambers. As the old gentleman was rather tired with his two days' travelling, I wished him good night at an early hour.

"Recollect, Japhet, we are to be at the Adelphi hotel to-morrow at one o'clock—come in time."

I called upon Mr. Masterton at the time appointed on the ensuing day, and we drove to the hotel in which my father had located himself. On our arrival, we were ushered into a room on the ground floor, where we found Mr. Cophagus and two of the governors of the Foundling Hospital.

"Really, Mr. Masterton," said one of the latter gentlemen, "one would really think that we were about to have an audience with a sovereign prince, and instead of conferring favours, were about to receive them. My time is precious; I ought to have been in the city this half hour, and here is this old nabob keeping us waiting as if we were petitioners."

Mr. Masterton laughed and said, "Let us all go up stairs, and not wait to be sent for."

He called one of the waiters, and desired him to announce them to General De Benyon. They then followed the waiter, leaving me alone. I must say, that I was a little agitated: I heard the door open above, and then an angry growl like that of a wild beast; the door closed again, and all was quiet. "And this," thought I, "is the result of all my fond anticipations, of my ardent wishes, of my enthusiastic search. Instead of expressing anxiety to receive his son, he litigiously requires proofs and more proofs, when he has received every satisfactory proof already. They say his temper is violent beyond control, and that submission irritates instead of appeasing him: what then if I resent? I have heard it said that people of that description are to be better met with their own weapons:—suppose I try it:—but no, I have no right:—I will however be firm and keep my temper under every circumstance: I will show him, at least, that his son has the spirit and the feelings of a gentleman."

As these thoughts passed in my mind the door opened, and Mr. Masterton requested me to follow him. I obeyed with a palpitating heart, and when I gained the landing-place up stairs, Mr. Masterton took my hand and led me into the presence of my long-sought-for and now much-dreaded *parent*. I may as well describe him and the whole tableau. The room was long and narrow, and at the farther end was a large sofa, on which was seated my father with his injured leg reposing on it, his crutches propped against the wall. On each side of him were two large poles and stands with a magnificent macaw. Next to the macaws were two native servants, arrayed

in their muslin dresses, with their arms folded. A hooka was in advance of the table before the sofa; it was magnificently wrought in silver, and the snake passed under the table, so that the tube was within my honoured father's reach. On one side of the room sat the two governors of the Foundling Hospital, on the other was seated Mr. Cophagus in his Quaker's dress; the empty chair next to him had been occupied by Mr. Masterton. I looked at my father: he was a man of great size, apparently six feet three or four inches, and stout in proportion without being burthened with fat: he was gaunt, broad-shouldered, and muscular, and I think must have weighed seventeen or eighteen stone. His head was in proportion to his body and very large; so were all his features upon the same grand scale. His complexion was of a brownish-yellow, and his hair of a snowy white. He wore his whiskers very large and joined together under the throat, and these, which were also white, from the circle which they formed round his face, and contrasting with the colour of his skin, gave his *tout ensemble* much more the appearance of a royal Bengal tiger than a gentleman. General De Benyon saw Mr. Masterton leading me forward to within a pace or two of the table before the general. —"Allow me the pleasure of introducing your son, Japhet."

There was no hand extended to welcome me. My father fixed his proud grey eyes upon me for a moment, and then turned to the governors of the hospital.

"Is this the person, gentlemen, whom you received as an infant and brought up as Japhet Newland?"

The governors declared I was the same person; that they had bound me to Mr. Cophagus, and had seen me more than once since I had quitted the Asylum.

"Is this the Japhet Newland whom you received from these gentlemen and brought up to your business?"

"Yea, and verily—I do affirm the same—smart lad—good boy, and so on."

"I will not take a Quaker's affirmation—will you take your oath, sir?"

"Yes," replied Cophagus, forgetting his Quakership, "Take oath —bring Bible—kiss book, and so on."

"You then, as a Quaker, have no objection to swear to the identity of this person."

"Swear," cried Cophagus, "yes, swear—swear now—not Japhet! —I'm damned—go to hell, and so on."

The other parties present could not help laughing at this explosion from Cophagus, neither could I. Mr. Masterton then asked the general if he required any more proofs.

"No," replied the general discourteously; and speaking in Hindostanee to his attendants, they walked to the door and opened it. The hint was taken, Mr. Masterton saying to the others in an ironical tone, "After so long a separation, gentlemen, it must be natural that the general should wish to be left alone, that he may give vent to his paternal feelings." In the mean time, I was left standing in the middle of the room; the gentlemen departed, and the two native servants resumed their stations on each side of the sofa. I felt humi-

liated and indignant, but waited in silence; at last my honoured parent, who had eyed me for some time, commenced.

"If you think, young man, to win my favour by your good looks, you are very much mistaken: you are too like your mother, whose memory is any thing but agreeable."

The blood mounted to my forehead at this cruel observation; I folded my arms and looked my father steadfastly in the face, but made no reply. The choler of the gentleman was raised.

"It appears that I have found a most dutiful son."

I was about to make an angry answer, when I recollected myself, and I courteously replied, "My dear general, depend upon it that your son will always be ready to pay duty to whom duty is due; but excuse me, in the agitation of this meeting you have forgotten those little attentions which courtesy demands; with your permission I will take a chair, and then we may converse more at our ease. I hope your leg is better."

I said this with the blandest voice and the most studied politeness, and drawing a chair towards the table, I took my seat; as I expected, it put my honoured father in a tremendous rage.

"If this is a specimen, sir, of your duty and respect, sir, I hope to see no more of them. To whom your duty is due, sir!—and pray to whom is it not due, sir, if not to the author of your existence?" cried the general, striking the table before him with his enormous fist, so as to make the ink fly out of the stand some inches high and bespatter the papers near it.

"My dear father, you are perfectly correct: duty, as you say, is due to the author of our existence. If I recollect right, the commandment says, 'Honour your father and your mother;' but at the same time, if I may venture to offer an observation, are there not such things as reciprocal duties—some which are even more paramount in a father than the mere begetting of a son?"

"What do you mean, sir, by these insolent remarks?" interrupted my father.

"Excuse me, my dear father, I may be wrong, but if so, I will bow to your superior judgment; but it does appear to me, that the mere hanging me in a basket at the gate of the Foundling Hospital, and leaving me a bank-note of fifty pounds to educate and maintain me until the age of twenty-four, is not exactly all the duties incumbent upon a parent. If you think that they are, I am afraid that the world, as well as myself, will be of a different opinion. Not that I intend to make any complaint, as I feel assured that now circumstances have put it in your power, it is your intention to make me amends for leaving me so long in a state of destitution and wholly dependent upon my own resources."

"You do, do you, sir? well, now, I'll tell you my resolution, which is—there is the door—go out, and never let me see your face again."

"My dear father, as I am convinced that this is only a little pleasantry on your part, or perhaps a mere trial whether I am possessed of the spirit and determination of a De Benyon, I shall, of course, please you by not complying with your humorous request."

"Won't you, by G—d!" roared my father; then turning to his two

native servants, he spoke to them in Hindostanee. They immediately walked to the door, threw it wide open, and then coming back to me, were about to take me by the arms. I certainly felt my blood boil, but I recollected how necessary it was to keep my temper. I rose from my chair, and advancing to the side of the sofa, I said,

"My dear father, as I perceive that you do not require your crutches at this moment, you will not perhaps object to my taking one. These foreign scoundrels must not be permitted to insult *you* through the person of your only son."

"Turn him out," roared my father.

The natives advanced, but I whirled the crutch round my head, and in a moment they were both prostrate. As soon as they gained their feet, I attacked them again, until they made their escape out of the room; I then shut the door and turned the key.

"Thank you, my dear sir," said I, returning the crutch to where it was before. "Many thanks for thus permitting me to chastise the insolence of those black scoundrels, whom I take it for granted, you will immediately discharge;" and I again took my seat in the chair, bringing it closer to him.

The rage of the general was now beyond all bounds; the white foam was spluttered out of his mouth, as he in vain endeavoured to find words. Once he actually rose from the sofa, to take the law in his own hands, but the effort seriously injured his leg, and he threw himself down in pain and disappointment.

"My dear father, I am afraid that, in your anxiety to help me, you have hurt your leg again," said I, in a soothing voice.

"Sirrah, sirrah," exclaimed he at last; "if you think that this will do, you are very much mistaken. You don't know me. You may turn out a couple of cowardly blacks, but now I'll show you that I am not to be played with. I discard you for ever—I disinherit—I disacknowledge you. You may take your choice, either to quit this room, or be put into the hands of the police."

"The police, my dear sir! What can the police do? I may call in the police for the assault just committed by your servants, and have them up to Bow Street, but you cannot charge me with an assault."

"But I will, by G—d, sir, true or not true."

"Indeed you would not, my dear father. A De Benyon would never be guilty of a lie. Besides, if you were to call in the police? I wish to argue this matter coolly, because I ascribe your present little burst of ill humour to your sufferings from your unfortunate accident. Allowing then, my dear father, that you were to charge me with an assault, I should immediately be under the necessity of charging you also, and then we must both go to Bow Street together. Were you ever at Bow Street, general?" The general made no reply, and I proceeded. "Besides, my dear sir, only imagine how very awkward it would be when the magistrate put you on your oath, and asked you to make your charge. What would you be obliged to declare? That you had married when young, and finding that your wife had no fortune, had deserted her the second day after your marriage. That you, an officer in the army, and the Honourable Captain

De Benyon, had hung up your child at the gates of the Foundling Hospital—that you had again met your wife, married to another, and had been an accomplice in concealing her capital offence of bigamy, and had had meetings with her, although she belonged to another. I say meetings, for you did meet her, to receive her directions about me. I am charitable, and suspect nothing—others will not be so. Then, after her death, you come home, and inquire about your son. His identity is established,—and what then? not only you do not take him by the hand, in common civility, I might say, but you first try to turn him out of the house, and then give him in charge of the police: and then you will have to state for what. Perhaps you will answer me that question, for I really do not know."

By this time my honoured father's wrath had to a certain degree subsided; he heard all I had to say, and he felt how very ridiculous would have been his intended proceedings, and, as his wrath subsided, so did his pain increase; he had seriously injured his leg, and it was swelling rapidly—the bandages tightened in consequence, and he was suffering under the acutest pain. "Oh, oh!" groaned he.

"My dear father, can I assist you?"

"Ring the bell, sir."

"There is no occasion to summon assistance while I am here, my dear general. I can attend you professionally, and if you will allow me, will soon relieve your pain. Your leg has swollen from exertion, and the bandages must be loosened."

He made no reply, but his features were distorted with extreme pain. I went to him, and proceeded to unloose the bandages, which gave him considerable relief. I then replaced them, *secundem artem*, and with great tenderness, and going to the sideboard, took the lotion which was standing there with the other bottles, and wetted the bandages. In a few minutes he was quite relieved. "Perhaps, sir," said I, "you had better try to sleep a little. I will take a book, and shall have great pleasure in watching by your side."

Exhausted with pain and violence, the general made no reply; he fell back on the sofa, and, in a short time, he snored most comfortably. "I have conquered you," thought I, as I watched him as he lay asleep. "If I have not yet, I will, that I am resolved." I walked gently to the door, unlocked it, and opening it without waking him, ordered some broth to be brought up immediately, saying that the general was asleep, and that I would wait for it outside. I accomplished this little manœuvre, and reclosed the door without waking my father, and then I took my seat in the chair, and resumed my book, having placed the broth on the side of the fire-grate to keep it warm. In about an hour he awoke, and looked around him.

"Do you want any thing, my dearest father?" inquired I.

The general appeared undecided as to whether to re-commence hostilities, but at last he said, "I wish the attendance of my servants, sir."

"The attendance of a servant never can be equal to that of your own son, general," replied I, going to the fire, and taking the basin of broth, which I replaced upon the tray which contained the *et ceteras*

on a napkin. "I expected you would require your broth, and I have had it ready for you."

"It was what I did require, sir, I must acknowledge," replied my father, and without further remark he finished the broth.

I removed the tray, and then went for the lotion, and wetted the bandages on his leg. "Is there any thing else I can do for you, sir?" said I.

"Nothing—I am very comfortable."

"Then, sir," replied I, "I will now take my leave. You have desired me to quit your presence for ever; and you attempted force. I resisted that, because I would not allow you to have the painful remembrance that you had injured one who had strong claims upon you, and had never injured you. I resented it also, because I wished to prove to you that I was a De Benyon, and had spirit to resist an insult. But, general, if you imagine that I have come here with a determination of forcing myself upon you, you are much mistaken. I am too proud, and happily am independent by my own exertions, so as not to require your assistance. Had you received me kindly, believe me, you would have found a grateful and affectionate heart to have met that kindness. You would have found a son, whose sole object through life has been to discover a father, after whom he has yearned, who would have been delighted to have administered to his wants, to have yielded to his wishes, to have soothed him in his pain, and to have watched him in his sickness. Deserted as I have been for so many years, I trust that I have not disgraced you, General De Benyon; and if ever I have done wrong, it has been from a wish to discover you. I can appeal to Lord Windermear for the truth of that assertion. Allow me to say, that it is a very severe trial—an ordeal which few pass through with safety—to be thrown as I have been upon the world, with no friend, no parent to assist or to advise me, to have to bear up against the contingency of being of unacknowledged and perhaps disgraceful birth. It is harder still, when I expected to find my dearest wishes realized, that without any other cause than that of my features resembling those of my mother, I am to be again cast away. One thing, General De Benyon, I request, and I trust it will not be denied, which is, that I may assume the name which I am entitled to. I pledge you that I never will disgrace it. And now, sir, asking and expecting no more, I take my leave, and you may be assured, that neither poverty, privation, nor affliction of any kind, will ever induce me to again intrude into your presence. General De Benyon, farewell for ever."

I made my father a profound bow, and was quitting the room.

"Stop, sir," said the general. "Stop one moment, if you please."

I obeyed.

"Why did you put me out of temper? Answer me that."

"Allow me to observe, sir, that I did not put you out of temper; and what is more, that I never lost my own temper during the insult and injury which I so undeservedly and unexpectedly have received."

"But that very keeping your temper made me more angry, sir."

"That is very possible; but surely I was not to blame. The

greatest proof of a perfect gentleman is, that he is able to command his temper, and I wished you to acknowledge that I was not without such pretensions."

"That is as much as to say that your father is no gentleman; and this, I presume, is a specimen of your filial duty," replied the general, warmly.

"Far from it, sir; there are many gentlemen who, unfortunately, cannot command their tempers, and are more to be pitied than blamed for it: but, sir, when such happens to be the case, they invariably redeem their error, and amply so, by expressing their sorrow, and offering an apology."

"That is as much as to say, that you expect me to apologize to you."

"Allow me, sir, to ask you, did you ever know a De Benyon submit to an insult?"

"No, sir, I trust not."

"Then, sir, those whose feelings of pride will not allow them to submit to an insult, ought never to insult others. If, in the warmth of the moment, they have done so, that pride should immediately induce them to offer an apology, not only due to the party, but to their own characters. There is no disgrace in making an apology when we are in error, but there is a great disgrace in withholding such an act of common justice and reparation."

"I presume I am to infer from all this, that you expect an apology from me?"

"General De Benyon, as far as I am concerned, that is now of little importance; we part, and shall probably never meet again; if you think that it would make you feel more comfortable, I am willing to receive it."

"I must suppose by that observation, that you fully expect it, and otherwise will not stay?"

"I never have had a thought of staying, general; you have told me that you have disinherited and discarded me for ever; no one with the feelings of a man would ever think of remaining after such a declaration."

"Upon what terms, then, sir, am I to understand that you will consent to remain with me, and forget all that has passed?"

"My terms are simple, general; you must say that you retract what you have said, and are very sorry for having insulted me."

"And without I do that, you will never come here again?"

"Most decidedly not, sir. I shall always wish you well, pray for your happiness, be sorry at your death, and attend your funeral as chief mourner, although you disinherit me. That is my duty, in return for my having taken your name, and your having acknowledged that I am your son; but live with you, or even see you occasionally, I will not, after what has passed this day, without you make me an apology."

"I was not aware that it was necessary for a father to apologise to his son."

"If you wrong a stranger, you offer an apology; how much more is it due to a near relation?"

"But a parent has claims upon his own son, sir, for which he is bound to tender his duty."

"I grant it, in the ordinary course of things in this life; but, General De Benyon, what claims have you as a parent upon me? A son in most cases is indebted to his parents for their care and attention in infancy—his education—his religious instruction—his choice of a profession, and his advancement in life, by their exertions and interest; and when they are called away, he has a reasonable expectation of their leaving him a portion of their substance. They have a heavy debt of gratitude to pay for what they have received, and they are further checked by the hopes of what they may hereafter receive. Up to this time, sir, I have not received the first, and this day I am told that I need not expect the last. Allow me to ask you, General De Benyon, upon what grounds you claim from me a filial duty? certainly not for benefits received, or for benefits in expectation: but I feel that I am intruding, and therefore, sir, once more, with every wish for your happiness, I take my leave."

I went out, and had half closed the door after me, when the general cried out, "Stop—don't go—Japhet—my son—I was in a passion—I beg your pardon—don't mind what I said—I'm a passionate old fool."

As he uttered this in broken sentences, I returned to him. He held out his hand. "Forgive me, boy—forgive your father." I knelt down and kissed his hand; he drew me towards him, and I wept upon his bosom.

It was some time before we were sufficiently composed to enter into conversation, and then I tried my utmost to please him. Still there was naturally a restraint on both sides, but I was so particular and devoted in my attentions, so careful of giving offence, that when he complained of weariness, and a wish to retire, he stipulated that I should be with him to breakfast on the next morning.

I hastened to Mr. Masterton, although it was late, to communicate to him all that had passed; he heard me with great interest. "Japhet," said he, "you have done well—it is the proudest day of your life. You have completely mastered him. The royal Bengal tiger is tamed. I wish you joy, my dear fellow. Now I trust that all will be well. But keep your own counsel, do not let this be known at Reading. Let them still imagine that your father is as passionate as ever, which he will be, by-the-bye, with everybody else. You have still to follow up your success, and leave me to help you in other matters."

I returned home to the Piazza, and, thankful to Heaven for the events of the day, I soon fell fast asleep, and dreamt of Susannah Temple. The next morning I was early at the Adelphi Hotel; my father had not yet risen, but the native servants who passed in and out, attending upon him, and who took care to give me a wide berth, had informed him that "Burra Saib's" son was come, and he sent for me. His leg was very painful and uncomfortable, and the surgeon had not yet made his appearance. I arranged it as before, and he then dressed, and came out to breakfast. I had said nothing before the servants, but as soon as he was comfortable on the sofa I took his

hand, and kissed it, saying, "Good morning, my dear father; I hope you do not repent of your kindness to me yesterday?"

"No, no; God bless you, boy. I've been thinking of you all night."

"All's right," thought I; "and I trust to be able to keep it so."

I shall pass over a fortnight, during which I was in constant attendance upon my father. At times he would fly out in a most violent manner, but I invariably kept my temper, and when it was all over, would laugh at him, generally repeating and acting all which he had said and done during his paroxysm. I found this rather dangerous ground at first, but by degrees he became used to it, and it was wonderful how it acted as a check upon him. He would not at first believe but that I exaggerated when the picture was held up to his view and he was again calm. My father was not naturally a bad-tempered man, but having been living among a servile race, and holding high command in the army, he had gradually acquired a habit of authority and an impatience of contradiction which was unbearable to all around. Those who were high-spirited and sensitive shunned him; the servile and the base continued with him for their own interests, but trembled at his wrath. I had during the time narrated to my father the events of my life, and, I am happy to say, had, by attention and kindness joined with firmness and good temper, acquired a dominion over him. I had at his request removed to the hotel, and lived with him altogether. His leg was rapidly arriving at a state of convalescence, and he now talked of taking a house and setting up his establishment in London. I had seen but little of Mr. Masterton during this time, as I had remained in doors in attendance upon the general. I had written once to Mr. Cophagus, stating how I was occupied, but saying nothing about our reconciliation. One morning Mr. Masterton called upon us, and after a little conversation with the general, he told me that he had persuaded Mr. Cophagus to leave Reading and come to London, and that Susannah Temple was to come with them.

"On a visit?" inquired I.

"No, not on a visit. I have seen Cophagus, and he is determined to cut the Quakers, and reside in London altogether."

"What! does he intend to return to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?"

"Yes, I believe so, and his wife will join him. She has no objection to decorate her pretty person."

"I never thought that she had—but Susannah Temple——"

"When Susannah is away from her friends, when she finds that her sister and brother-in-law no longer wear the dress, and when she is constantly in your company, to all which please to add the effect I trust of my serious admonitions, she will soon do as others do, or she is no woman. This is all my plan, and leave it to me—only play your part by seeing as much of her as you can.

"You need not fear that," replied I.

"Does your father know of your attachment?" inquired Mr. Masterton.

"No, I passed her over without mentioning her name," replied I.

"It is too soon yet to talk to him about my marrying; in fact, the proposal must, if possible, come from him. Could not you manage that?"

"Yes, I will if I can; but, as you say, wait awhile. Here is their address—you must call to-morrow, if you can; and do you think you can dine with me on Thursday?"

"Yes, if the general continues improving; if not I will send you word."

The next day I complained of a head-ache, and said, that I would walk out until dinner-time. I hastened to the address given me by Mr. Masterton, and found that Mr. Cophagus and his wife were out, but Susannah remained at home. After our first questions, I inquired of her how she liked London.

"I am almost afraid to say, Japhet, at least to you; you would only laugh at me."

"Not so, Susannah; I never laugh when I know people are sincere."

"It appears, then, to me to be a vanity fair."

"That there is more vanity in London than in any other city, I grant," replied I; "but recollect, that there are more people and more wealth. I do not think that there is more in proportion than in other towns in England, and if there is more vanity, Susannah, recollect also that there is more industry, more talent, and I should hope a greater proportion of good and honest people among its multitudes; there is also, unfortunately, more misery and more crime."

"I believe you are right, Japhet. Are you aware that Mr. Cophagus has put off his plain attire?"

"If it grieves you, Susannah, it grieves me also; but I presume he finds it necessary not to be so remarkable."

"For him I could find some excuse; but what will you say, Japhet, when I tell you that my own sister, born and bred up to our tenets, hath also much deviated from the dress of the females of our sect?"

"In what hath she made an alteration?"

"She has a bonnet of plaited straw with ribbons."

"Of what colour are the ribbons?"

"Nay, of the same as her dress—of grey."

"Your bonnet, Susannah, is of grey silk; I do not see that there is vanity in descending to straw, which is a more homely commodity. But what reason has she given?"

"That her husband wills it, as he does not like to walk out with her in her Quaker's dress."

"Is it not her duty to obey her husband, even as I obey my father, Susannah?—but I am not ashamed to walk out with you in your dress; so if you have no objection, let me show you a part of this great city."

Susannah consented: we had often walked together in the town of Reading: she was evidently pleased at what I said. I soon escorted her to Oxford Street, from thence down Bond Street and all the most frequented parts of the metropolis. The dress naturally drew upon her the casual glance of the passengers, but her extreme beauty turned the glance to an ardent gaze, and long before we had finished our intended walk, Susannah requested that I would go home. She

was not only annoyed but almost alarmed at the constant and reiterated scrutiny which she underwent, ascribing it to her dress and not to her lovely person. As soon as we returned I sat down with her.

"So I understand that Mr. Cophagus intends to reside altogether in London."

"I have not heard so; I understood that it was business which called him hither for a few weeks. I trust not, for I shall be unhappy here."

"May I ask why?"

"The people are rude—it is not agreeable to walk out."

"Recollect, my dear Susannah, that those of your sect are not so plentiful in London as elsewhere, and if you wear a dress so different from other people, you must expect that curiosity will be excited. You cannot blame them—it is you who make yourself conspicuous, almost saying to the people by your garment, 'Come, and look at me.' I have been reflecting upon what Mr. Masterton said to you at Reading, and I do not know whether he was not right in calling it a garb of pride instead of a garb of humility."

"If I thought so, Japhet, even I would throw it off," replied Susannah.

"It certainly is not pleasant that every one should think that you walk out on purpose to be stared at, yet such is the ill-natured construction of the world, and they will never believe otherwise. It is possible, I should think, to dress with equal simplicity and neatness, to avoid gay colours, and yet to dress so as not to excite observation."

"I hardly know what to say; but that you all appear against me, and that sometimes I feel that I am too presumptuous in thus judging for myself."

"I am not against you, Susannah; I know you will do what you think is right, and I shall respect you for that, even if I disagree with you; but I must say, that if my wife were to dress in such a way as to attract the public gaze, I should feel too jealous to approve of it. I do not, therefore, blame Mr. Cophagus for inducing his pretty wife to make some alteration in her attire, neither do I blame but I commend her for obeying the wishes of her husband. Her beauty is his, and not common property."

Susannah did not reply; she appeared very thoughtful.

"You disagree with me, Susannah," said I, after a pause, "I am sorry for it."

"I cannot say that I do, Japhet; I have learnt a lesson this day, and in future I must think more humbly of myself, and be more ruled by the opinions and judgments of others."

Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus then came in. Cophagus had resumed his coat and waistcoat, but not his pantaloons or Hessians: his wife, who had a very good taste in dress, would not allow him. She was in her grey silk gown, but wore a large handsome shawl, which covered all but the skirts; on her head she had a Leghorn bonnet, and certainly looked very pretty. As usual, she was all good-humour and smiles. I told them that we had been walking out, and that Susannah had been much annoyed by the staring of the people.

"Always so," said Cophagus, "never mind—girls like it—feel pleased—and so on."

"You wrong me much, brother Cophagus," replied Susannah, "it pained me exceedingly."

"All very well to say so—know better—sly puss—will wear dress—people say, pretty Quaker—and so on."

Susannah hastily left the room after this attack, and I told them what had passed.

"Mrs. Cophagus," said I, "order a bonnet and shawl like yours for her without telling her, and perhaps you will persuade her to put it on."

Mrs. Cophagus thought the idea excellent, and promised to procure them. Susannah not making her re-appearance, I took leave and arrived at the hotel in good time for dinner.

"Japhet," said the general to me as we were at table, "you have mentioned Lord Windermear very often, have you called upon him lately?"

"No, sir, it is now two years and more since I have seen him. When I was summoned to town to meet you, I was too much agitated to think of any thing else, and since that I have had too much pleasure in your company."

"Say rather, my good boy, that you have nursed me so carefully that you have neglected your friends and your health. Take my carriage to-morrow, and call upon him, and, after that, you had better drive about a little, for you have been looking pale these last few days. I hope to get out myself in a short time, and then we will have plenty of amusement together in setting up our establishment."

(To be continued.)

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! the stillness and the gloom
Of the chamber of the dead!
Where the flowers that gaily bloom,
And the light by tapers shed,
Mock the faded form of clay,
And the darkness of those eyes,
Whence the soul hath past away,
As a vapour, to the skies.

Oh! the sadness and the *chill*
Of the living, as they wend
To the chamber, shrining still
The relics of a friend;
When with noiseless step, as though
The dead were but asleep,
To the solemn bed they go,
O'er the senseless one to weep.

Oh! the paleness of the cheek,
In its shroud of deadly white,
And the *moveless* lips, that *speak*
With a holy prophet's might;
And the hands so still and cold,
With a decent grace array'd,
Whose *sponsal* gloves enfold
The *bride* that *death* has made.

Oh! the glitter and the gloom
Of the coffin, as it stands
In the closely-curtained room;
'Till the priest in holy bands
Shall usher it the way,
And, with *blessed* words of grace,
Embalm the shrouded clay
For its narrow dwelling-place.

Oh! the *pang* to loving friends!
When the bearers of the dead
To that darkened room ascend,
Whence th' immortal spirit fled!
As they hear the solemn sound
Of the *heavy* feet above,
How freshly bleeds the wound
In the pierc'd heart of love!

Oh! the pageantry of woe!
When the hearse with nodding plumes,
And the mantled mourners go
On their pathway to the tombs:
When the snowy 'kerchief drowns
The sobbings of despair,
And the holy church-bell sounds
From the Sabbath-house of prayer.

Oh! the grief of friends that meet,
When the burial rite is past,
Full fondly to repeat,
While their tears are dropping fast,
The virtues of the dead,
And rehearse the dying scene;—
Such things, and such, she said,
Then pause—and weep between.

Oh! the wildness of regret
For the *loved one* past away,
When the golden sun has set
Of that *ever-living day;*
And the *first night* closes o'er
The friend within the tomb,
Whose voice shall sound no more
'Till nature's day of doom.

MR. WILKINSON'S TOPOGRAPHY OF THEBES.

Topography of Thebes, and General View of Egypt; being a Short Account of the Principal Objects worthy of Notice in the Valley of the Nile to the Second Cataract, &c. &c. With Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians. By I. G. WILKINSON, Esq. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

EGYPT, the mother of nations! the incomprehensible! she of whose origin none can tell! the primal streams from whence have flowed extinct states, and kingdoms, and vast monarchies! Her genius still wanders by the banks of her eternal Nile, decrepit, wrinkled, and full of countless days—her memory gone, and unconscious of her pristine greatness. Yet, in her ruin, how majestic! Her pyramids still point to the skies—her ruins still frown in imperishable grandeur —her immeasurable catacombs, containing within their recesses myriads of lettered scrolls, pregnant with awful histories, records of past glory, and stupendous guilt, scrolls that coming ages shall be unable to reduce to dust, and yet but half explored. Egypt still retains within her time-worn bosom the sybil leaves of the ancient wisdom; but they are dropping one by one, unread and unexplored, and we look on helplessly and see them crumble into destruction, and their awful secrets pass away before our eyes unsolved. As yet, we have had no Daniel to read the writing on her wall. Like an ancient priestess, the fire of whose mind has been quenched by the cold flowings of countless years, she offers us a lesson that she has herself long been unable to read.

And who shall instruct us? Turn we to the haughty and all-conquering Roman, with his compact and energetic language, and demand of him the key, for he conquered her dominions and rifled her palaces. He, himself now passed away, was to Egypt but as him of yesterday, and, in the prime of his manhood, looked upon the ancient one with the same wondering awe as do the latest and youngest sons of humanity. Let us penetrate still farther back into the mists of antiquity, and ask the wily and elegant Greek some tidings of these eternal ruins. He saw them when in the glory of their perfection, but of their origin knew nothing; for to the virile Egyptian he was but a young barbarian, who came a despised mendicant to the shores of the Nile to pick up something good from the superfluity of the knowledge that sate there enthroned in mystery. Old Homer prated something darkly of the wondrous city of a hundred gates.

And the still more ancient Hebrew, what knows he of her? Why nought but of the heaviness of her bondage. He was a slave in her field, and a scorn to her proud and enlightened sons. Before he felt the iron of her rule, when he kept his flocks, a shepherd and a humble husbandman, Egypt resided in her sublime palaces, her commerce extended, her people refined, her agriculture almost perfect,

and her stores the granary of the world. Had there been no corn in Egypt, Jacob and his sons had perished. And this occurred at an epoch in Egypt so modern, as in the reign of her fifth king of the *sixteenth* recorded dynasty, when already the founder of many nations was grey with age. Even the Hebrew must have regarded her with respect and veneration.

What Egypt was, in the time of Moses, the Scriptures tell us—what in the time of the patriarchs, from the same source, we may infer. What she is now, the world will learn from the valuable book before us. But with all these sources of information, our knowledge of this singular country is most scanty, and the glimpses that we have been able to gain of her history, are most partial. What Manetho, Herodotus, Pliny, or Strabo, have said of her, must be received with distrust, and only believed implicitly when corroborated by other evidence. She contains her records in her own tombs; and these, we are most happy to say, will not long be, altogether, a sealed book to us.

The reader, not acquainted with the subject of hieroglyphics, should know that, some time since, Dr. Young discovered something approaching to an alphabet in these singular-looking marks. Mons. Champollion extended this discovery, and Mr. Wilkinson, the author of the present work, who has long made this matter his peculiar study, has, with the assistance of his knowledge of the Coptic, carried the knowledge so far as almost always to be able to gather a general meaning from an inscription in the ancient Egyptian language. Yet, with this increase of light, the author avows that no one is yet sufficiently advanced in the language, as to enable him literally to translate hieroglyphical writings of any length, or if the subject be moderately complicated. But this incipient science is fast advancing, and we may yet live to see the day when a connected history of Egypt shall be given to the world, derived from sources more authentic than those that have furnished the history of any other country.

Mr. Wilkinson commences his work by a rapid view of the comparative state of civilization of Egypt in the earliest times, with that of the only known existing monarchy. He plainly shows that the palm of refinement should be ceded to the country of the Nile. He next proceeds to notice the topography of Thebes, its derivation and unknown origin. He then, at once, bursts into the monuments it contains, and gives us the results of his observations. The book is voluminous, and replete with the most valuable information; but from its very nature this information is tautologous. We have upon the walls, the pillars, the door-posts, and wherever an inscription could be placed in these ruined temples, such inscriptions as these:—"The good God, Lord of the World, Son of the Sun, Lord of the Powerful, Remeses deceased, Esteemed by the great God, Lord of Abydos." Such an inscription is in the tomb of Osymandyas.

The reader of course knows that, besides the hieroglyphics, the walls are covered with paintings. The following is a description of one of these pictorial displays.

"In the scene before us, an insolent soldier pulls the beard of his helpless captive, while others wantonly beat the suppliant, or satiate their fury with the sword.

Beyond these is a corps of infantry in close array, flanked by a strong body of chariots; and a camp, indicated by a rampart of Egyptian shields, with a wicker gateway, guarded by four companies of sentries, who are on duty on the inner side, forms the most interesting object in this picture. Here the booty taken from the enemy is collected; oxen, chariots, plaustra, horses, asses, sacks of gold, represent the confusion incident after a battle; and the richness of the spoil is expressed by the weight of a bag of money, under which an ass is about to fall. One chief* is receiving the salutation of a foot-soldier; another, seated amidst the spoil, strings his bow; and a suttler suspends a water-skin on a pole he has fixed in the ground. Below this a body of infantry marches homewards; and beyond them the king, attended by his fan-bearers, holds forth his hand to receive the homage of the priests and principal persons, who approach his throne to congratulate his return. His charioteer is also in attendance, and the high-spirited horses of his car are with difficulty restrained by three grooms who hold them. Two captives below this are doomed to be beaten, probably to death, by four Egyptian soldiers; while they in vain, with outstretched hands, implore the clemency of their heedless conqueror."

The musical statue of Memnon, upon which so much has been written and so much poetry exhausted, seems not to have any more claim to its title than to its miraculous powers. It certainly was the Memnon of the ancients, who were mere moderns to the Egyptians. Amunoph III. has, thanks to Mons. Champollion, again recovered rights that have lain dormant for ages—no less a period than 3265 years. Mr. Wilkinson, after describing the various tricks, by which the priest imposed upon the credulous, gives his own impression on the subject.

"In the lap of the statue is a stone, which, on being struck, emits a metallic sound,† that might still‡ be made use of to deceive a visitor, who was predisposed to believe its powers; and from its position, and the squared space cut in the block behind, as if to admit a person who might thus lie concealed from the most scrutinous observer in the plain below, it seems to have been used after the restoration of the statue; and another similar recess exists beneath the present site of this stone, which might have been intended for the same purpose when the statue was in its mutilated state."

After the author has eloquently descanted upon the immense wealth, power, refinement, and magnificence of ancient Thebes, we learn that its decadence began as soon as the removal of the seat of government to Memphis took place, and that subsequently commerce began to pour its enriching streams through other vents over the civilized world. But its final destruction may be dated from its cap-

* "The chiefs are here armed with bows; the privates, or foot-soldiers, with spears, swords, and clubs. But this distinction is not always to be trusted to.

† "Mr. Burton and I first remarked the metallic sound of this stone in 1824, and conjectured that it might have been used to deceive the Roman visitors; but the nature of the sound, which did not agree with the accounts given by ancient authors, seemed to present an insuperable objection. In a subsequent visit to Thebes, in 1830, on again examining the statue and its inscriptions, I found that one Ballilla had compared it to the striking of brass: and feeling convinced that this authority was more decisive than the vague accounts of those writers who had never heard it, I determined on posting some peasants below, and ascending myself to the lap of the statue, with a view of hearing from them the impression made by the sound. Having struck the sonorous block with a small hammer, I inquired what they heard, and their answer, 'Ente betídrob e'nahás,' 'You are striking brass,' convinced me that the sound was the same that deceived the Romans, and led Strabo to observe that it appeared to him as the effect of a slight *blow*.

‡ "More than one modern traveller has repaired to the statue before sunrise in hopes of hearing the sound."

ture and dilapidation, after a three years' siege by Ptolemy Lathyreus. The few attempts made afterwards to repair this city were insignificant, or wholly futile, and its magnificence dwindled away into the appearance of scattered villages, or was supported only by the sublimity of its ruins.

We wish we had space to quote, and earnestly recommend the reader to notice, the description of the great temple and palace of Remeses III. It will give him the most vivid ideas of Egypt in her day of glory. He will find that the natives were barbarians, but barbarians of the most splendid order. They were the least advanced in moral qualities. There is the smiting with the sword and the carrying away captive, and the immolating of prisoners, and all glory and praise given to slaughter, so indicative of a rude or priest-ridden state of society.

It may not be here amiss to give some idea of an Egyptian procession.

"On the east, or rather north-east wall, Remeses is borne in his shrine, or canopy, seated on a throne ornamented by the figures of a lion, and a sphinx, which is preceded by a hawk.* Behind him stand two figures of Truth† and Justice, with outspread wings. Twelve Egyptian princes, sons of the king,‡ bear the shrine; officers§ wave flabella around the monarch; and others, of the sacerdotal order, attend on either side, carrying his arms and insignia. Four others follow; then six of the sons of the king, behind whom are two scribes and eight attendants of the military class, bearing stools and the steps of the throne. In another line are members of the sacerdotal order, four other of the king's sons, fan-bearers, and military scribes, a guard of soldiers bringing up the rear of the procession. Before the shrine, in one line, march six officers, bearing sceptres and other insignia; in another, a scribe reads aloud the contents of a scroll he holds unfolded in his hand, preceded by two of the king's sons and two distinguished persons of the military and priestly orders. The rear of both these lines is closed by a pontiff,‖ who, turning round towards the shrine, burns incense before the monarch; and a band of music, composed of the trumpet, drum, double pipe, and other instruments,¶ with choristers, forms the van of the procession. The king, alighted from his throne, officiates as priest before the statue of Amun Khem, or Amunre Generator; and, still wearing his helmet, he presents libations and incense before the altar, which is loaded with flowers and other suitable offerings. The statue of the god, attended by officers bearing flabella,** is carried on a palanquin, covered with rich drapery, by twenty-two priests; behind it follow others, bringing the table and the altar of the deity. Before the statue is the sacred bull, followed by the king on foot, wearing the cap of the 'lower country.' Apart from the procession itself stands the queen, as a spectator of the ceremony; and before her, a scribe reads a scroll he has unfolded. A priest turns round to offer incense to the white bull, and another, clapping his hands,

* "The emblem of the king as Phrah (Pharaoh.)

† "This refers to the double character of this goddess, my authority for whose name I have given in my Materia Hierog., p. 45.

‡ "They are always distinguished by a badge appended from their head-dress, inclosing probably the lock of hair usually denoting son or child.

§ "Probably the Pterophori.

‖ "Not the 'eldest son of the king,' as M. Champollion supposes.

¶ "I am at a loss for a name to give an idea of them. They are two short cylindrical clubs, probably of metal, (surmounted by the head of a man or other ornamental device,) which the performer strikes together. The Egyptians used them frequently in their dances. The choristers, if I may so call them, respond to the time by the clapping of their hands; they almost always attend in their musical fêtes.

** "The larger of these are in fact umbrellas, the smaller ones fans or fly-flaps. Flabella of a similar kind are carried before the Pope at the present day."

brings up the rear of a long procession of hieraphori, carrying standards, images, and other sacred emblems; and the foremost bear the statues of the king's ancestors.* This part of the picture refers to the *coronation* of the king, who, in the hieroglyphics, is said to have 'put on the crown of the upper and lower countries;' which the birds, flying to the four sides of the world, are to announce to the gods of the south, north, east, and west." †

Let those who are curious in these matters, Lion or Clarencieux king-of-arms, for example, compare this with the coronation ceremony of modern potentates, and let him who reasons, reflect upon the ingenuity, that seems as eternal as man himself, with which human nature labours at self-glorification. After the pictorial description of the coronation, follows a series of subjects purely historical, and, though deeply interesting, they are altogether too manifold even to be enumerated in this notice.

The tomb to which Belzoni has given his name, is certainly one of the most surprising structures in this land of wonders, that ever entered into the imagination of man. We entirely coincide with the intelligent author, that

"The most interesting part is unquestionably the series of small chambers in the two first passages, since they throw considerable light on the style of the furniture and arms, and consequently on the manners and customs of the Egyptians.

"In the first to the left (entering) is the kitchen, where the principal groups, though much defaced, may yet be recognised. Some are engaged in slaughtering oxen, and cutting up the joints, which are put into caldrons on a tripod placed over a wood fire, and in the lower line a man is employed in cutting a leather strap he holds with his feet, a practice common throughout the East. Another pounds something for the kitchen in a large mortar, another apparently minces the meat, and a pallet suspended by ropes, running in rings which are fastened to the roof, is raised from the ground, to guard against the intrusion of rats and other destructive depredators. On the opposite side, in the upper line, two men knead a substance ‡ with their feet, others cook meat, pastry, and broth, probably of lentils, which fill some baskets beside them; and of the frescos of the lower line sufficient remains to show that others are engaged in drawing off, by means of syphons, a liquid from vases before them. On the end wall is the process of making bread, but the dough is kneaded by the hand, and not, as Herodotus and Strabo mention, by the feet; § and small black seeds being sprinkled on the surface of the cakes (probably the habbehsóda ‖ still used in Egypt) they are carried on a wooden pallet to the oven.

"In the opposite chamber are several boats, with square chequered sails, some having spacious cabins, and others only a seat near the mast. They are richly painted and loaded with ornaments; and those in the lower lines have the mast and yard lowered over the cabin.

"The succeeding room, on the right hand, contains the various arms and warlike implements of the Egyptians; among which are knives, quilted helmets, spears, ataghans or daggers, quivers, bows, arrows, falchions, coats-of-mail, darts, clubs, and standards. On either side of the door is a black cow with the head-dress of Athor, one accompanied by hieroglyphics signifying the north, the other by those of the south, probably intimating that these are the arms of Upper and Lower Egypt. The blue colour of some of these weapons suffices to prove them to have been of steel, and is one of several strong arguments in favour of the conclusion that the

* "M. Champollion observes that no doubt can exist as to the relative situation of Remeses II. and III., confounded by Greek historians, being here distinguished 'too clearly to allow of the *same confusion* taking place *henceforth*;' that is, after June, 1830; though this had been made known more than two years previously.

† "I am indebted for the construction of this part of it to M. Champollion's letter.

‡ "Probably the paste for the kitchen. Herod. ii. 36.

§ "No doubt they used both, as we see in this tomb.

‖ "Or the nigella sativa. Probably written hábh sodh.

early Egyptians were acquainted with the use of iron. The next chamber has chairs of the most elegant form, covered with rich drapery, highly ornamented, and evincing admirable taste; nor can any one, on contemplating the beauty of Egyptian furniture, refuse for one moment his assent to the fact, that this people must have been greatly advanced in the arts of civilisation and the comforts of domestic life. Sofas, couches, vases of porcelain and pottery, copper utensils, caldrons, rare woods, printed stuffs, leopard skins, baskets of a very neat and graceful shape, and basins and ewers, whose designs vie with the productions of the cabinet-maker, complete the interesting series of these frescos.

"The next contains agricultural scenes, in which the inundation of the Nile passing through the canals, sowing and reaping wheat, and a grain, which from its height and round head appears to be the *doora* or sorghum, as well as the flowers of the country, are represented. But however successful the Egyptians may have been in seizing the character of animals, they failed in the art of drawing trees and flowers, and their coloured plants would perplex the most profound botanist equally with the fanciful productions of an Arabic herbarium. That which follows contains different forms of the god Osiris, having various attributes."

This is truly a precious glimpse, that gives us a greater knowledge of what the ancient Egyptians really were, than the loftiest pyramid, or the inscription the most inflated. A populous horde of mere slaves, or uncivilized barbarians, may be coerced by despotic power, and placed under the direction of one or two men of science, perhaps foreigners, and erect a magnificent temple; and though its lofty columns may stand unshattered for ages, it cannot be a fair index of the progress of civilisation in the land in which it was erected. But when we discover that a nation has attained the art of making steel, forming vessels of copper, and, as is elsewhere shown, knowing the use of glass, and applying all these inventions, not only in the palace of the priest or the king, but in administering to domestic happiness, we must pronounce that nation not only civilized, but refined. But we should like to have one other test of their farther advancement in all that dignifies life, and that is, their literature. Of obtaining this criterion we do not despair. What Dr. Young originated, and Mons. Champollion has advanced, if health and life be spared to him, Mr. Wilkinson will complete. We conceive that there must be much history and much poetry (could such a nation be without its poetry?) still concealed in the yet unexplored catacombs, or wrapped around the shrivelled mummies. There has been already enough discovered to give a brief history, by means of the hieroglyphics, the paintings, and the sculptures, of some very important epochs of this ancient nation.

Friendly as we are, nay, ardently attached, to the monarchical principle, we cannot help smiling at the spirit of usurpation so prevalent among kings—we mean, of course, to except constitutional monarchs. Thrones have been usurped from times immemorial; but it was reserved for an Egyptian potentate to usurp the grave of his predecessor. The tomb in question originally belonged to King Pthasepthah, but was feloniously entered and appropriated by King Osirei II. As this happened more than three thousand years ago, we presume the regal and legal mummy has lost his right of ejectment, the case coming clearly within the statute of limitations, without such statute be in Egypt of the most unlimited description. However, we rejoice that Mr. Wilkinson has made a forceful entrance into this domicile of ambitious death, as he saw one of its halls represented

various objects of Egyptian furniture, such as mirrors, boxes, and chairs of very elegant shapes, vases, fans, arms, necklaces, and numerous insignia. Indeed, the tomb seems to have been well worth a little usurpation.

The third chapter, dedicated to the tombs of the priests and private individuals, is replete with the most valuable information. But those Turks, those villanous Turks, have been at their barbarian work here, burning the stones of which these chambers, sacred to the ancient dead were composed, into lime. These gentlemen have always been terrible stumbling-blocks in the road of civilisation. They have a dreadful faculty of burning when the conflagration may prove eminently disastrous, as their exploits with the Alexandrian library must testify. As, however, there is no remedy for their various mischiefs, regrets are unavailing.

However, of those private tombs we find some devoted to almost every trade; as, for instance, saddlers, curriers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, boat-builders, chariot-makers, &c. &c., not forgetting glass-blowers. If individuals, strictly speaking, of private and even humble life, were thus lavish upon their graves, we may safely infer that they must have possessed considerable wealth and great means for commanding domestic enjoyments.

As we are ourselves a scribe, we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the tomb of a scribe.

" Number 16 is a very interesting tomb, as well in point of chronology as in the execution of its paintings. Here the names of four kings, from the third Thothmes to Amunoph III., inclusive, satisfactorily confirm the order of their succession as given in the Abydus tablet and the lists of Thebes. In the inner chamber, the inmate of the tomb, a ' royal scribe,' or basilico-grammat, undergoes his final judgment, previous to admission into the presence of Osiris. Then follows a long procession, arranged in four lines, representing the lamentations* of the women and the approach of the *baris* or coffin, containing the body of the deceased, drawn on a sledge by four oxen. In the second line men advance with different insignia belonging to the king Amunoph; in the third, with various offerings, a chariot, chairs, and other objects;† and in the last line a priest, followed by the chief mourners, officiates before the boats, in which are seated the basilico-grammat and his sister.‡ ' The rudders,' as Herodotus§ observes, ' are passed through the keel ' in their larger boats of burthen, while those of smaller size have one on either side. They consist, like the other, of a species of large paddle,‖ with a rope fastened to the upper end, by which their sway on the centre of motion is regulated to and fro. One square sail, lowered at pleasure over the cabin, with a yard at the top and bottom, is suspended at its centre to the summit of a short mast which stands in the middle, and is braced by stays fastened to the fore and after part of the boat.¶

" On the opposite wall is a fowling and fishing scene; and the dried fish sus-

* " They had also hired mourners, like the Romans, and as at the present day in Egypt, ' qui conducti plorant in funere.'—Hor. Ar. Poet.

† " The small wooden chambers, about the height of a man, so frequently seen in these tombs, were used as repositories for mummies or as sedan chairs, which being placed on sledges, were drawn by their servants. They were even put into boats as a temporary cabin. Palanquins were also used by the grandees.

‡ " Though it was a common custom of the Egyptians to marry their sisters, it does not appear that she was also his wife, as this would not be omitted in the hieroglyphics. Vide Diodor. i. s. 27; Hieroglyphics passim. conf.; also the History of the Ptolemies; Isis and Osiris, &c.

§ " Herodot. lib. ii. s. 96.

‖ " As in the Burmese and other boats.

¶ " In rowing, the Egyptians generally stood to the oar."

pended in the boat remind us of the observations of Herodotus* and Diodorus,† who mention them as constituting a very considerable article of food among this people, for, with the exception of the priesthood,‡ they were at all times permitted to eat those which were not comprised among the sacred animals of the country.§ Here is also the performance of the liturgies to the mummies of the deceased.‖ Nor do the frescos of the outer chamber less merit our attention. Among the most interesting is a party entertained at the house of the basilico-grammat, who, seated with his mother, caresses on his knee the youthful daughter of his sovereign, to whom he probably had been tutor. Women dance to the sound of the Egyptian guitar in their presence, or place before them vases of flowers and precious ointment; and the guests, seated on handsome chairs, are attended by servants, who offer them wine in 'golden goblets,'¶ each having previously been welcomed by the usual ceremony of putting sweet-scented ointment on his head.**

"In the lower part of the picture, a minstrel, seated *cross-legged*, according to the custom of the East,†† plays on a harp of seven strings, accompanied by a guitar, and the chorus of a vocal performer, the words of whose song appear to be contained in eight lines of hieroglyphics, which relate to Amun, and to the person of the tomb, beginning, 'Incense, drink-offerings, and sacrifices of oxen,' and concluding with an address to the basilico-grammat. Beyond these an ox is slaughtered, and two men having cut off the head, remove the skin from the leg and body.‡‡ Servants carry away the joints as they are separated, the head and right fore-leg being invariably the first, the other legs and the parts of the body following in proper succession. A mendicant receives a head§§ from the charity of the steward, who also offers him a bottle of water. On the opposite wall are some buffoons, who dance to the sound of a drum, and other subjects."

This is very well for a scribe. But we fear that he has usurped too much of our space to the exclusion of matter more interesting.

It appears that the Egyptians had a lively talent for caricature, for even in their most sacred subjects, the funeral procession, they could not resist their impulse to drollery.

* "Lib. ii. s. 92. † Diod. lib. i. s. 36. ‡ Herodot. ii. s. 37.

§ "Some even of those sacred in one part of Egypt were eaten by those of other districts.

‖ "Similar to the inferiæ or parentalia of the Romans.

¶ "I infer this from the frequent use of wine in their offerings and repasts. Nor was it forbidden to the priests. Plut. s. 6. Herodotus says, 'they drink out of brass or bronze goblets, which they take care to cleanse every day; not one,' he adds, 'but all adopt this custom.' Lib. ii. 37. But they had gold, silver, and porcelain vases; and the expression, 'with a cup of gold' in the hieroglyphics above confirms this fact. Conf. Genesis xliv. 2, 5. Joseph's 'silver cup,' and the sculptures passim.

** "In another of these tombs a servant is represented bringing the ointment in a vase, and putting it on the heads of the guests, as well as of the master and mistress of the house. A lotus flower was also presented to them on their arrival. Washing the feet and anointing the head was an old Eastern custom. Gen. xliii. 24; Luke vii. 46.

†† "Including Egypt: there, however, it was generally confined to the lower orders.

‡‡ "Conf. Herodot. ii. s. 39. . . . . 'they cut off the head, and then skin the body.'

§§ "The animal to which this head belongs is not added; perhaps by *one* ox we are to understand the slaughter of *several others*, which it was not considered necessary to show to the '*oculis fidelibus*' of the spectator. Herodotus makes a strange mistake on the subject of the head, which he says no Egyptian will on any account touch, since it is always met with in the offerings placed before the deities themselves, and even before the *Egyptian* guests at an *Egyptian* repast. There were no Greeks in Egypt at this time, and the colour of this man (for the Egyptians were careful in distinguishing that of foreigners) is that usually given to the inhabitants of the Nile. I have attempted to explain the origin of his mistake in my Materia Hierog. pp. 16, 17."

Before we take leave of Thebes, we must be permitted a few remarks upon the very imperfect state of the art of representation displayed by the Egyptian painters; so imperfect in comparison to their architecture, and to that portion of the fine arts that were put in requisition to administer to household luxuries. We have seen a copy of the drawings of the tomb of Belzoni, which was allowed to be perfect, and which was open to public inspection in Leicester Square. It is from these that we shall speak, and in so doing, must respectfully beg leave to entertain a slight difference of opinion from Mr. Wilkinson, who says—

"The greatest enemy to deviation from the rules of Grecian art cannot fail to take a lively interest in the study of the Egyptian school, were it merely from the circumstance of its having been the parent of that refined and exquisite taste which has ennobled the name of Corinth and of Athens; where superior talent, unrestrained by the shackles of superstitious regulations forbidding the smallest deviation from prescribed rules as unpardonable profanation,* rose to that perfection which the student of nature can alone attain. In spite of all the defects of Egyptian art, it has at least the great merit of originality; nor can any one, however prepossessed against it, deny the imposing grandeur of the Theban temples, or the admirable style of drawing in the unfinished chamber of Belzoni's tomb, and other monuments of the earliest eras, where the freedom of the outlines evinces the skill of no ordinary artist."

With all deference to our author, the style of drawing in Belzoni's tomb was *not* admirable. In fact, the lines were mere signs of convention for what they were supposed to represent, and not at all representations, in the artist's sense, of any thing either on the face of the earth, or in the waters under the earth. Yet were they boldly and freely struck out in their way. We can give an adequate idea of this by calling attention to a writing-master's flourished angel: every body sees that it is nothing like an angel, yet every body admires the delicacy, the freedom, and the off-handedness of the penman.

Now the Egyptians who sculptured and built so well, could also have painted better, and rivalled, at least, the two arts of statuary and architecture, but they were restricted by laws that were looked upon as sacred and immutable, and by a priestocracy that pervaded and governed the whole social scheme. In those good, old, orthodox times, a little perspective would have been a great religious error, and the foreshortening of a limb a damnable heresy. The office of painters was hereditary: as the fathers painted, the sons were constrained to paint from generation to generation without any alteration; and, as it was orthodox to represent a tree with a symbol something like a school-boy's peg-top three or four thousand years ago, had the Egyptians still preserved their nationality, a peg-top would have been a tree to this day upon the banks of the Nile.

But in the palmy days of Egypt, architecture was continually improving; and why? because the priests themselves were the architects;

* "According to Synesius, the profession of artist was not allowed to be exercised by any common or illiterate persons, lest they should attempt anything contrary to *the laws* and regulations regarding the figures of the gods; and Plato (in his second Book of Laws) says, 'they never *suffered* any painters or statuaries to *innovate* anything in their art, or to invent any new subjects or any new habits . . . . . Hence the art still remains the same, the rules of it still the same.'"

in their body they possessed all the sciences, and kept them secret. They were the freemasons. To the common herd, as the painters and mere decorators, they said, Thus far shalt thou go and no farther: knowledge is not good for you: obey us, and we will protect you from worse evils than ignorance, provided that ignorant you consent to be. *Then* they did rightly: such conduct never could be the height of iniquity. In those early ages the true system of morality was as little understood as a pure religion known. The strong and the violent would have degraded all. The few really wise men saw this evil, this worst of all impediments to civilisation; they bonded together, and clothing their wisdom in the robes of superstition, and throwing round themselves the mysteries of an inscrutable secrecy, they stood between the spoiler and the oppressed. They thus tempered the rule of the sword, and took care, most judiciously, always to initiate the reigning king in their order, and thus governed as much by legitimate authority as by religious fears.

Dr. Marryat, a skilful and very learned physician of the last century, though unpossessed of all the advantages derivable from the late discoveries of Young, Champollion, and more especially Mr. Wilkinson, saw all this darkly, and thus delivered himself upon the subject.

"The society of masons was first formed in Egypt, the mother and nurse of arts and sciences, where they all originated. This seems no more than natural, for the probability is very great that Egypt was the first land which emerged from the ocean, and is consequently the oldest country in the world. Moses, who was by no means friendly to the Egyptians, yet ingenuously acknowledges that they were the wisest people on earth. From the earliest ages, the ascent to which it is impossible to reach, as men discovered any art, or improved any science, (in a state of society) they felt the necessity of communicating them for their own sakes, that they might be supported and assisted. To promote their lucrative views it was also necessary that such communications should be confined to as few in number as possible. It was unavoidably requisite that every member of the society should be laid under the most solemn obligation to preserve the various deposits intrusted to him from all those who were not intitled to similar emoluments. As architecture was of the highest consequence to mankind, with respect to utility, convenience and magnificence, the masons were the only persons to be applied to on this account. No other persons were capable of planning or erecting edifices adapted to usefulness or splendor. It is remarkable that these philosophers in every age and every nation distinguished themselves by the appellation which in all languages signifies *a mason*. It is true that every fellow-craft, before he obtained the dignity of a master-mason, must have made great proficiency in grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

"The masons had long confined all the sciences within the limits of their own fraternity, till they admitted amongst them the travelling Greek philosophers, who visited Egypt in search of knowledge. They indeed were not very scrupulous in pursuing the means of obtaining science by any sacrifice; nor less nice or conscientious in divulging those secrets which were under the strongest obligation imparted to them.

"Euclid first made public all he had learned of geometry: the higher part of the mathematics he had not acquired. The application of this science to the measurement of land, building and various other arts, was so obvious, that many ingenious Greeks availed themselves of it to the no small detriment of the masons. This, as it was the first, was the severest blow our society ever felt. Some of them to this day assert, and seriously too, that the extraordinary death of this apostate was a judgment on him for the breach of his obligation: an eagle, mistaking his bald head for a stone, having dropped a tortoise on it to crush the shell.

"Pythagoras resided more years in Egypt than any other Grecian philosopher. On his return, he enjoined a three years inviolable silence on all his pupils. He

revealed to his countrymen several of the secrets of masons, viz. the seven different tints of the colorific principle; the seven tones in music; and the true system of astronomy, which placed the sun in the centre, the eight revolving planets, with their attendants; the advent of comets from one system to another, of which each star is a central sun. Not being furnished with instruments capable of discovering the two most distant planets beyond the orbit of Saturn, his astronomy was turned into ridicule by a people whose natural frivolity gave them a disgust to strong thinking, and whose vanity precluded close and severe examination of imported erudition. His school fell into disrepute, and he himself into neglect, though one of the best informed, and perhaps the wisest, of all their philosophers.

"Aristotle studied grammar, logic, rhetoric, natural philosophy, metaphysics, and some other sciences, among the Egyptian masons. He conveyed a fund of knowledge to mankind which he had no right to communicate. Much indeed of what he learned he has misplaced and disfigured in his writings. He has misrepresented some of their finest sentiments, not so much for want of judgment, as taste; partly perhaps to amuse his reader and partly from vanity.

"Of all the Grecian philosophers who visited Egypt, and had the honour of being admitted among the masons, (which, by the way, they carefully concealed,) the most disingenuous was Plato. The sciences of theology, ethics, and metaphysics, were his peculiar favourites. Whether from some regard to the sacredness of his obligation, or whether it was to adapt his doctrines to the taste of a volatile people, he has so hashed and frittered those things which he learned, so disguised, mangled, and involved them, that it would almost puzzle a mason to separate the grain from the chaff in the confused mass of his various treatises. A few masonic jewels sparkle among that heap of rubbish.

"The masons did not suffer only from treacherous brethren; they felt the cruelest strokes from the iron hand of power, which ought to have been exerted for their protection and security. Cambyses, the Persian monarch, made a complete conquest of Egypt. He sternly demanded an account of *their* esoteric doctrines: on refusal without his submission to the usual ceremonies, this haughty prince, with his wonted temerity, resolved on the total extermination of the masons. Fierce and implacable, he destroyed all those that were assembled, burned their lodges, and sacrificed every individual of them that could be met with. A considerable number of our brethren had sufficient courage and conduct (what might not such men perform!) to emigrate to an oasis about three hundred leagues distant from hence. An oasis, of which there are several in Africa, is a sort of island in the midst of burning sands. *This* is about fourscore leagues in length and sixty in breadth, abounding with every necessary and convenience of life: the rivers lose themselves in the sands, while every vegetable and animal is to be met with, that can be found on the rest of the globe. It was inhabited by a few innocent and simple people who received them with open arms. The arts and sciences are there still cultivated to the highest perfection. *There* and there only remains all the knowledge and learning of the ancient world. Cambyses sent an army of seventy thousand men to pursue and destroy them. They were all buried in a whirlwind of sand. He sent a second more numerous, which shared the same fate. It is said that some masons disguised were employed as guides, who knew when and where these violent gusts arise, and voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the preservation of their brethren. Cambyses raised a third army for the same purpose, determined to lead it himself: his death defeated the project. These facts are well known and attested by Asiatic historians. From that day to this no one has ever visited this oasis except Alexander the Macedonian and a few of his followers. He lost the greatest part of his people and suffered incredible hardships himself before he reached it. What was an Alexander not equal to? He was highly pleased with his entertainment *there*, and they taught their royal visitor to return in safety. Though it is next to impossible to arrive there, it is seldom more than thirty or forty years that a few do not venture to visit Egypt, yet no one ever attempts (though he longs in vain) to return. Among the last who came from thence my grandfather was one of seven.

"Of the scattered remains of the masons, some emigrated to the East and settled in China. Some wandered into Europe, particularly the northern parts, who assumed the name of Druids. These still retained their unalterable attachment to secrecy, and never committed any of their knowledge to writing. They have indeed left many astonishing instances of it behind them in the erection of their Stone*

* "Stone-henge, Staunton Drew," &c.

calendars. The æra of *their* fabrication may be easily ascertained by calculating the precession of the equinoxes; their skill in perspective is displayed in them. These are as falsely as foolishly termed by Europeans druidical temples. You well know, my brethren, that nothing was more repugnant to their religious principles than to worship the Deity in any cheiropoietic structure.

"The present European lodges of masons, I am informed by our brother Phtharras, are dwindled into mere convivial assemblies. So far from eagerly pursuing science, and by the force of their united abilities pushing their researches to perfection, they indolently content themselves with the possession of the shell, without the least regard to the kernel. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

"I am, my Lord, your's sincerely,

"T. M."

The physician has here most certainly allowed the reins of his judgment to be a little too loose in the hands of his imagination, yet his ideas tally exactly with every recent discovery that we have made, as well as every old record of the policy of the Egyptians. The unexampled duration of the integrity of the Egyptian nation shows that this masonic scheme worked well. At present it would be worse than worthless. We work out our social perfection, not by concentrating power and knowledge in the dark recesses where a favoured few only would have access to them, but by the most unlimited diffusion of light. Freemasonry, in the highest acceptation of the word, is no longer among the wants of mankind, and therefore it has ceased to exist.

But what are we doing? We have as yet got through only the first quarter of this fascinating work: we have not yet arrived at Luxor, or Luqsor, or Aboo L'Haggàg; called by the ancient Egyptians, Southern Papé, a place quite as much deserving of notice as Thebes. We must also pass over the descriptions of battles and conquests displayed upon the walls of the lofty halls in the ruins of Karnac, all of which prove indubitably the great power of the Egyptians under the reigns of the Remeses.

Had we room we should certainly insert the whole of the fifth chapter, that treats of the manners and customs of this people. As regards their gardens, their vineyards, their fishing lakes, and the other appliances to luxury, there seems nothing on their part to be wished for. They also hunted much, and in that point exceeded the Nimrods of the present day in the variety of their game, its dangerous character, and the high physical endowments necessary successfully to follow such an invigorating pursuit. They had the gazelle, wild goat, and sheep, stag, eriel, wild ox, hare, ostrich, with the hyena, wolf, jackal, and leopard. If their inclinations led them to aquatic amusements, there was the hippopotamus and the crocodile ready to afford them excellent sport, a sport at which they appear to have been singularly skilful. We must not omit to state, that they trained lions both to assist them in war against man, and to capture the more dangerous of the animals that they were pleased to hunt. Their municipal laws were severe, and personal chastisement in evident operation, the ladies coming in for more than a due proportion. They had also a very considerable standing army, that eyesore to patriots. We must indulge in one more extract, the account of their entertainments.

"At all their entertainments music and the dance were indispensable, and sometimes buffoons were hired to add to the festivity of the party, and to divert them with drollery and gesticulation.

"The grandees were either borne in a palanquin or drove up in their chariot, drawn as usual by two horses, preceded by running footmen, and followed by others, who carried a stool to enable them to alight, an inkstand, and whatever they might want either on the road, or while at the house of their friend.

"On entering the festive chamber, a servant took their sandals, which he held on his arm, while others brought water, and anointed * the guests, in token of welcome.

"The men were seated on low stools or chairs,† apart from the women, who were attended by female slaves or servants; and after the ceremony of anointing, a lotus-blossom‡ (and frequently a necklace of the same) was presented to each of them; and they were sometimes crowned with a chaplet of flowers.

"The triclinium was unknown; and the enervating custom of reclining on *diwáns* was not introduced among this people. Their furniture§ rather resembled that of our European drawing-room; and stools, chairs, fauteuils, ottomans, and simple couches, (the three last precisely similar to many that we now use,) were the only seats met with in the mansions of the most opulent of the Egyptians.

"Wine and other refreshments were then brought, and they indulged so freely in the former, that the ladies now and then gave those proofs of its potent effects which they could no longer conceal.‖

"In the mean time, dinner was prepared, and joints of beef, geese, fish, and game, with a profusion of vegetables and fruit, were laid, at mid-day,¶ upon several small tables; two or more of the guests being seated at each. Knives and forks were of course unknown, and the mode of carving and eating with the fingers was similar to that adopted at present in Egypt and throughout the East;** water or wine being brought in earthen *bardaks*, or in gold, silver, or porcelain cups. For though Herodotus affirms that these last were all of brass, the authority of the Scriptures and the Theban sculptures prove that the higher orders had them of porcelain and of precious metals.††

"They sometimes amused themselves within doors with a game similar to chess, or rather draughts;‡‡ and the tedium of their leisure hours was often dispelled by the wit of a buffoon,§§ or the company of the dwarfs and deformed persons,‖‖ who constituted part of their suite.

"Bull-fights were among the sports of the lower orders; but it does not appear that they either had the barbarity to bait them with dogs, or the imbecility to aspire to a vain display of courage, in matching themselves in single combat against wild

* "Washing the feet and anointing the head was the custom of the East. Conf. St. Luke vii. 46. But I have not yet met with the former represented in the sculptures.

† "Many of the chairs shut up like our camp-stools; and they sometimes sat on a low square seat, neatly painted, which was laid upon the ground. It appears to have been of wood; and perhaps folded in the centre when removed.

‡ "They probably intended by this that 'man required a moist rather than a dry aliment.'—Diod. i. 43.

§ "The skill of their cabinet-makers is particularly remarkable; and besides the display of elegant taste they were not ignorant of veneering, or of the mode of staining wood to resemble that of a rare and valuable kind.

‖ "It shows a great want of gallantry, on the part of the Egyptians, thus to direct their talent for caricature against the fair sex.

¶ "Genesis xliii. 16. But with a foreigner they would not eat; this was an 'abomination.' v. 32.

** "Except in China. The ancient Greeks also ate in this manner, and the pieces of bread-crumb, (σπομαγδαλια,) on which they wiped their fingers after eating, were given to the dogs that they admitted into the room.

†† "Joseph had one of silver. Gen. xliv. 2. Gold, silver, and porcelain vases are represented in the tombs of Thebes. I doubt a Greek being admitted into very good society in Egypt. Glass was also used by them, as well for cups as beads and other ornamental objects, and for the imitation of precious stones.

‡‡ "I have found this in sculptures of the time of Osirtesen I., Remeses III., and Psamaticus II.

§§ "Still common in the East, as once in the West.

‖‖ "Beni Hassan grottoes. V. c. vi."

beasts.* But the peasants did not fail to pursue the hyena,† as often as it was in their power; and it was either caught by a trap or chased with the bow. They also amused themselves with several games still well known to European children; among which may be noticed the ball, odd and even, *mora*,‡ and feats of agility and strength." §

Now we are in this domestic strain, we will mention that the butcher wore his steel hanging before him in the time of Moses, precisely as he does now. That's antiquity, and something to be proud of:—the fashions of crowns have changed much oftener.

What Egypt is now we too well know. Mr. Wilkinson has given us a vivid description of its misery; the oppression it undergoes, and its consequent depopulation. It is the same land that once not only took the lead, but went far beyond all the nations of the earth. The sands have not, as has been asserted, increased upon it; the bed of the Nile has risen a few feet in nearly its whole length, but the profitable soil has every where along its valley risen and extended itself in proportion. No site on the face of the earth more calls for, or could be more improved by machinery and the aids of science. Irrigation and adequate engines for the propulsion of water would make the fertility of this kingdom almost illimitable. The mistake of the present energetic old pacha who rules it, is, endeavouring to make it a manufacturing instead of an agricultural nation. He should turn the industry of his subjects to production and not fabrication. What might not that land do, that even now, with its wretched tillage, gives the ignorant and oppressed peasant three harvests a year.

It may not here be irrelevant to state, that, by a late survey, the level of the Red Sea is fifteen feet higher than that of the low Nile about Qaherah, Cairo, (Mr. Wilkinson has a most provokingly correct method of spelling his proper names,) and about five lower than the river during its inundation. Therefore a great part of Egypt lies at the mercy of the Red Sea, which sea is also found to be thirty feet higher than the Mediterranean. Ali has shown much judgment in refusing the experiment to be tried of cutting through the isthmus of Suez. We are sure that skilful engineers, by means of proper locks, could restrain the higher water from rushing into the lower, though that water be a sea; yet treachery, or carelessness, or mere foolish curiosity, might be productive of the wildest devastation. Were an unchecked current once established, every thing would be carried before it; the low lands inundated, the bed of the Nile increased by the salt water, irreparable mischief done, and the face of whole regions changed.

It may be expected that we should say something of the pyramids. The subject has been over discussed. We think them to be less in-

* "The feats of the Psylli are well known. Snake-players and conjurors existed at an early epoch among the Egyptians. They are not less common here at the present day.

† "This animal is equally destructive to the flocks and some beasts of burthen; and hunger prompts it even to live on the standing corn and *doora*, of which it frequently destroys a great quantity. But the ass is its favourite meal. It is not gregarious. The female often chooses the corn-fields to conceal her litter.

‡ "A common Italian game. Any number of fingers are held out simultaneously by the two players, and one guesses the sum of both.

§ "As raising each other from the ground, leap-frog, throwing up three balls in various ways, mounted on the back of one who had failed in catching them, &c."

tended as mounds wherein to hide royal sepulture, than astronomical erections made by the priestly free-masonry. Most of them have been broken into, explored, and plundered, ages before either Salt or Belzoni effected entrances. As we have again recurred to the architecture of the Egyptians, we will here do them the justice to state, that, from time immemorial, they have understood the arch, and that it was from them that the pointed gothic style was first introduced into Europe. There is now standing a vaulted tomb near the pyramids, of hewn stone, being the oldest *stone* arch hitherto discovered, having been erected in the time of the second Psamaticus, more than two thousand four hundred years ago.

Long as we have made this article, we feel that we have done our work but imperfectly. Many most important subjects we have not even touched upon; but our labour will not have been vain if we have excited in the bosom of the reader that ardent curiosity to peruse this work with the attention that it so highly merits. The author appears to have brought every requisite to his undertaking:—great knowledge, not only of the learned but the modern languages, particularly those of the East, habits of patient investigation, assisted by great powers of reasoning, and a love for his subject that ensures an unabating ardour in its pursuit. He is no theorist, and is bigoted to no system. He has conquered much, and frankly confesses that that much is but very little in comparison with what remains to be overcome. He is gathering materials that perhaps it may be the lot of other hands to arrange, though we fervently wish that nothing may prevent him reaping the laurels that he is now only sowing. It is our conviction that, in the Bible and in the hieroglyphics, the true history of the world will be read. Hitherto they corroborate each other wonderfully. The records of the former are limited only to the adventures of a chosen, though a stiff-necked race; we may find in the latter much of which, from the very nature of the subject, the other has omitted.

Notwithstanding that the work before us is, strictly speaking, topographical, it will be found very pleasant reading, from the air of candour and sincerity that runs through the whole of it. The author not only makes us participate in his knowledge, but in his doubts also. He is evidently cautious, not only not to deceive his readers, but also to guard against self-delusion. We feel that we may depend upon him, since he sometimes mistrusts himself.

Criticism can only follow a writer similar to Mr. Wilkinson. He is the first on the march. Had she been more modest with the ill-treated Mr. Bruce, she would have been spared many a blush of recantation. In a case like this, the author must know more of his subject than any other person existing. All that the critic can do, should he be desirous of being condemnatory, is to go and acquire more, or at least as much, information upon this particular subject than the author:—let him do this, and then, if he can, let him wreak his vengeance. The general, however illustrious he may be, cannot know so much of the country as the exploring party that he sends forward. Mr. Wilkinson is in the van of Egyptian learning. There may be higher grades on the literary muster roll than that which he has *yet* attained, but, in his own department, there is none before him.

TASSO'S FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

They deem me mad—but my mind hath wit
To know the world's madness greater far;
They deem me mad—that I love to sit,
Sweet colloquy holding with moon and star;
For they ken not how deeply a spiritual eye
Drinks light at that fount of sublimity.

And there comes to me, when the sun is fled,
A spirit of beauty, unseen of all;
And its wings are as moonlight softly spread,
And its voice, as a distant waterfall,
Doth murmur of hidden gems, that lie
In the holy mines of eternity.

They say 'tis a vision that fancy weaves,
That the feeling of sadness hath wrought the spell,
That the voice that I hear, in the orange leaves,
Is the night-breeze waking its Doric shell;
But I know 'tis a friendly spirit, that hies
From its starry home when the daylight dies.

Though I hear not the voice of the mystic one,
I know when the spirit is near at hand;
For a ray of light comes stealing on,
And an odour sweet as from Araby's land;
And my captive heart hath a pulse, more free
Than belongs to its cold mortality.

And I talk with that beautiful spirit, and hear
Such lore as the world can never teach,
Till the golden path seems bright and clear,
That my soul must journey, her God to reach.
With the *cross* for my *staff*, I shall travel fleet,
Till I lie me down at my *Saviour's feet*.

Oh! what is the garland of fame to me,
Or the praises of men that I little prize?
The grave cannot hear, nor hath eyes to see;
The fool hath his marble, as well as the wise;
But my soul hath *ambition*, and seeks her renown
In the *saintly palm* and the *martyr's crown*.

Farewell to the loves and the friendships of earth!
My path hath not lacked of pleasant flowers,
My tears have been mingled with smiles of mirth,
And my harp has been honoured in princely bowers,
And thy prison, Ferrara, is now but to me
As an *inn* on the road to eternity.

I have pack'd up my treasures, and hidden them all,
The *gold* and the *jewels* of God; and I wait,
Till I hear the glad voice of the bridegroom call—
And see the bright chariot of love at my gate,
Whose silver wheels through those clouds shall roll,
And bring back to *her home* my wandering soul.

CONFESSIONS OF A QUACK DOCTOR.

Nec prosunt domino, quæ prosunt omnibus, artes.—Ovid.

My days, my very hours are numbered; the cold hand of death presses heavily and painfully upon me; I feel that this bed will be the last, save an earthy one, on which the proprietor of the Balsam of Bethesda will ever lie. Long ere these words are in print, I shall be far beyond the reach of the indignation and censure of man; and it will ease my parting moments, and be a last atonement, if I lay before the public certain particulars wherein I have played a conspicuous, though a deceitful part. At the same time, I must beg the reader to have the candour to bear in mind this remark: that what I have done has been *merely for the sake of gain*, and not out of malice or ill will to my fellow-creatures as a body, or to any individual in particular.

I shall commence with a short sketch of my early life. My father, Reuben Killman, was a brewer, in a small market-town. He married, for his fourth wife, the daughter of the principal apothecary of the place. The issue of that marriage was the author of the present memoir. A short time before I was born, my poor mother had been reading the poems of the Poet Laureat, which made so great an impression on her, that she insisted on my being christened by the name of Thalaba.

That dear parent was so fondly attached to her only offspring, that during her life she never would allow my tender frame to be exposed to the cruelty of a birch-bearing brute, as she feelingly styled that awful monster, the schoolmaster. On the contrary, she resolved to educate me herself; and, in order that she might direct my talents, of which she had the highest opinion, in the proper channel, she seized the opportunity of taking me, at the age of eight years, to be examined by a celebrated phrenologist, who had announced that he should enlighten the town by a few lectures on his subtle science. I well remember the laying on of hands of that slender gentleman. After duly examining the outward signs of my inward powers, he informed my mother that my developments were so interesting and complicate, that he would take time for reflection, and send her a written opinion. The good lady, gratified by the pains and attention he was paying her favourite, slipped half a guinea into his learned palm, and went home to wait for the promised particulars.

The next day she received the following note:—

"Madam,

"The real reason of my not announcing your son's organs yesterday, was, that I was anxious not to expose him before other parties; but the sacred obligation of truth compels me to state, that I find the organs of *acquisitiveness* and *destructiveness* so strong, that I can have little doubt he will be led on from robbery to murder, and finally, end his days at the gallows, *unless* you take great pains in cultivating his organs of *veneration*, &c. as explained in my little work, price 11*s.* 6*d.*

"Your obedient servant,

"Manuel Palmer."

My mother's rage at this epistle may be conceived. She instantly set off on a crusade against the phrenologist, and called on every neighbour and gossip in the place, denouncing the man's ignorance, and proving it by his letter, and the well-known amiable qualities of her interesting

child. I believe the lectures were, after all, as well attended as ever. My father was angry with my mother for exposing the faults of his child, and told her she ought to have hushed up the business. The poor lady retorted, and a quarrel ensued. It was however made up; and the reconciliation was evidently sincere on my father's part, as he advised my mother the following day to leave off brandy and water, which they always had been in the habit of drinking, as he thought *ale* would be better for her. Although she did as he recommended, my father lost his wife, and I, my kind parent in less than three months from that time.

I wished to put my mother's tortoise-shell cat into mourning on the occasion, and as she tore the clothes I made for her, I resolved to blacken those which nature had given her with ink. I had just begun the operation, and had placed the unfeeling animal headforemost down in a boot, with a quart ink bottle in my other hand, when my father appeared. Seeing how I was occupied, he rushed towards me. The abruptness of his manner, (though I was doing no harm, but on the contrary a pious duty,) alarmed me. I fled: he pursued. He gained ground: I heard him puff close at my back. In my eagerness to escape, I attempted to jump over a cooler full of ale. I should easily have accomplished the leap, had it not happened that at that moment my father's hand arrested me by the trousers behind. He checked the impetus of my spring, and I fell, with the ink-bottle, boot, and cat, into the middle of the steaming liquid.

I screamed, the cat mewed, my father swore. But the death of my mother, I suppose, had softened his heart; for, in a minute he recovered his good humour, laughed at the cat and me, and said "It did not matter, as the boot was the only thing that would be the worse for it." However, he made up his mind to send me to school forthwith, "to improve my manners, and to have me out of harm's way."

To school I was sent, and there I remained till I was twelve years old, at which time my father sent for me home, put me into his counting-house, and taught me the arts of book-keeping and brewing. The latter I found was a far more intricate and mysterious process than the mere mixture of malt and hops.

Years went on: I grew up into a man; but as I advanced, the little town declined. It was not a place of much trade, and as the inhabitants died away, they were not rapidly succeeded by fresh settlers. The mortality of the place was certainly very great. The air was voted unhealthy, though formerly it had been considered the reverse. By some extraordinary fatality, my father's best customers were always the first to drop off. I felt for him, and myself, for I was now taken into partnership; and my mind sympathized with Moore's beautiful lines:—

"Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never nurst a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

"I never nurs'd a dear gazelle
To glad me with its bright black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!"

But, after all, what are gazelles to customers? and what is the sight of its eye to the sight of a bill for beer made out, ready for payment? Alas! these bills decreased as the town decayed, and ere long the Gazette presented the names of "R. Killman and Son, Brewers." The shock upset my father, he never looked up afterwards, and the very day

week after the above announcement, I saw his heels standing out of a large mash-tub. He had chosen the fate of Clarence.

With the few pounds left to me I fled from the fatal neighbourhood to London. In that vast metropolis I had no chance of setting up in my trade again: there were too many in it already, with larger capitals, and equal skill in composition to myself. For some time I served in one of the principal breweries as a clerk—but my salary was so small, that I could neither pay for wine nor brandy; malt liquor I could not drink—I was too much behind the scenes for that—and for water, which I estimated at a very different value from that put upon it by Pindar, I had a constitutional antipathy—I was a second Tantalus, dying of thirst amidst a profusion of beverage—I could bear it no longer—I left my situation.

I was walking, with little in my pockets except my hands, in a most melancholy mood along Bloomsbury Square, when a man held out a paper to me. I took it, and found it to be the puff of a patent medicine. A new light broke in upon me, I cried out, "*Eureka*," and cut a caper in the air for joy.

My plans were quickly settled. I invested my remaining money in drugs, phials, and a chest, and set out on a tour to the country, resolving to commence, like an actor or counsellor, with provincial celebrity first. It was indifferent to me whither I directed my steps, and the accident of seeing a notice of reduced fares, led me to book my place for Birmingham.

As soon as I arrived at that populous town, I boldly engaged a handsome lodging, and put an advertisement into the paper, wherein, drawing upon the credit of my future fame, I announced that Doctor Thalaba Killman was to be consulted on every disease to which the human frame is liable, but he had more especially devoted his attention to nervous, cutaneous, chronic, epileptic, intestinal, and mental disorders. The doctor had studied the superior practice of the continent; he had been entrusted to draw the teeth of the Emperor of Russia, had operated on the King of Prussia for the stone, and cured the Queen of Sardinia of *dyspepsia vulgaris*. From those distinguished individuals, and others no less celebrated, he had received the most satisfactory testimonials.

I spent the interval, till the appearance of my advertisement, in writing out autographs of those illustrious persons, and in mixing my newly invented Balsam of Bethesda. This consisted of stimulating and narcotic drugs, most of which had formerly been used by my respected father, but in more diluted quantities.

The first patient that ever visited me was an elderly lady, who complained of lowness of spirits. She said she was always miserable except when in company. I did not wonder at this, when I heard her mode of life, which was, to play at cards to a very late hour every night, and to lie in bed till an equally late one the next day. She said she wished for some medicine which would not interfere with her usual engagements. I gave her three of my guinea bottles of the Balsam, and desired her to call again, when she had taken them. I saw her no more.

On referring to my Journal, (I had superscribed it my Diary,) I find the next who came was of the same sex, but a very different age. Her complaint was love, and her lover had been fickle. I sold her two bottles of my Balsam. She called again in a week, said she had taken it all, had felt very sick and ill in body, but had quite got over her original complaint I told her she had better have a couple of bottles by her, for future occasions, to which she agreed. I understood that shortly afterwards she had a large sum of money left her, that, by *a curious coincidence*, she again met her former lover, who made her an offer, and they were married immediately. She is alive and well, and keeps my two bottles by her, in case she should ever fall in love with any one else. Her

marriage has quite saved her from all danger of falling in love again with the same party.

The third case at Birmingham—but I will not go into the particulars. Suffice it to say, it ended in a coroner's inquest. A verdict of manslaughter was returned, and I was put into prison to await my trial. At the assizes an error in the indictment entitled me to an acquittal, and, being set at liberty, I returned to my lodgings, put a long letter into the paper, proving the skill with which I had acted, and that I had been made the victim of the envy and malice of certain resident practitioners—and was as well attended as ever. Wonderful is the credulity of the public.

I tried my hand at several other towns; Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, all had the benefit of my presence. The same success attended me at each of them; that is to say, I enriched myself and benefited my patients —by transplanting them to "another and a happier world."

Having accumulated a considerable sum of money, I resolved to discontinue my wandering life, and open my grand campaign in the metropolis. I therefore made arrangements for the sale of my balsam with agents in the different places I had visited, and took a large house in Berners Street.

The first thing I did, was to compose a number of new testimonials, and to dress a man up in a striking and appropriate costume, to dispense my announcements to the citizens. His dress was parti-coloured—half green, to represent the last stage of the cholera, and half spotted, to signify the plague and eruptive diseases. The following is a copy of my circulars—

"VIVE VALEQUE. Art thou afflicted, and would'st thou be healed? Go to No. 400, Berners Street, and consult Dr. THALABA KILLMAN. All diseases arise from one source, the unhealthiness and derangement of the system. To cure this, Dr. T. K., after intense study and long practice, by a heaven-sent thought discovered the wonderful, miraculous, and infallible BALSAM OF BETHESDA. Be timely wise. The poet has judiciously pointed out the three great desiderata of life, and which has he placed *first*?

'HEALTH, peace, and competence!'

"In addition to testimonials from several crowned heads, Dr. T. K. has, amongst many others, received the following grateful acknowledgments from his own countrymen.

"Birmingham, Sept. 6.

"SIR,

"I was born deaf, dumb, and blind, and continued in that melancholy state of privation till about a fortnight ago. I have often seen my parents mingling their tears for hours together, and when I have asked them the reason, they have answered in voices choked with sobs—'We weep for thee!' Think, sir, of their heart-felt delight at my perfect recovery of every faculty. Three weeks ago a friend recommended your balsam. Less out of hope, than from a sense of duty, which prompted them not to throw a chance away, they bought a bottle. Before I had finished it, I could hear certain inarticulate noises, and could stammer a few words, and there was a glimmering of light. By the end of the second bottle, I could hear my mother's tongue going from morn till night, I could get in a word or two, and I could distinguish that her dear nose was red. The *third* bottle made a man of me. I could understand all that every body said in any language; I could see that my mother's nose was turned up, and I could discourse as fluently as Lord Brougham. These are your doings, and they are acknowledged with a grateful heart by

"Your obedient servant,

"MATTHEW MOLE."

"To Dr. Thalaba Killman."

"Sympathy Cottage, Coal Hole Alley, Leeds.

"Miss Alicia Lætitia de Montmorency Sniggs presents her unfeigned acknowledgments to Dr. Killman, and begs to inform him that her little boy has been quite cured of a sore nose and the ringworm, by two bottles of the Balsam of Bethesda.

"To Dr. Thalaba Killman."

"Manchester, Aug. 4th.

"Sir;

"I beg to inform you that some years ago my right ear was most unwarrantably cut off by the sword of a yeomanry soldier. It remained in that state, and I was universally called the cropped donkey, till I was induced to try your esteemed Balsam, the effect of which has been such, that my ear has not only grown again, but is twice as large as the other.

"Your humble servant,

"Balaam Freeman."

I felt I had as much right to issue these testimonials, as Don Matthias had to forge love-letters to himself, and I am happy to say mine were more profitable than his. There were some other letters it is true, really and *bona fide* sent to me, which I did not publish, preferring those of my own invention.

The following I received from Nottingham.

"Sir;

"For many years I have been enduring the worst pain that the human species, at least the male part of it, is liable to, I mean the tooth-ache! Year after year I suffered the parting pang of extraction, till only one tooth remained in my head. It was then that I heard the fame of your invaluable Balsam. Hope catches at a reed; I sent for a bottle. In my eagerness for relief from the fit of pain I was then enduring, I put the neck of the bottle to my mouth without waiting for a cup. The consequence was, I thrust my last tooth out of its place and down my throat. I swallowed it with the Balsam, and from that day to this I have been free from the tooth-ache.

"Yours faithfully,

"Benjamin Gom."

"To Dr. Killman."

"Sheffield, July 20th.

"Sir;

"You are a beast, and a scoundrel; a rogue, a cheat, a thief, a quack, an impostor! I bought two bottles of your stuff, to cure me of the stomach-ache, and they have made me worse. If I die, I'll be d——d if I don't haunt you.

"Alexander Large."

Notwithstanding Mr. Large's threat, I have always been less afraid of the dead than of the living; and as it will appear, with reason. For, after having carried on a most thriving trade for years, and having amassed a very pretty fortune, my end has been hastened in the following manner.

I had been taking a walk one evening, and had just returned to my own door, when, as I raised my hand to the knocker, a person came quickly up to me, and inquired if my name was not Dr. Killman? On my replying in the affirmative, the wretch seized me with the grasp of Hercules, and holding me with the tenacity of a vice, belaboured me with a blud-

geon over the head and body, till I sank to the earth exhausted. He then went away, exclaiming, "Now, if I have not done for you, try your own balsam."

I was found by the police, and carried into my house. The blows on my head produced temporary derangement. A doctor was sent for, and he prescribed for me. But my housekeeper had too good an opinion of her master to let him take any thing recommended by a stranger. She emptied out the bottles as they were sent, and filled them with BALSAM OF BETHESDA. Unconsciously I partook of my own invention, "*In Dominum perniciosa suum.*" Like Perillus, I have been the author of what has caused my own death. My reason has returned, only to tell me I am dying. My housekeeper, as soon as she thought I could understand her, boasted of her artifice, and how she had been cheating the doctor.

THALABA KILLMAN.

THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Festivities are fit for what is happily concluded; at the commencement they but waste the force and zeal which should inspire us. Of all festivities, the marriage festival appears the most unsuitable; calmness, humility, and silent hope, befit no ceremony more than this."—GOETHE.

LADY, thy merry marriage bells are ringing,
And all around thee speaks of festal mirth,
The loss of one so good and fair is bringing
Methinks strange gladness to her father's hearth;
Yet thou amid the throng art pensive sitting,
And well I know these revels cloud thy bliss,
And that thou deem'st such triumph unbefitting
A solemn and important rite like this.

These flowery wreaths, these sounds of exultation,
Some victor's glorious deeds might celebrate,
But thou canst claim no proud congratulation,
Untried, uncertain is thy future fate;
Nor would *true* friends a brilliant spell cast o'er thee,
Giving to girlhood's dreams delusive scope,
But rather bid thee view the scene before thee
With calm humility, and silent hope.

Thine is a path by snares and toils attended,
Yet, lady, in thy prudence I confide,
Thou art not by mere mortal aid befriended,
Prayer is thy stay, and Providence thy guide:
And should thy coming years with ills be laden,
Thou safely may'st abide the storms of life,
If the meek virtues of the Christian maiden
Shine forth as brightly in the Christian wife.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ÆTNA.[1]

CHAPTER II.

Giarre—The Eruption—The Stream of Lava—Mountain formed by the ejected Matter—The New Crater—Appearance of the Eruption by Night—Supper at the Foot of the Lava—Narrow Escape—Forest in Flames.

We reached Giarre, a very neat small town about eleven o'clock; after refreshing ourselves we lost not a moment in hiring mules and a guide to accompany us to the scene of the eruption, which was distant about eight miles from Giarve. The present, they told us, was greater than any recollected by the oldest people living; the lava was making a frightful progress, and had already reached the cultivated parts of the mountain; it was fortunate, they added, that its direction was not towards Giarre, as from the rapidity with which it was advancing, there was little doubt but that it would, in that case, have destroyed the town, the streets of which the day before had been covered to the depth of two feet with ashes, which having been swept into heaps, were there to assure us that there was little or no exaggeration in the assertion. The wind being at this time in a contrary direction there was no fall. The ashes are driven into the air in large quantities only at the commencement of the eruption, when the volcanic fire, forcing its way upwards, converts the incumbent strata into ashes, and by the force of the explosion projects them to a surprising height, from whence they are transported by the wind to a distance of sixty, eighty, or even one hundred miles.

As we left Giarre, and proceeded towards the site of the eruption, the explosions of the mountain became terrific; at every shock the earth trembled underneath us, and the hollow sound which followed every step of our animals fully convinced us of the fiery and unfathomable gulf on the vaulted roof of which we trode, and which might perhaps suddenly fall, forming some dreadful chasms to swallow us, or might burst forth in a deluge of fire to consume us: such thoughts and contemplations might, in a scene and at a time like the present, occur almost involuntarily, but there is probably less chance of such events during an eruption than when the mountain is externally in a state of quietude, as the fires having already opened themselves a vent, are necessarily less active in other parts. Yet though there may be little real danger, still there is something excessively awful in such situations, nor could we deem ourselves altogether secure when we felt the ground shake, and heard the slow majestic peal of the subterranean thunder as it rolled solemnly under our feet.

The country through which our ascent lay, though different in its aspect, was nothing inferior in peculiar beauty to the plains below.

[1] Concluded from p. 215.

All the softer graces of the scene were fled, but the grand and terrible had acquired redoubled sublimity. The lofty and rugged precipices, on the ridges of which we passed, were no longer separated by wide and fertile vales, but by deep and narrow ravines, formed in all probability and to all appearance by the forcible and abrupt divulsion of parts which were once united: the corresponding indents and projections of the sides create and authorize this opinion. Towards the bottom of these terrific chasms generally descended a rapid torrent, occasionally converted, as the declivity became steeper, into an impetuous cataract, the white foam of which contrasted with the black banks of ashes which covered all around to the depth of several feet recalled to my recollection the description of Acheron and Cocytus with their black and pitchy banks.

> Iline via Tartarei quæ fert Acherontis ad undas,
> Turbidus hic cæno, vastâque voragine gurges
> Æstuat, atque omnem Cocyto eructat arenam.

Sometimes these streams have worn a narrow bed for themselves of several feet deep in the solid lava; whence Count Borch's conjectures relative to the age of the mountain. We continued to ascend through immense forests of lofty oaks and chestnuts, which rose on all sides and served to relieve the eye from the melancholy effect produced by the ashes.

The present eruption had taken place in the lower part of the woody region. As we followed our guide with much caution down a descent which ran along the edge of a frightful precipice, we were surprised at the sight of fire issuing, as it appeared, from the ground, and from the side of a height directly in front of us, at a distance of not more than thirty yards. We imagined that the mountain was about to make an exhibition of which we had little inclination to behold so near a prospect. Huge masses were seen moving on the plain or rolling down the above-mentioned height, exposing to our view beds of vivid fire in the gaps from which they were detached, which were perfectly red, though the surface in other parts was of a dark iron colour. Apprehending that the guide had mistaken his path, and conducted us to some dangerous spot, we suddenly halted, and calling to him, inquired where we were, and what were the masses of fire which were rolling towards us? "Questa è la lava corrente," he said with much indifference, and stopping his mule alighted. We were now, in fact, at the very foot of the stream of lava, and the appearances which had surprised us were occasioned by its advance. It being day the surface was of the dark colour above-mentioned, but as the scoriæ in their progress detached themselves from the moving mound, the fire underneath became visible; as we approached nearer, the burning lava under the external coating resembled the fire of a furnace before the coals on the top are thoroughly kindled, which still retain their dark hue, although the ignited substance is distinctly visible through the interstices of the black crust above. The lava had, by this time, overspread the country to the extent of three miles in length from its source, and half a mile in breadth, and was perhaps fifty feet in height, presenting the spectacle of a gigantic mound of

moving cinders proceeding in a slow, equal, and majestic progression, large fragments rolling down, as it advanced, from the upper part of this mountain of inflamed matter, owing to the constant impulsion from behind. These scoriæ as they came thundering down discovered the fire beneath, having the side exposed to the air quite dark, whilst that detached from the body of the lava was of a vivid red, displaying alternately in their progress their obscure and ignited sides. After sufficiently observing the burning mass before us, we followed our guide up several very steep ascents, assisting ourselves by laying hold of the shrubs and brushwood through which we were obliged to make our way. Not without much difficulty we, at length, attained an elevation directly overlooking the scene of the eruption, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. By this time it was dusk, and in this country, where there is little twilight, it soon became dark. We stood nearly up to our knees in ashes and scoriæ, which were falling all around us. It would be vain to attempt a description of the grandeur and sublimity of the scene before us. At our feet lay an extensive valley, near the centre of which rose a conical mount about five hundred feet in height, and perhaps three-fourths of a mile in circumference; on its summit yawned, like one of the fabled mouths of hell, a vast and nearly circular opening, through which were hurled with intermissions of from thirty seconds to two minutes, into the clouds with terrific explosions, flames, lava, and ignited rocks of incredible size to the amazing height of at least two miles, as we calculated from the time of their descent: from this vast elevation, at which they were visible to the inhabitants of the other side of the mountain, of which we had not ascended more than a third, they came down with frightful force and rapidity, causing the earth to shake as they reached it. We could see the lava boiling up to the verge of the crater, overflow, and run down the sides of the hill with the rapidity of water. The darkness gave new effect and sublimity to the scene. The stream of lava now appeared a continuous and enormous river of liquid fire, sometimes pouring irresistibly forward in a direct line, at others, rushing down heights with the violence of a torrent, and a little farther perhaps gently meandering, according to the sinuosities of the vales into which it had found its way: at times the course of some of its branches, for there were several, was opposed by some obstacle, such as a rock or height, which opposed its progress; in this case, the lava continued to roll forward and collect at the base, until gradually elevating itself above the impediment and mastering its summit, it poured down with fury on the other side.

As this eruption took place near the lower extremity of the woody region, the spectacle of forests in flames was not wanting to complete the terrible grandeur of the scene. Wherever woods or groves lay in the course of the lava, they were instantly involved in a blaze; indeed, the country all around presented one general conflagration, and might well bring to the imagination the terrors of the last day, of which Ætna is no weak type.

But the grandest object of the scene was the mountain formed by the eruption: we found it impossible to satiate ourselves with the view of a spectacle so inconceivably sublime, which had the appearance of

a vast and inexhaustible fountain of fire. We continued gazing with awe and admiration for upwards of five hours, nor were we deterred by the fall of several enormous fragments in our neighbourhood, until the guide, alarmed by one of large dimensions descending nearer than the others, began to press us to depart, which we found to be our most prudent course, as the eruption seemed to rage with greater violence, and the ejected substances fell near us in increased quantity. We had some difficulty in finding our way back to the spot where we had left our mules, but having, before we quitted the height, marked the extreme point of the lava, we continued in that direction, and at length, although our guide more than once expressed his apprehension that we were wrong, we safely reached our station at the foot of the torrent.

Having unpacked our panniers and spread our table-cloth on the ground as near the lava as appeared safe, in order to enjoy the benefit of the heat, for we felt the night air excessively chill, notwithstanding our vicinity to a fire of such dimensions, our appetites being sufficiently keen, owing to our long fast since we left Giarve, we made an excellent supper, but had scarcely finished, when a loud cry from the guide and the voice of the servant exclaiming "Siamo perduti, siamo perduti," "we are lost, we are lost," equally astonished and alarmed us. We started on our legs, and saw Fortunato, the guide, who called on us to escape as fast as we could, indicating the path, whilst he and the man brought the mules; the brushwood in the vicinity had taken fire, and, indeed, whilst we were inquiring the cause, the flames burst out behind us; bottles, glasses, the remains of the provisions, were all promiscuously thrown into the table cloth, whilst thinking only of our safety. We ran off as fast as we could, nor did we stop to take breath till we saw the spreading flame at a considerable distance behind us. Our attendants soon followed, but they told us that they had been obliged to blind the mules before they could induce them to move: in fact, had it not been for the vigilance of the guide we should inevitably have been surrounded, and a very few minutes would certainly have numbered us among the many victims of this implacable mountain.

It was three o'clock in the morning before we reached Giarve, and so fatigued were both ourselves and our beasts that we could scarcely keep on our saddles and the animals on their legs: and when I threw myself on my homely couch, though it was none of the softest, I could by no means agree with the poet that the labours of Hercules, of which I fancied I could now form some idea, were likely to be preferable to a good supper, a feather-bed, and suitable accompaniments.

Potioris
Herculis cerumnas credat sævosque labores,
Et venere, et cœnis, et plumis Sardanapali.

DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

CHAPTER XV.

Liege, May 30th.

How very strange meetings are sometimes! I recollect once, when I was sitting at a Table d'Hôte at Zurich, being accosted by a lady next to me, and accused of having forgotten her. I looked with all my eyes, but could not discover that I had ever seen her before. At last, after allowing me to puzzle for some time, she said, "Sir, you and I met at dinner four years ago, at Mrs. K———'s house in Demerara." It was very true, but who would have thought of running his memory over to South America, to a cursed alluvial deposit, hatching monthly broods of alligators, and surrounded by naked slaves, whilst out of the window before him his eyes rested upon the snow-covered mountains of Switzerland, and he breathed the pure air of William Tell and liberty. This morning I fell in with an acquaintance whom I had not seen for years, and him also I did not recollect. I am very unfortunate in that respect, and I am afraid that I have very often given offence without intending it; but so imperfect is my memory of faces, that I have danced with a lady in the evening, and the next day have not known her because she was in a bonnet and morning dress. Sometimes the shifts that I am put to are quite ludicrous, asking all manner of questions, and answering those put to me at random, to find out some clue as to who my very intimate friend may be. They ought not to be angry at my forgetting their names, for sometimes for a few minutes I have actually forgotten my own. It does, however, only require one clue to be given me, and then all of a sudden I recollect every thing connected with the party. I remember one day as I was passing Whitehall, somebody came up, wrung my hand with apparent delight, and professed himself delighted to see me. I could do no other than say the same, but who he was, and where I had seen him before, was a mystery. "I am married since we parted," said he, "and have a fine little boy." I congratulated him with all my heart. "You must come and see me, and I will introduce you to Mary."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure;" but if he had only called his wife Mrs. So-and-so, I should have had a *clue*. "Let me see," said I, "where was it we parted?"

"Don't you recollect?" said he. "At the Cape of Good Hope."

But I was still mystified, and after putting several leading questions, I found myself quite as much in the dark as ever. At last I asked him for his card, that I might call upon him. He had not one in his pocket. I pulled out my tablets, and he took out the pencil, and wrote down his address; but that was of no use to me.

"Stop," my good fellow, I have so many addresses down there, that I shall be making some mistake; put your name down above it."

Continued from p. 177.

He did so, and when I saw the name every thing came fast like a torrent into my recollection; we had been very intimate, and he was fully justified in showing so much warmth. I could then talk to him about old scenes, and old acquaintances, so I took his arm, and went forthwith to be introduced to his Mary. The knowledge of this unfortunate failing makes me peculiarly careful not to avoid a person who appears to know me, and one day, a very absurd scene took place. I was standing on some door steps close to the Admiralty, waiting for a friend, and there was another gentleman standing close to me, on the pavement. A third party came up, extending his hand, and I immediately took it, and shook it warmly—although who my friend was, I was as usual very much puzzled to find out. Now it so happened, that the hand which I had taken was extended to the gentleman standing by me, and not to me; and the party whose hand I was squeezing looked me in the face and laughed. I did the same, and he then gave his hand to the right party, and walked off. As, however, we had said "How d'ye do?" we had the politeness to say, "Good bye," both taking off our hats on the broad grin.

I was observing, that I here met with a person whom I could not recollect, and, as usual, I continued to talk with him, trusting to my good fortune for the clue. At last it was given me. "Do you recollect the little doctor and his wife, at Bangalore?" I did, and immediately recollected him. As the story of the doctor and his wife has often made me laugh, and as I consider it one of the best specimens of *tit for tat*, I will narrate it to my readers.

A certain little army surgeon, who was stationed at Bangalore, had selected a very pretty little girl out of an invoice of young ladies, who had been freighted out on speculation. She was very fond of gaiety and amusement, and, after her marriage, appeared to be much fonder of passing away the night at a ball, than in the arms of her little other doctor. Nevertheless, although she kept late hours, in every respect she was very correct. The doctor, who was a quiet, sober man, and careful of his health, preferred going to bed early, and rising before the sun, to inhale the cool breeze of the morning. And as the lady seldom came home till past midnight, he was not very well pleased at being disturbed by her late hours. At last his patience was wearied out, and he told her plainly, that if she stayed out later than twelve o'clock, he was resolved not to give her admittance. At this his young wife, who, like all pretty women, imagined that he never would presume to do any such thing, laughed heartily, and from the next ball to which she was invited, did not return till half-past two in the morning. As soon as she arrived the palanquin bearers knocked for admittance, but the doctor, true to his word, put his head out of the window, and very ungallantly told his wife she might remain all night. The lady coaxed, intreated, expostulated, and threatened, but it was all in vain. At last she screamed, and appeared to be frantic, declaring that if not immediately admitted, she would throw herself into the well, which was in the compound, not fifty yards from the bungalow. The doctor begged that she would do so, if that gave her any pleasure, and then retired from the window. His wife ordered the bearers to take her on her palanquin

to the well; she got out, and gave her directions, and then slipped away up to the bungalow, and stationed herself close to the door, against the wall. The bearers, in obedience to her directions, commenced crying out, as if expostulating with their mistress, and then detaching a large and heavy stone, two of them plunged it into the water, after which they all set up a howl of lamentation. Now the little doctor, notwithstanding all his firmness and nonchalance, was not quite at ease when he heard his wife express her determination. He knew her to be very *entêtée*, and he remained on the watch. He heard the heavy plunge, followed up by the shrieks of the palanquin bearers. "Good God," cried he, "is it possible?" and he darted out in his shirt to where they were all standing by the well. As soon as he had passed, his wife hastened in doors, locked, and made all fast, and shortly afterwards appeared at the window from which her husband had addressed her. The doctor discovered the *ruse* when it was too late. It was now his turn to expostulate, but how could he "hope for mercy, rendering none?" The lady was laconic and decided. "At least, then, throw me my clothes," said the doctor. "Not even your slippers, to protect you from the scorpions and centipedes," replied the lady, shutting the "jalousie." At day-light, when the officers were riding their Arabians, they discovered the poor little doctor pacing the verandah up and down in the chill of the morning, with nothing but his shirt to protect him. Thus were the tables turned, but whether this *ruse* of the well ended well, whether the lady reformed, or the doctor conformed, I have never since heard.

CHAPTER XVI.

Liege, June 2.

The academy or college established at Liege in 1817 is very creditable to the Liegois. Much has been done in fifteen years: the philosophical apparatus, collections of minerals and natural history, are all excellent for instruction, although the minerals are not very valuable. The fossils found in the Ardennes are very interesting, and ought to be a mine of wealth to the Liegois, as by exchanging them they might soon have a valuable collection. It is a pity that the various museums of Europe do not print catalogues, not of their own collections only, but also of the duplicates which they can part with, so that they may be circulated, not only among the national collections but also among private cabinets: by so doing they would all become more perfect. It is a well known fact, that more duplicates have been allowed to perish in the cellars of the British Museum than would have furnished all the cabinets in Europe. It may be replied, that other cabinets had nothing to offer in exchange; but that is only a surmise: and even if they had not, they should have been presented to other institutions abroad. Science is not confined to country or people: like nature, it should be universal.

To the college is annexed a botanical garden. There is nothing I dislike more than a botanical garden. I acknowledge the advantages, perhaps the necessity, of them; but they always appear to me as if there was disarrangement instead of arrangement. What may be

called order and classification appears to me to be disorder and confusion. It may be very well to class plants and trees for study, but certainly their families, although joined by man, were never intended to be united by God. Such a mixture in one partition, of trees, and shrubs, and creeping plants, all of which you are gravely told are of one family. I never will believe it: it is unnatural. I can see order and arrangement when I look at the majestic forest-trees throwing about their wild branches, and defying the winds of heaven, while they afford shelter to the shrubs beneath, which in their turn protect and shelter the violets that perfume all around. This is beautiful and natural—it is harmony; but in a botanical garden every thing is out of its place. The Scripture says, "Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder;" now we may add, those whom God hath sundered, let no man presume to join. I felt as I looked at the botanical garden as if it were presumptuous and almost wicked, and as it was on the banks of the Meuse, I sat down on the wall and recovered myself by looking at the flowing river, and thinking about utility and futility, "and all that sort of thing and every thing else in the world," as poor Matthews used to say,—and there I sat for an hour, until my thoughts revolved on the propriety of going back and eating my dinner,—as Mrs. Trollope used to do when she was in Belgium.

As I was walking about in the evening, I perceived a dirty little alley illuminated with chandeliers and wax candles. There must be a ball, thought I, or some gaiety going on: let us inquire. "No, sir," replied a man to whom I put the question, "it's not a ball,—it is a Monsieur who has presented to an image of the Virgin Mary which is up that court, a petticoat which, they say, is worth one thousand five hundred francs, and this lighting-up is in honour of her putting it on." The race of fools is not extinct, thought I. I wonder whether, like King Ferdinand, he worked it himself. Belgium is certainly at this present the stronghold of superstition.

CHAPTER XVII.

June 3rd.

Went to Harquet's manufactory of arms, and was much amused. They export all over the world, and the varieties they make up for the different markets are astonishing. They were then very busy completing an order for several thousand muskets for the Belgian troops, which load at the breech and fire off without locks or priming. They showed me a fowling-piece on the same principle, which they fired off under water. But the low prices of the arms astonished me. There were a large quantity of very long fowling-pieces with the *maker's* name at *Constantinople*, for the Turkish gentlemen, at thirty francs each: a common musket was fourteen francs. I perceived in a corner a large number of muskets, of infamous workmanship, and with locks resembling those awkward attempts made two hundred years back. I asked what they were for. It was for the South American market, and made to order, for the people there would use no others: any improvement was eschewed by them. I presume they have borrowed one of the Spanish muskets brought over by Pizarro as a model, but,

at all events, they were very cheap, only eight francs each. God help us, how cheaply men can be killed now-a-days!

It is very seldom that you now meet with a name beginning with an X, but one caught my eye as I was walking through the streets here. *Urban Xhenemont, Négociant.* I perceive there are still some to be found in Greece; the only one I know of in England is that of Sir Morris Ximenes, who, I presume, claims descent from the celebrated cardinal. The mention of that name reminds me of the songs of the improvisatore, Theodore Hooke, and his address in finding a rhyme for such an awkward name as Ximenes. I shall not repeat it here, as most people know it, and those who do not have only to ask when company are present, and there will be more than one who can inform them. Few possess this talent. In Italy it is more common, because the Italian language admits the rhyme with so much facility, but a good improvisatore is rare even in that country. There was a Dutchman who was a very good improvisatore, a poor fellow who went about to amuse companies with his singing and this peculiar talent. One day a gentleman dropped a gold Guillaume into a glass of Burgundy, and told him if he would make a good impromptu upon it he should have them: without hesitation he took up the glass, and suiting the action to the word, sung as follows:—

" Twee Goden in een Glas,
Wat zal ik vau maken,
K' steek Plutus in myn tas,
K' slaak Bacchus in myn Kaken."

Which may be rendered into French as follows:—

" Quoi, deux Dieux dans un verre,
Eh bien! que vais-j'en faire,
J'empocherai Plutus,
J'avalerai Bacchus."

The gentleman, who gave me this translation, also furnished me with a copy of extempore French verses, given by a gentleman of Maestricht, who was celebrated as an improvisatore. They certainly are very superior. He was at a large party, and agreed to improvise upon any theme given him by six of those present in the way of *Souvenir.* The first person requested the souvenir of *early youth.*

" Vous souvient-il? Amis de ma jeunesse,
Des beaux moments de nos fougueux exploits?
Quand la raison sous le joug de l'ivresse,
Essaye en vain de soutenir ses droits.
Ce tems n'est plus, cet age de folie,
Où tout en nous est pressé de jouir
Mes bons amis, du printemps de la vie,
Gardons toujours le joyeux *souvenir.*"

The next party requested a souvenir of the conscription, many of them, as well as the poet, having been forced into the army of France.

" Vous souvient-il? que plus tard, sous les armes
Plusieurs de nous, désignés par le sort
Loin des parents; versant d'amères larmes
Allaient trouver ou la gloire ou la mort.

Ces jours de deuil par milliers dans l' histoire
Ne viendront plus, sur nous s'appésantir
Amis, volons au temple de Mémoire
Effaçons en le sanglant *souvenir*."

The third party requested a souvenir of his "first love."

" Vous souvient-il? de cet enfant de Gnide
Fripon rusé, volage et séducteur;
Qui par les yeux d'une beauté timide,
D'un trait de feu veut nous frapper au cœur.
Du sentiment que sa flèche fit naître,
Et que la mort peut seul anéantir,
Eternissons le ravissant bien-être,
En conservant un si beau *souvenir*."

The fourth proposed as a theme, the morning of his marriage.

" Vous souvient-il? du jour ou l'hyménée
Vint nous dicter ses éternelles loix,
En attachant à notre destinée
L'objet sacré de notre premier choix.
Solemnité qui par des vœux nous lie,
De saints devoirs chargeant notre avenir,
Solemnité que le vulgaire oublie
Nous te gardons en pieux *souvenir*."

The fifth proposed the evening of his marriage.

" Vous souvient-il? que d' un pas ferme et mâle
Ivres d'amour, de jouir affamés
Nous abordions la couche nuptiale,
Pour resserrer des nœuds déjà formés.
Première nuit où l'âme de notre âme,
Vient avec nous se confondre et s'unir
De tes transports que la pudeur enflamme,
Rien n'éteindra le brulant *souvenir* !"

The last party desired him to wind up with *friendship*.

" Quel souvenir puis-je chanter encore,
Apres celui né dans la volupté,
Il en est un que le tems corrobore,
C'est le premier élan de l'amitié.
Eh! qui de nous n'a pas dans sa jeunesse,
Livré son cœur à ses charmes puissants,
Sainte Amitié, jusqu' à dans la vieillesse,
Console-nous des ravages du tems."

I should imagine that after the gentleman had finished all this, he must have been pretty well out of breath.

About four miles from Liege is the celebrated manufactory of Seraing, belonging to Messrs. Cockerell. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Meuse, and was formerly the summer palace of the Prince Archbishop. But it is not only here that you observe these symptoms of the times—all over France you will perceive the same, and the major portion of the manufacturers have the arms of princes or nobles emblazoned over the façade, while the interiors which once were the abode of refinement and luxury, are now tenanted by artizans and appropriated to utility. The utilitarian system was however more fully exemplified before the Belgian revolution, for William

the shins—I beg pardon, the lower part of the leg, of my opposite friend. At such times the memory becomes a kind of camera-obscura slate, upon which is dotted down with unerring fidelity the minutest point of the observed object. An elaborate sketch, too, on the cover (flyleaf? ha! ha! *you* were never at school) of a Greek grammar will aid me. Hezekiah Birchemall, D.D. (an addition rather irreverently translated by his pupils) was one of those singular individuals in whom an abstract kindness was intimately blended with a love of individualized pain. *Pour l'exemple*, he would apparently enjoy the pleasure of bestowing a solicited holiday, and with equal glee administer a perfectly unsolicited if not undeserved castigation. We therefore lost all desire of pleasing his reverence, being quite uncertain whether the lesson whose correct repetition excited a "very good boy," or the exercise whose blunders extracted an astounding box on the ear, was most satisfactory; certainly the same unqualified grin was apparent on each occasion; for the rest, Dr. Birchemall was a fat, flourishing (actually with his cane, and metaphorically in his rotundity) middle-aged man, with very little brown hair, and very large blue eyes, who was always dressed with great neatness, and who particularly piqued himself, as do many of his profession, upon his politeness to the ladies, a circumstance which invested him with peculiar fascination, when with brushed locks and clothes, and red hands and eyes, his pupils severally presented themselves in the parlour, at the close of each half year, to the gratification of mammas and aunts, the doctor receiving cash and the scholars kisses. It was whispered that an exchange of presents would have afforded no dis——, but hush! here comes Mrs. Birchemall. Poor lady! she led but a sorry life, for she was too kind-hearted for a schoolmistress, though sufficiently passionate when excited. If you did not stand still while that horrible torture, combing, was being performed upon your head, your nose would tingle for an hour after the wrench it would receive from the good woman, and long after the feeling of satiety, caused by the raspberry cakes she bestowed to heal the suffering, had subsided. But we liked her exceedingly, and there could not be a greater proof of our esteem than the fact that the practical jokes, which we inflicted unsparingly upon the rest of the household, neither excepting the venerable tutor, the greasy ushers, nor the enormous housemaid, were never tried upon Mrs. Birchemall. Her extra rosy cheeks, and abundant seals and rings, however, did not escape our satirical notice, any more than a habit she had of coming to church long after service commenced, which we facetiously attributed to her misconstruction of the axiom "*nullum tempus occurrit ecclesiæ.*"

But there was one other member of the family, the only daughter. Ah, Betsy Birchemall! she was a beauty. Pooh! don't twit me with schoolboy ideas, I tell you, it was only last week I ——, but I shall not tell *that* either; you must take my word for the fact. She was *so* kind, she was the literal goddess of Laurel House; she used to intercede so plaintively with the flogger when an execution was threatened, and look so pityingly on the floggee when it was narrated, and she used to help the potatoes so unsparingly, and mend the torn garment so secretly and expeditiously, that I believe we were all in love

with her together. In fact, she exerted herself on one occasion so successfully, namely, in screening one young graceless Frank Hastings, from punishment for an offence that was never before known to have been pardoned, namely, the flinging a pillow out of the bedroom window in one of our nightly battles, which article was utterly spoiled before morning by a heavy shower, that the enfranchised offender, in the height of his gratitude, when we met in school after breakfast, stood upon a form, and concluded a pithy and practical address on the subject, by swearing, neither in a subdued voice nor with a classical oath, that the instant he attained the age of twenty-one he would come to Laurel House, and marry the young lady—a promise not appreciated as it should have been by Dr. Birchemall, who reached the door as it was uttered, and who concluded an equally pithy and practical address on the impropriety of boys using the names of ladies at all, by horsing poor Frank, and impressing him, by divers applications to the back, shoulders, &c., with the idea that the tree of knowledge (as he termed that from which his weapon was made) was a second time tasted for the sake of a woman.

As eighty-five letters, nearly copies of my own, had been dispersed in various directions by my fellow-scholars, on the eventful night of the 11th of December, our large school-room was as full as it could well be. Our respected friends and parents were placed on chairs at one end of the apartment, treble rows of forms ran down each side, where sat the future hopes of England, myself included, while, at the remaining end, a small platform was raised for the display of oratorical talent which was to delight the ladies, and remind the gentlemen of Pitt, Burke, Kemble, Canning, or Peel, as might happen. The large easy chair of Dr. Birchemall stood near this stage, in such a position that his smiles might be alike visible to *debutant* and audience, while his dignified presence, aided by the greasy assistants aforesaid, might check the exuberant mirth of the *juste milieu*. The ceremony of the evening, though termed an examination, was, in fact, no more than a recital of themes, poems, and speeches, original, extempore, and studied by such of the boys as possessed ambition and nerve enough to raise their voices before about one hundred strangers. Boys are seldom over modest, and consequently the "speakers' list," as we called it, was not very restricted in length. The candles, surrounded with paper frills, wrought by the fair hands of the blooming Betsy, blazed with lustre express for that night only, our friends settled themselves in their seats, the doctor's little signal-bell tingled for attention, and, at his call, a fascinating youth, with clean white collar, and, trowsers, tight blue jacket, and curly hair, mounted the rostrum, and, after a graceful bow, informed the audience without blush or hesitation that his

" . . name was Norval on the Grampian hills,"

and Adonis Evergreen on Dr. Birchemall's prize list. The silence was deep and awful as the speech proceeded, your humble servant glanced at the watch, with its bright blue ribbon, intended as the second classical prize, which I foreboded was my own, and from thence to the paternal visage opposite, exclaiming,

" But Heaven soon granted what my sire denied ;"

which was true, my earnest petition for a new watch having been unceremoniously ridiculed by my father, even in the agonies of my parting farewell, the last holidays. I continued, and wreaked my cherished vengeance upon a truant schoolfellow, whom I hated, not for his truancy, which we all tremblingly admired, but for his having refused me the loan of his " crib," when translating a tough passage in the " De officiis," by pointing direct upon him as he sat near, with the exclamation,

" Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master !"

The speech was soon over, and the cheers were so loud that they inspired me with the thirst for public approbation which is now manifested in my productions. Again I bowed, and was invested with the watch, which, by way of justifying my father's predictions, I broke the same evening in a fight with " the trembling coward," who wreaked his revenge upon my bitter tongue, by planting his fists upon my sweet physiognomy.

It being near the holidays, I had selected my oration from Douglas, having at the time a peculiar *penchant* for Home, but others were not so retiring, and boldly ventured upon a flight with wings of their own construction. Some of these Dædali reminded me, at the time, of a paper kite, as, though they might have the cane behind, they were unable to pursue their course for want of a tale. The utter paucity of ideas amongst our theme writers was pitiable, but it was attended with this good effect, that the essayists, having no particular premises or arguments, seldom came to a very false conclusion. The following may perhaps be excused, for the writer, if he displayed no other talent, had certainly that of brevity. The original was presented to me as an especial mark of affection, and I have lately found it among some other memorials of "my boyish days." It was read by Master Philemon Figg, a promising youth of fourteen, on this eventful evening. The pupils being at liberty to select any subject they chose, naturally selected none at all, hence the want of a heading.

" At the creation of the world there can be little doubt to any deeply reflecting mind, upon taking into mature consideration the posture of affairs in the universe in general, and in Great Britain in particular, that the arts and sciences, more especially those by which this great nation has been enabled at once to commence, achieve, and secure a succession of conquests over all parts of the globe, and to extend the blessings of freedom and civilization to all within its compass, were scarcely advanced beyond a comparatively early stage of helpless infancy. It must therefore be a most delightful and encouraging prospect to those who have at heart the interests of the rising generation, and who love, to use the words of the poet, which are probably not altogether strangers to the ears of some of those whom I have the honour of addressing on this evening—an evening when the friends of so many of us are met to enjoy that rational and satisfactory ——." I thought I had the whole of the theme, but I find a leaf is lost, and can only add, that Figg was received with great plaudits, in the midst of which the incipient genius of Mr.

Thomas H—— broke forth in the felicitous observation, that he "knew the whole affair to be a *figment* of his friend's, but was utterly puzzled to know what *Figg meant* to say." As a reward for the early commencement of the young essayist's theme, he was presented with a splendid copy of Adam's Antiquities, upon which the little punster ventured his remark that to *Figg*ulus, *Pot*ter's work on the same subject had been more suitable.

The next youth called to the bar was my particular enemy. I am sure I shall not be thought quarrelsome when I say that Alfred Sidney Eustace Higgins had committed the unpardonable crime of thinking, and not contented with that offence, of communicating his thoughts to the whole school, that I, Adonis Evergreen, *fought like a girl.* I might take this as a compliment, since the female reform clubs and the last French revolution, but at that time I could not brook the speech, and retorted by hurling little Benjamin (our ruler) at the head of the insulter. As matter of course, we came to single combat immediately, but were interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Birchemall, who, upon hearing the cause of dispute, considered, with Gay's shepherd umpire, that

"An oaken staff each merited for his pains,"

and more than that, gave us our desert impromptu. The feud was never stanched, and I sat, on the present occasion, as fully prepared to hiss the performance as was ever a theatrical critic who had been forced to pay at the door. Higgins sheepishly ascended the rostrum, and, in a mumbling tone, grunted forth the following composition.

ON LIBERTY.

When Philip's son, the lord of Grecian guilt,
Despoiled the arcana of the blood he spilt,
When Bacchus hurled, degraded and alone,
The godlike Nero from his time-worn throne,
And Rome with trophies bade her eagle soar,
Till half the world obeyed that curb no more,
A voice of thunder, veiled in smoke and storm,
Discharged the summons, yet with fury warm,
And Britain waved her crest of native oak,
While Nerva's crescent dared the assassin's stroke.

How gazed Hymettus, as the Pythian brave
Unloosed the flag that chastened India's wave,
As charged the phalanx of the clustering west,
And manned a rush against Othello's breast!
Then shrieked the tyrant, as his glass descried
The dart that tore him from his island bride,
And slaves intoxicate, from cell to cell,
In freedom's proudest accents looked farewell.

Be such, O England! such thy pristine meed,
And grace thy pageant with the arid weed,
High flash thy banners, prostrate greet the day
That iron slavery melts in showers away;
Be thine the glory, sovereign of the isles,
To stamp thy heaven-born crest on bridgeless piles,
To guide the fleet that fills the empty sail,
And spread thy wings of fire to catch the gale!

Then! then! shall Britain, through her floating ships,
Blessings unprayed receive from voiceless lips,
And like the Moor, ere Romeo stabbed his king,
Of slavery whisper loud—"THERE'S NO SUCH THING!"

Such was the bad taste of the audience, that a universal clapping of hands followed my antagonist's poem, and the signal honour was conferred upon him of being invited to the stranger's seats to receive congratulations. As he passed me, however, Alfred Sidney Eustace Higgins contrived to entangle his feet with mine, and fell prostrate, like his own England, before those he wished to salute. He descended direct upon his nose, and was consequently borne from the room with his blushing honours red upon him. This was a small gratification to me, which I took no pains to conceal, informing those around me, that if Higgins' verses were correct, he himself could not manage his feet; that for so clever an Ovidian scholar it was disgraceful not to understand Naso, and giving vent to various witticisms of the like nature. A few other speeches were delivered, the remaining prizes distributed, of which three were awarded to a sharp fellow named Blunt, who was immediately christened "Prize Money" by his associates, and then the worthy doctor addressed us in a luminous harangue, wherein he set forth the advantages of education, the various occurrences of the half year, the great pains that had been taken with us, and the fact that the holidays would last long enough to enable us to weary out our friends, and forget all we had been learning, and concluding by dismissing us to the playroom. I soon found my way down stairs, and a loud knock at the door occurring, waited to see the new arrival. The red-armed giantess opened the door, ordering me out of the way in no respectful style, two faces appeared,

And at the self-same moment at the door,
Of our barouche my parents well-known forms,
Welcomed their offspring to six weeks of bliss.

So ended my first examination. The remaining half-years passed away like unto each other, and I was in due time removed to scenes and circumstances of a different kind. Oh! Oxford, for the pencil of Le Keux to trace thy time-honoured, row-desecrated halls; thy streets, whose echoes have so often awakened to the clash of combat, now of roundhead and cavalier, now of town and gown. Queen of cities! an additional gem was added to thy coronal on the day that I took up my abode at —— College.

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.[1]

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

We will despatch the object of persecution in a few words. Lieutenant Silva was given the option of a court-martial, or of exchanging into a sloop of war. He chose the latter. The captain and his messmates saw him over the side two days after we had anchored in Port Royal. The spiteful commander purposely contrived, when his effects were whipped into the boat, that one of the heavy, suspicious-looking cases, should be swung against the gun and smashed. The result was exactly what we all expected. The water was strewed with copies in boards of the "Tour up and down the Rio de la Plate." They must certainly have been light reading as they floated about triumphantly. "I wonder whether they will pave their way up to Kingston," said the captain, with a sneer.

As the author would not suffer them to be picked up, they sank one by one, and disappeared, like the remembrance of their creator in the minds of his companions. We heard a few weeks after that he had died of the yellow fever, and thus he, with his books, were consigned to, or are only rescued from, oblivion, if haply this work do not share his fate, by this short memento of him.

Yellow fever! malignant consumer of the brave! how shall I adequately apostrophize thee? I have looked in thy jaundiced face, whilst thy maw seemed insatiate. But once didst thou lay thy scorching hand upon my frame, but the sweet voice of woman startled thee from thy prey, and the flame of love was stronger than even thy desolating fire. But now is not the time to tell of this, but rather of the eagerness with which most of my companions sought to avoid thee.

Captain Reud had got, apparently, into his natural, as well as native, climate. The hotter it was, like a cricket, he chirped the louder, and enjoyed it the more. Young and restless, he was the personification of mischievous humour and sly annoyance. The tales he told of the fever were ominous, appalling, fatal. None could live who had not been seasoned, and none could outlive the seasoning. For myself, I might have been frightened, had I not been so constantly occupied in discussing pine-apples. But the climax was yet to be given to the fears of the fearful.

All the officers that could be spared from the ship were invited to dine with the mess of the 60th regiment, then doing duty at Kingston and Port Royal. That day, Captain Reud having been invited to dine with the admiral at the Penn, we were consequently deprived of his facetiousness. All the lieutenants and the ward-room officers, with most of the midshipmen, were of the party. The master took charge of the frigate. Suppose us all seated at the long table, chequered red and blue, with Major Flushfire, the officer in command of the

[1] Continued from p. 207.

garrison, at the top of the table, all scarlet and gold, and our own dear Doctor Thompson, all scarlet and blue, at the bottom. These two gentlemen were wonderfully alike. The major's scarlet was not confined to his regimentals: it covered his face. There was not a cool spot in that flame-coloured region; the yellow of his eyes was blood-shot, and his nose was richly Bardolphian. The expression of his features was thirst; but it was a jovial thirst withal—a thirst that burned to be supplied, encouraged, pampered. The very idea of water was repugnant to it. Hydrophobia was written upon the major's brow.

We have described our rubicund doctor before. He always looked warm, but since his entrance into the tropics, he had been more than hot, he had been always steaming. There was almost a perceptible mist about him. His visage possessed not the adust scorch of the major's; his was a moist heat; his cheeks were constantly parboiling in their own perspiration. He was a meet *croupier* for our host. Ranged on each side of this noble pair were the long lines of very pale and anxious faces, (I really must except my own, for my face never looked anxious till I married, or pale till I took to scribbling,) the possessors of which were experiencing a little the torment of Tantalus. The palisades, those graves of sand, turned into a rich compost by the ever-recurring burial, were directly under the windows, and the land-breeze came over them, chill and dank, in palpable currents, through the jalousies into the heated room; and had any one thrust his head into the moonlight and looked beneath, he would have seen hundreds of the shell-clad vampires, upon their long and contorted legs, moving hideously round, and scrambling horribly over the newly-made mounds, each of which contained the still fresh corpse of a warrior, or of the land, or of the ocean. In a small way, your land-crab is a most indefatigable resurrectionist. But there is retribution for their villany. They get eaten in their turn. Delicate feeding they are doubtlessly; and there can be no manner of question, but that at that memorable dinner a double banquet was going on, upon a most excellent principle of reciprocity. The epicure crab was feeding upon the dish, man, below, whilst epicure man was feeding upon dished-up crab above. True, the guests knew it not; I mean those who did not wear testaceous armour; the gentlemen in the coat of mail knew very well what they were about. It was, at the time of which I am speaking, a standing joke to make Johnny Newcome eat land-crab disguised as some savory dish. Thank God, that was more than a quarter of a century ago. We trust that the social qualities and the culinary refinements of the West Indians do not now march *à l'ecrivisse* and progress *à reculons*.

There we all sate, prudence coqueting with appetite, and the finest yellow curries contending with the direst thoughts of yellow fever. Ever and anon some amiable youth would dash off a bumper of claret with an air of desperate bravery, and then turn pale at the idea of his own temerity. The most cautious were Scotch assistant-surgeons, and pale young ensigns who played the flute. The midshipmen feasted and feared. The major and the doctor kept on the "even tenor of their way," that is, they ate and drank *à l'envie*.

We will now suppose the king's health drank, with the hearty and loyal God bless him! from every lip—the navy drank, and thanks returned by the doctor, with his mouth full of vegetable marrow—the army drank, and thanks returned by the major, after clearing his throat with a bumper of brandy—and after "Rule Britannia" had ceased echoing along the now silent esplanade, that had been thundered forth with such energy by the black band, an awful pause ensues. Our first lieutenant of marines rises, and like conscience, "with a still small voice," thus delivers himself of the anxiety with which his breast was labouring.

"Major Flushfire, may I claim the privilege of the similar colour of our cloth to entreat the favour of your attention. Ah! heh!—but this land-breeze—laden, perhaps, with the germs of the yellow—fever—mephitic—and all that—you understand me, Dr. Thompson?"

"As much as you do yourself."

"Thank you—men of superior education—sympathy—and all that—you understand me fully, major. Now this night-breeze coming through that half-open jalousie—miasmata—and all that. Dr. Armstrong, Dr. Thompson—medical pill—"pillars of the state"—you'll pardon the classical allusion——"

"I won't," growled out the doctor.

"Ah—so like you—so modest—but don't you think the draught is a little dangerous?"

"Do you mean the doctor's, or this?" said the inattentive and thirsty major, fetching a deep breath, as he put down the huge glass tumbler of sangaree.

"O dear no!—I mean the night draught *through* the window."

"The best way to dispose of it," said the purser, nodding at the melting Galen.

"No," replied Major Flushfire courteously, "there's no danger in it at all—I like it."

"Bless me, major!" said the marine, "why it comes all in *gusts!*"

"Like it all the better," rejoined the major, with his head again half buried in the sangaree glass.

"*De gustibus, non est disputandum,*" observed Thompson.

"Very true," said the marine officer, looking sapiently. "That remark of yours about the *winds* is apposite. We ought to *dispute* their entrance, as you said in Latin. But is it quite fair, my dear doctor, for you and me to converse in Latin? We may be taking an undue advantage of the rest of the company."

"Greek! Greek!" said the purser.

"Aye, certainly—it was Greek to Mr. Smallcoates," muttered Thompson.

"To be sure it was," said the innocent marine. "Major Flushfire," continued he, again on his legs, "may I again entreat the honour of your attention. Dr. Thompson has just proved, by a quotation from a Greek author, Virgil or Paracelsus, I am not certain which, that the entrance of the night air into a hot room is highly injurious, and in—in—and all that. You understand me perfectly—would it be asking too much to have all the windows closed?"

"Ovens and furnaces!" cried out the chairman, starting up. "Look at me and worthy Doctor Thompson. Are we persons to enjoy a repetition of the Blackhole of Calcutta? The sangaree, Quasha—suffocation! The thought chokes me!" and he recommenced his devotions to the sangaree.

"It melts me," responded the doctor, swabbing his face with the napkin.

"Are you afraid of taking cold?" said the purser to Mr. Smallcoates.

"Taking cold—let the gentleman take his wine," said the major.

"I must confess I am not so much afraid of cold as of fever. I believe, major, you have been three years in this very singularly hot and cold climate. Now, my dear sir, may I tax your experience to tell us which is the better method of living? Some say temperance, carried out even to abstemiousness, is the safer; others, that the fever is best repelled by devil's punch, burnt brandy, and high living. Indeed, I may say that I speak at the request of my messmates. Do, major, give us your opinion."

"I think," said the man of thirst, "the medical gentlemen should be applied to in preference to an old soldier like myself. They have great practice in disposing of fever cases."

"But if we must die either of diet or the doctor, I am for knowing," said the purser, "what sort of diet is most dilatory in its despatch."

"Well, I will not answer the question, but state the facts. My messmates can vouch for the truth of them. Five years ago, and not three, I came out with a battalion of this regiment. We mustered twenty-five officers in all. We asked ourselves the very same question you have just asked of me. We split into two parties nearly even in number. Twelve of us took to water, temperance, and all manner of preservatives; the other thirteen of us led a harum-scarum life, ate whenever we were hungry, and when we were not hungry, drank whenever we were thirsty, and when we were not thirsty, and to create a thirst, we qualified our claret with brandy; and generally forgot the water, or substituted madeira for it, in making our punch. This portion of our body, like Jack Falstaff, was given to sleeping on bulkheads on moonlight nights, shooting in the midday sun, riding races, and sometimes, hem! assisting—a—a—at drinking matches."

Here the worthy soldier made a pause, appeared more thirsty than ever, scolded Quasha for not brandying his sangaree, and swigging it with the air of an Alexander, he proceeded to drain the cup that was fatal, and looked round with conscious superiority. The pale ensign looked more pale—the sentimental lieutenants more sentimental—many thrust their wine and their punch from before them, and there was a sudden competition for the water jug. The marine officer carried a stronger expression than anxiety upon his features—it was consternation—and thus hesitatingly delivered himself:

"And—so—so—sir—the bon vivants—deluded—poor deluded gentlemen! all perished—but—pardon me—delicate dilemma—but *yourself*, my good major."

"Exactly, Mr. Smallcoates; and within the eighteen months."

There was a perceptible shudder through the company, military as well as naval. The pure element became in more demand than ever, and those who did not actually push away their claret, watered it. The imperturbable major brandied his sangaree more potently.

"But," said Mr. Smallcoates, brightening up, "the temperate gentlemen all escaped the contagion—*undoubtedly!*"

"I beg your pardon—*they all died within the year.* I alone remain of all the officers to tell the tale. The year eight was dreadful. Poor fellows!" The good major's voice faltered, and he bent over his sangaree much longer than was necessary to enjoy the draught.

Blank horror passed her fearful glance from guest to guest. Even the rubicund doctor's mouth was twitched awry. I did not quite like it myself.

"But I'm alive," said the major, rallying up from his bitter recollections, "and the brandy is just as invigorating, and the wine just as refreshing, as ever."

"The major *is* alive," said the marine officer, very sapiently. "Is that brandy before you, Mr. Farmer? I'll trouble you for it—I really feel this claret very cold upon my stomach. "Yes," he repeated, after taking down a tumbler full of half spirits, half wine, "the major *is* alive—and—so am I."

"The major is alive," went round the table; "let us drink his health in bumpers."

The major returned thanks, and volunteered a song. I begged it, and the reader may sing it as he pleases, though I shall please myself by recording how the major was pleased to have it sung.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you will do me the favour to fill a bumper of lemonade, and when I cry chorus, chorus me standing, with the glasses in your hands; and at the end of each chorus you will be pleased to remember, that the glass is to be drained. No heel-taps after, and no daylight before. Now for it, my lads," and with a voice that must have startled the land crabs from their avocations, he roared out—

"Yellow Jack! Yellow Jack! hie thee back! hie thee back!
To thy damp, drear abode in the jungle;
I'll be sober and staid,
And drink LEMONADE,
Try and catch me—you'll make a sad bungle,
Yellow Jack!

"But he came, the queer thief, and he seiz'd my right hand,
And I writh'd and I struggled, yet could not withstand
His hot griping grasp, though I drank lemonade,—
He grinn'd and he clutch'd me, though sober and staid.

CHORUS, *(with increasing loudness.)*

"Yellow Jack! Yellow Jack! hie thee back! hie thee back!
To thy damp, drear abode in the jungle;
We'll be sober and staid,
And we'll drink lemonade,
Try and catch us—you'll make a sad bungle,
Yellow Jack! *(tremendously.)*

"Bumpers of sangaree," roared the major, and sang,

" Yellow Jack! Yellow Jack! hie thee back! hie thee back!
To thy pestilent swamp quickly hie thee,
For I'll drink SANGAREE,
Whilst my heart's full of glee,
In thy death-doing might I'll defy thee,
Yellow Jack!

" But the fiend persever'd and got hold of my side,
How I burn'd, and I froze, and all vainly I tried
To get rid of his grasp—though I drank sangaree,
No longer my bosom exulted with glee.

CHORUS, *(still more loudly.)*

" Yellow Jack! Yellow Jack! hie thee back! hie thee back!
To thy pestilent swamp quickly hie thee,
For we'll drink sangaree,
Whilst our hearts throb with glee,
In thy death-doing might we defy thee,
Yellow Jack!"

After the sangaree, strong and highly spiced, had been quaffed, the excitement grew wilder, and the leader of our revels exclaimed at the top of his voice, " Wine, gentlemen, wine—brimmers," and thus continued—

" Yellow Jack! Yellow Jack! hie thee back! hie thee back!
Begone to thy father, old Sootie,
Pure WINE now I'll drink,
So Jack, I should think,
Of me thou wilt never make booty,
Yellow Jack!

" But a third time he came, and seized hold of my head,
'Twas in vain that the doctor both blister'd and bled,
My hand, and my side, and my heart too, I think,
Would soon have been lost, though pure wine I might drink.

CHORUS.

" Yellow Jack! Yellow Jack! hie thee back! hie thee back!
Begone to thy father, old Sootie,
Pure wine now we'll drink,
So Jack, we should think,
Of us thou wilt never make booty,
Yellow Jack!

" Brandy," shouted the major. " Brandy—he's craven who shirks the call." There was no one there craven but myself. My youth excused my apostasy from the night's orgies. The major resumed, his red face intensely hot and arid.

" Yellow Jack! Yellow Jack! hie thee back! hie thee back!
To the helldam, Corruption, thy mother,
For with BRANDY I'll save
My heart, and thus brave
Thee, and fell Death, thy own brother,
Yellow Jack!

" To brandy I took, and then Jack took his leave,
Brandy punch and neat brandy drink morn, noon, and eve,
At night drink then sleep, and be sure, my brave boys,
Nought will quell Yellow Jack, but neat brandy and noise.

THE CHORUS, *(most uproariously.)*

" Yellow Jack! Yellow Jack! hie thee back! hie thee back!
To the helldam, Corruption, thy mother,
For with brandy we'll save
Our hearts, and thus brave
Thee, and fell Death, thy own brother,
Yellow Jack!"

At last "Yellow Jack" was thundered out loud enough to awake his victims from the palisades. The company were just then fit for any thing, but certainly most fit for mischief. Our first lieutenant intimated to me that the jolly-boat was waiting, to take the junior officers on board—considerate man—so I took the hint, marvelling much upon the scene that I had just witnessed.

Whether or not there was any mystic virtue in the exorcisory cantation of the previous night, I cannot determine; but it is certain, that next morning, though headaches abounded among our officers, indications of fever there were none.

But, as it is not my intention to write a diary of my life, which was like all other midshipmen's lives in the West Indies, I shall pass over some months, during which we remained tolerably healthy, took many prizes, cut out some privateers, and spent money so rapidly gained, in a manner still more rapid.

Of my own messmates I remember but little. They were generally shockingly ignorant young men, who had left school too early, to whom books were an aversion, and all knowledge, save that merely nautical, a derision. I had to go more often to fisty-cuffs with these youths, in defending my three deckers—words of Latin or Greek derivation—than on any other occasion. I remember well that the word "idiosyncracy" got me two black eyes, and my opponent as "pretty a luxation" of the shoulder, by being tumbled down the main hatchway at the close of the combat, as any man of moderate expectations might desire. I was really obliged to mind my parts of speech. I know, that instead of using the obnoxious word, idiosyncracy, I should have said, that Mr. So-and-so had "a list to port in his ideas." I confess my error—my sin against elegance was great; but it must be said in extenuation, that then I was young and foolish.

However, I really liked my mode of life. Notwithstanding my occasional squabbles with my messmates upon my inadvertently launching a first rate, I can safely say, I was beloved by every body—nor is the term too strong. The captain liked me because I was always well dressed, of an engaging appearance, and a very handsome appendage to his gig, and aide-de-camp in his visits on shore; perhaps from some better motives—though certainly, amidst all his kindness to me, he once treated me most tyrannously. The doctor and the purser liked me, because I could converse with them rationally upon matters not altogether nautical. The master almost adored me, because, having a good natural talent for drawing, I made him plans of the hold, and the stowage of his tiers of water-casks, and sketches of headlands in his private log-book, to all which he was condescending enough to put his own name. The other superior officers thought me a

very good sort of fellow, and my messmates liked me, because I was always happy and cheerful—and lent them money.

The crew, to a man, would have done any thing for me, because—(it was very foolish certainly)—I used, for some months to cry heartily when any of them were tied up. And afterwards, when I got rid of this weakness, I always begged as many of them off from the infliction of the lash, of Mr. Farmer, the first lieutenant, as I could. With him I could take the liberty, if I found him in a good humour; though I dared not with the captain; for, though the latter had some attachment for me, it was a dreadfully wayward and capricious feeling.

The longer I sailed with him the more occasion I had to dread. if not hate, him. The poor man had no resources—it is not therefore surprising, that he began to have recourse to habitual ebriety. Then, under the influence of his wine, he would be gay, mischievous, tyrannical, and even cruel, according to the mood of the moment. Yet, at the worst, though his feet faltered, when in his cups, his tongue never did. He even grew eloquent under the vinous influence. It sharpened his cunning, and wonderfully increased his aptitude for mischief. It was a grievous calamity to all on board the ship, that we could not give his mind healthful occupation. I said that he was fond of me, but I began to dread his affection, and to feel myself as being compelled to submit to the playful caresses of a tiger. As yet, not only had we not had the slightest difference, but he had often humoured me to the detriment of the service, and in defiance of the just discipline Mr. Farmer wished to maintain. If I presumed upon this, who shall blame such conduct in a mere boy? And then, Captain Reud was necessary to me. I found that I could not avail myself of my too ample allowance until he had endorsed my bills of exchange.

However, the concealed fang of the paw that had so often played with and patted me into vanity, was to wound me at length. It came upon me terribly, and entered deeply into my bosom.

I was learning to play chess of the purser—the game had already become a passion with me. It was also my turn to dine in the ward-room, and, consequently, I was invited. The anticipated game at chess enhanced the value of the invitation. That same forenoon, the captain and I had been very sociable. He gracious, and I facetious—as I could. I had been giving him a history of my various ushers, and he had been pleased to be wonderfully amused. I was down in the midshipman's berth; a full hour after I had received the ward-room invitation, the captain's steward shoved his unlucky head within the door, and croaked out, "Captain Reud's compliments to Mr. Percy, and desires his company to dinner to-day."

I answered carelessly, rather flippantly, perhaps, "Tell the captain I'm going to dine in the ward-room." I meant no disrespect, for I felt none. Perhaps the fellow who took back my answer worded it maliciously. I had totally forgotten, as soon as I had uttered my excusal, whether I had or had not, used the word "compliments," or "respects," perhaps—thoughtlessly, neither one nor the other.

I dined in the ward-room, enjoyed my chess, and good, easy youth, with all my blushing honours thick upon me, of having given mate with only trifling odds in my favour, the drum beat to evening quar-

ters. I was stationed to the four aftermost carronades on the quarter-deck. I had run up in a hurry, and at that period, straps to keep down the trowsers not having been invented, my white jeans were riddled a good deal up my leg. I passed the captain, touched my hat, and began to muster my men. Unconscious of any offence, I stole a look or two at my commander, but met with no good-humoured glance in return. He had screwed up his little yellow physiognomy into the shape of an ill-conditioned, and battered face on a brass knocker. He had his usual afternoon wine-flush upon him; but a feeling of vindictiveness had placed his feelings of incipient intoxication under complete mastery.

"So you dined in the ward-room, Mr. Percy?"

"Yes, sir," my hat reverently touched, not liking the looks of my interrogator.

"And you did not even condescend to return the compliments I sent you, with my misplaced invitation to dinner."

"Don't recollect, sir."

"Mr. Percy, in consideration of your ignorance, I can forgive a personal affront—damme—but by the living G—d, I cannot overlook disrespect to the service. You young misbegotten scoundrel, what do you mean by coming to quarters undressed? Look at your trowsers, sir."

"The captain is in a passion, certainly," thought I, as I quietly stooped to pull the offending garment down to my shoes.

"Mr. Farmer, Mr. Farmer, do you see the young blackguard?" said the commander. "Confound me, he is making a dressing-room of my quarter-deck—and at quarters too—which is the same as parade. Hither, sirrah; ho—ho—my young gentleman. Young gentleman, truly—a conceited little bastard!"

The word burnt deeply into my young heart, and caused a shock upon my brain, as if an explosion of gunpowder had taken place within my skull, but it passed instantaneously, and left behind it an unnatural calm.

"Pray, sir," said I, walking up to him deliberately and resolutely, "how do *you* know that I am a bastard?"

"Do you hear the impudent scoundrel? Pray sir, who is your father?"

"O that I knew!" said I, bursting into tears. "I bless God that it is not you."

"To the mast-head, to the mast-head! Where's the boatswain? start him up, start him up."

The boatswain could not make his way aft till I was some rattlings up the main rigging, and thus his intentional and kind dilatoriness saved me from the indignity of a blow. Twice I gazed upon the clear blue, and transparent water, and temptation was strong upon me, for it seemed to woo me to rest; but when I looked in-board, and contemplated the diminutive, shrivelled, jaundiced figure beneath me, I said to myself, "Not for such a thing as that." Before I had got to the main-top, I thought "This morning he loved me!—poor human nature!"—and when I had got to the topmast-cross-trees, I had actually forgiven him. It has been my failing through life. As Shakspeare

expresses it, "to have always lacked gall." God knows how much I have forgiven, merely because I have found it impossible to hate.

But I was to be tried still more. I had settled myself comfortably on the cross-trees, making excuses for the captain, and condemning my own want of caution, and anticipating a reconciliatory breakfast with my persecutor, when his shrill voice came discordantly upon my ears.

"Masthead, there!"

"Sir."

"Up higher, sir—up higher."

I hesitated—the order was repeated with horrid threats and imprecations. There was no rattlings to the top-gallant rigging. It had been tremendously hot all day, and the tar had sweated from the shrouds; and I was very loath to spoil my beautiful white jean trowsers by swarming up them. However, as I perceived that he had worked himself into a perfect fury up I went, and to the top-gallant masthead, embracing the royal pole with one arm, and standing on the bights of the rigging. My nether apparel, in performing this feat, appeared as if it had been employed in wiping up a bucket of spilled tar.

But I was not long to remain unmolested in my stance on the high and giddy mast. My astonishment and dismay were unbounded at hearing Captain Reud still vociferate, "Up higher, sir."

The royal pole stood naked, with nothing attached to it but the royal and the signal-halyards, the latter running through the truck. My lady readers must understand that the truck is that round thing, at the top of all the masts, that looks so like a button. I could not have got up the well-greased pole if I had attempted it. A practised seaman could, certainly, and, indeed, those worthies who climb for legs of mutton at a fair, might have succeeded to mount a few inches.

"What!" said I, half aloud, "does the tyrant mean? He knows that this thing I cannot do; and he also knows, that if I attempt it, it is probable I shall lose my hold of this slippery stick, and be rolled off into the sea. If he wishes to murder me, he shall do so more directly. Forgive him—never. I'll brave him first, and revenge myself after."

Again that deadly calm came over me, which makes soft dispositions so desperate, and to which light-haired persons are so peculiarly subject. In these temperaments, when the paleness becomes fixed and unnatural, beware of them in their moods. They concentrate the vindictiveness of life in a few moments, and, though the paroxysm is usually short, it is too often fatal to themselves and to their victims. I coolly commenced descending the rigging, whilst the blackest thoughts crowded in distinct and blood-stained array upon my brain. I bethought me from whence I could the most readily pluck a weapon, but the idea was but instantaneous, and I dismissed it with a mighty effort. At length I reached the deck, whilst the infuriated captain stood mute with surprise at my outrageously insubordinate conduct. The men were still at their quarters and partook of their commander's astonishment, but, I am convinced, of no other feeling.

When I found myself on the deck I walked up to Captain Reud, and between my clenched teeth I said to him slowly and deliberately, "Tyrant, I scorn you. I come premeditately to commit an act of mutiny: I give myself up as a prisoner: I desire to be tried by a court-martial. I will undergo anything to escape from you; and I don't think that, with all your malice, you will be able to hang me. I consider myself under an arrest." Then turning upon my heel I prepared to go down the quarter deck hatchway.

Captain Reud heard me to the end in silence; he even permitted me to go down half the ladder unmolested, when rousing himself from his utter astonishment, he jumped forward and spurning me with his foot violently on my back, dashed me on the main deck. I was considerably bruised, and before I got to the midshipman's berth, two marines seized me and dragged me again to the quarter-deck. Once more I stood before my angry persecutor, looking hate and defiance.

"To the mast head, sir, immediately."

"I will not. I consider myself a prisoner."

"You refuse to go?"

"I do."

"Quarter masters, the signal halyards. Sling Mr. Percy." Mr. Percy was slung. "Now run the mutinous rascal up to the truck."

In a moment I was attached to a thin white line, waving to and fro in mid air, and soon triced up to the very top of the royal pole, and jammed hard to the truck. Is this believed? Perhaps not: yet no statement was ever more true. At the time when this atrocity was perpetrating not an officer interfered. My sufferings were intense. The sun was still hot, my hat had fallen off in my involuntary ascent, and as the ship was running before the wind under her topsails, the motion at that high point of elevation was tremendous. I felt horribly sea-sick. The ligature across my chest became every moment most oppressive to my lungs, and more excruciating in torture: my breathing at each respiration more difficult, and before I had suffered ten minutes, I had fainted. So soon as the captain had seen me run up he went below, leaving strict orders that I should not be lowered down.

Directly that the captain was in his cabin, the first lieutenant, the doctor, purser, and the officers of the watch, held a hurried consultation on my situation. But the good-natured doctor did not stop for the result, but immediately went below, and told Reud if I remained where I was I should die. Those who knew the navy at that time will anticipate the answer—no others can—"Let him die and be damned!" The good doctor came on deck desponding. Mr. Farmer then hailed me once, and again, and again. Of course he received no answer—I heard him, but at that moment my senses were fast leaving me. The sea with its vast horizon, appearing so illimitable from the great height where I was swaying, rocked, to my failing sight, awfully to and fro: the heavens partook of the dizzying motion. I only, of all the creation, seemed standing still: I was sick unto death; and as far as sensation was concerned, then and there I died.

Upon receiving no reply, Mr. Farmer sent one of the top-men up to look at me. No sooner had he reached the topgallant rigging than he reported me dead. A cry of horror escaped from all on deck. The captain rushed up: he needed no report. He was frantic with grief: he wept like a child, and assisted with his own hands to lower me down; they were his arms that received, himself that bore me to his cabin. Like a wilful boy who had slain his pet lamb, or a passionate girl her dove, he mourned over me. It was a long time before my respiratory organs could be brought into play. My recovery was slow, and it was some time before I could arrange my ideas. A cot was slung for me in the cabin, and bewildered and exhausted I fell into a deep sleep.

I awoke a little after midnight perfectly composed, and suffering only from the wale that the cord had made across my chest. Before a table, and his countenance lighted by a single lantern, sate the captain. His features expressed a depth of grief and a remorse that were genuine. He sate motionless, with his eyes fixed upon my cot: my face he could not see, owing to the depth of the shadow in which I lay. I moved:—he advanced to my cot with the gentleness of a woman, and softly uttered,

"Edward, my dear boy, do you sleep?"

The tones of his voice fell soothingly upon my ear like the music of a mother's prayer.

"No, Captain Reud, but I am very thirsty."

In an instant he was at my side with some weak wine and water. I took it from the hand of him whom, but a few hours before, in my animosity I could have slain.

"Edward," said he, as he received back the tumbler, "Edward, are we friends?"

"Oh! Captain Reud, how could you treat a poor lad so, who respected, who loved you so much?"

"I was mad—do you forgive me, Edward?" and he took my not unwilling hand.

"To be sure, to be sure—but do me one little favour in return."

"Any thing, any thing, Edward—I'll never masthead you again."

"Oh, I was not thinking of that: I ought not to have put you in a passion. Punish me—masthead me—do any thing, Captain Reud, but call me not bastard."

He made no reply: he pressed my hand fervently: he put it to his lips and kissed it—on my soul he did—then after a pause, gently murmured "good night," and, as he passed into the after-cabin to his bed, I distinctly heard him exclaim, "God forgive me—how I have wronged that boy!"

The next day we were better friends than ever, and for the three years that we remained together, not a reproachful word or an angry look ever passed between us.

I must be permitted to make three observations upon this, to me, memorable transaction. The first is, that at that time, I had not the power of retention of those natural feelings of anger which all should carry with them as a preservation against, or a punishment for, injury and insult. I know that most of my male and many of my female

readers will think my conduct throughout pusillanimous or abject. My mother's milk, as it were, still flowed in my veins, and with that no ill blood could amalgamate. All I can say is, that now, I am either so much better or so much worse,—that I should have adopted towards Captain Reud a much more decided course of proceedings.

My second remark is, that this captain had really a good heart, but was one of the most striking instances that I ever knew of the demoralizing effect of a misdirected education, and the danger of granting great powers to early years and great ignorance. With good innate feelings, no man ever possessed moral perceptions more clouded.

And lastly, that this statement is not to be construed into a libel on the naval service, or looked upon in the least as an exaggerated account. As to libel, the gentlemanly deportment, the parental care of their crews, and the strict justice of thousands of captains, cannot in the least be deteriorated by a single act of tyranny by a solitary member of their gallant body; and, as to exaggeration, let it be remembered that in the very same year, and on the very same station that my tricing up to the truck occurred, another post-captain tarred and feathered one of his young gentlemen, and kept him in that state, a plumed biped, for more than six weeks in his hen-coop. This last fact obtained much notoriety from the aggrieved party leaving the service and recovering heavy damages from his torturer in a court of civil law. My treatment never was known beyond our own frigate.

(To be continued.)

I'D BE A SPIRIT!

I'd be a spirit, happy and holy,
Wand'ring at will o'er the fields of the blest,
Never to visit this dark world of sorrow,
But when despatch'd on some kindly behest;—
When at His bidding, the Spirit of spirits,
With soft wing descending to regions of night,
To whisper to some dying mortal the promise,
That turns his dark grave to a temple of light.

I'd be a spirit, happy and holy,
Bound to the bright and the blessed above,
Not by a chain that in time can be broken,
As the light links that bind us poor mortals to love;
But highest communion of thought and of feeling,
Ineffable love, that no *self* can control,
All centered in *One*, e'en the Sun of redemption,
That calls into blossom the spring of the soul.

I'd be a spirit, happy and holy,
Waking my lyre in those love-lighted skies,
Where sun, moon, and stars never shine, but the glory,
That streams from the Godhead is light to all eyes;
Or by waters of life, where the bright tree is growing
Of knowledge, not given to *proud* suns of dust,
Weave garlands to crown the *blest* beings that enter
Through "*much tribulation*," the *rest* of the *just!*

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES CONNECTED WITH LAYCOCK ABBEY.[1]

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

A STORY was current at the abbey that the apparition of a nun, all in white, was seen in the old avenue upon moonlight nights; and many of the domestics declared that they had frequently seen her gliding about the long galleries. One night, when Mrs. Robinson, (our pastor's wife,) was sleeping at the abbey, (which she was in the habit of doing, when it was wet or stormy,) and just as the clock had chimed the ghost's hour of twelve, a strange mysterious noise sounded through the chamber. She sate up in bed; and putting back the curtains, saw by the light of the moon, shining dimly through the old casement, a little figure in white, couched on the hearth-stone of the antique fire-place. The story of the nun immediately occurred to her mind, and though she had always laughed at it, her fears now began to give the colouring of probability to the tale. After looking at the object of her alarm till it seemed magnified into twice its original size, at length, overcome by her terror, she awoke her husband. He also distinctly saw the apparition, and being just roused from a sound slumber, wondered greatly what it might mean. Determined at length to satisfy himself, he got up and advanced cautiously towards the fireplace, when, behold, a large white owl, making a dismal cry, flew up the capacious chimney, where it had built its nest. They both laughed heartily at the fright it had occasioned, nothing doubting but that the nun herself evanesced in a manner exactly similar, and that the whole of that wonderful story had originated in some such aerial visitant. This shows the necessity of investigating, at the time, the causes of those strange sounds and appearances which are so often heard and seen in old buildings, and so seldom reasonably accounted for. Had the worthy curate gone to sleep again without ascertaining who the midnight intruder was, the tale of the "White Nun" would have received a further authentication, and one of the best chambers in the abbey might have been appropriated solely to the spiders, as the only suitable companions for the unquiet spirit. Lady Shrewsbury (as I before observed) was not in the least addicted to those superstitions so commonly ascribed to Catholics, yet a lamentable event which took place at the abbey gave rise to an erroneous opinion, on my part, touching the state of mind in which she would meet death. Sir Walter Blount, who was with his lady visiting the countess, died suddenly one day from the bursting of a blood vessel, whilst *kneeling at his prayers*. Lady Shrewsbury sent off for me to come and stay the day with her, and evinced an uncommon degree of fear and dislike at being in the house with a corpse. I wondered much that, at her age and so pious, she could entertain such a dread of death, and thought how painful her own

[1] Continued from vol. xii. p. 402.

would be; but the philosophy of a girl in her teens cannot amalgamate seeming contrarieties; and it was not till my respected friend died "as calmly as a saint," that I discovered my mistake, and that the human mind (which is a problem of *contradictions*, difficult of solution to all but the Eternal propounder of hearts) does often in its *last* mortal struggle, gain a triumphant victory over all those little weaknesses that have so long held it captive.

There is a pleasure, though a melancholy one, in looking back to by-gone days.

> It pleases, and it saddens too,
> Life's rosy morning to review;
> Of childhood's friends, how very *few*
> Remain of *all* that once we knew!
>
> The wild flowers spring where *many* sleep,
> And *some* have crossed the faithless deep,
> And *all* have learned what 'tis to weep
> O'er parted joys they could not keep.

Life is indeed a camera obscura, reflecting a thousand forms and retaining nothing. Bright shapes pass before us, one after another; but so evanescently do they pass, that we can hardly tell one from another by any distinctive feature. Like the miser's hoard, the treasures of memory are so multiplied, and so heterogeneously thrown together in the great storehouse of the mind, that it is difficult to separate what we want from what is not wanted; and, in this way, my reminiscences take a more desultory form than criticism perhaps might think it right to tolerate.

About the distance of a mile from the abbey stood "Old Lackham House," the family seat of the Montagus, with whom Lady Shrewsbury kept up a more friendly intercourse than with any in the neighbourhood. This ancient place was considered one of the *lions* of North Wiltshire, and from its great antiquity, and the number of curious relics it contained, was well worthy the attention of the antiquarian. Built in the days of unimproved architecture and insecure enjoyment of property, it presented an appearance of rude grandeur, rather than any beauty or regular proportion.

It stood completely embosomed in ancient woods, whose patriarchal trees looked almost coeval with the venerable pile they had for so many centuries sheltered from the wild storms of winter. The approach to Lackham was through a long avenue of aged oaks. At the back of the mansion, studded with cottages and crowned with woods, rose the beautiful hill of Bowden. To the left lay, in the blue distance, the far-famed Salisbury plain; while bounding the home view Laycock Abbey showed its white and time-honoured towers above the tree tops, and the village mill, with all its rural appendages, gave life and interest to the otherwise still solitude that reigned around. The classical Avon, dear to song, wound its silver waters through the ample domain, giving beauty and fertility to a spot where the poet might have conjured up the golden visions that give immortality to the dwellings of men.

The great hall at Lackham was an immense cathedral-looking apartment, lighted by high antique casements, inaccessible to the

reach of the tallest person, and hung round with armour. The banquetting-room, equally remarkable for its size, was newly-floored with the native oak of the estate in the reign of Henry the Eighth, in honour of that monarch's visit to Lackham, who was entertained there for several days, while paying his addresses to the Lady Jane Seymour. The chambers occupied by that *Bluebeard of husbands* and his attendants were not much in request with the young folk of modern times; and the old arched door, which conducted (as some rudely-carved letters upon it intimated) "to King Henry's apartments," was rarely unclosed after night-fall. In one of these chambers stood the antique carved bedstead on which the king reposed; the royal arms and those of the Lackham family were beautifully emblazoned on the dark polished oak at the head of the bed, and the curious key which gave entrance to this room was presented by George Montagu, Esq. to the British Museum. The late Colonel Montagu,* well known to the literary world for his works on ornithology, always slept in this apartment when at Lackham. The ghost stories I have heard about old Lackham House (which yielded not a tittle to Laycock Abbey in legendary lore) would do very well to tell over a Christmas fire, to ears as greedy as mine once were of the marvellous and the horrible; when (as I have heard my mother say) I always, as a prelude to the story about to be told me, put back my hair behind my ears for fear of losing one word.

There is still extant a very curious old print representing, in various compartments, the preparations for the king's visit to Lackham, with the *rats and mice* running away from the house-maids, who with mop and broom are making all things clean and trim for the royal guest. Subjoined to the print are some twenty or thirty stanzas, illustrative of the subject and also giving an elaborate, though certainly not poetical, description of the *requisites for a wife*. It is so many years since I read them, that my memory retains only three lines, in which one might suppose the author to be invoking the genius or guardian spirit of old bachelors.

> "Make her a wise and a well-tempered she,
> A little starch, yet moderately free,
> One that wont pout and frown, but smile on *me*."

How I came to remember these lines I cannot tell: but having remembered them, they will furnish the antiquary with a sample of the poetry of a learned doctor† of that period

Never perhaps was there shown, in any family, a stronger instance of the mutability of fortune, than in the Montagus of Lackham, from whom are *descended* the Dukes of Manchester and Earls of Sandwich. Time, that setter up and puller down of the pride of men, has brought about great and melancholy changes, since old Lackham House was levelled with the dust,‡ to make way for the modern mansion that now occupies its place. The thoughtless extravagance of youth, and

* Colonel Montagu succeeded his brother, James Montagu, Esq., who died unmarried, in the Lackham estates.

† Dr. Baynard, whose ancestor built Baynard Castle, in London.

‡ Old Lackham was *nine* hundred years old at the time of its razure.

the unwise conduct of mature age, caused the estates to be thrown into chancery; and the youthful heir of Lackham, when he now visits the home of his fathers, cannot but execrate, in bitterness of spirit, the *selfishness* and *rapacity* of those *vultures of the land*, who during a suit of twenty-five years continuance, have reduced the rental of one of the most flourishing families in the county to comparative insignificance. I, myself, can remember, when a long day might have been well employed, in investigating the old chests that were filled with the costume of different centuries; many articles of the dress of each generation for some hundreds of years having been carefully stored up and preserved by the family, and being in a state of excellent preservation at the time I saw them. Several of the relics were most costly, such as the dress gloves of the knights, half way up the arm, (as you see them in old portraits,) finely embroidered and studded with pearls; shirts, worked at the breast and collar in gold and silver, and some for mourning in black embroidery; and fine *cambric stockings*, (with point clocks,) which would not suit the present *indelicate* fashion of short petticoats, as it was impossible to make a nice fit of cambric. Some of the trinkets also were very curious; the forehead-drops, ear-rings, and thumb-rings, looking more like blacksmith's than goldsmith's work. There was a massive service of plate, the gift of Queen Anne, with the royal arms upon it, even to the silver saucepans, covers, and washhand basins; and amongst the rest of the Lackham curiosities, was a large collection of MS. letters of the great Duke of Marlborough, above a hundred in number, written during his campaign, to one of the family;* with some from Queen Anne, in her own handwriting. But now all these mementos of an ancient house have passed into other hands. The fine old woods have been cut down, and the monuments in the village church alone remain, to tell the *tale of other days*. I remember a lady, who visited at the abbey, used to say, that "the monuments of the Montagu family ought to have curtains over them." They were a race of warriors; and their tombs, therefore, chiefly recorded untimely though glorious deaths. A laughable anecdote is related of one of them, the late Admiral Montagu, father of the present Sir George Montagu,† and the gallant Captain James Montagu, to whose memory the nation erected a splendid monument in St. Paul's Cathedral. When a junior officer, he asked permission of the captain to go to London, (his ship being then at Portsmouth,) he was refused; and repeating his request, the captain answered sharply he should not go, unless he went in his *boat*. This was enough for young Montagu. He soon got *wheels put to the boat*, and actually drove up to London in it.

The late Major Frederick Montagu was a great favourite with Lady Shrewsbury, and when at Lackham, spent much of his time at the abbey, always carrying with him some token of her regard when he joined his regiment. He was indeed the flower of his race—handsome in person, accomplished in mind, gentle in manners, and brave

* Lord Churchill offered George Montagu, Esq. a bond for one thousand pounds for the letters of his renowned ancestor, but was refused.

† Younger son of Colonel Montagu, and brother of the present owner of Lackham.

in spirit—the idol of his parents, and the pride of his friends. His early fall at the fatal and *sanguinary battle of Albuera*, where he was shot through the heart, while gallantly leading his men to the charge, gave rise to several tributes to his memory. One of these, as coming from the pen of the justly celebrated Mrs. Hemans, will no doubt be acceptable to the reader.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MAJOR FREDERICK AUGUSTUS MONTAGU,
OF THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILEERS,
WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA, MAY 16TH, 1811.

Son of renown, farewell! thine early doom
Full many an eye shall weep, and heart deplore.
O gallant martyr! hallow'd be thy tomb,—
Thy bed of slumber on a foreign shore!

Ah! never, never be that hour forgot,
When to their home thy loved remains were borne;
Victorious comrades, bending o'er the spot,
Paused from the carnage of the field to mourn.

Closed was the combat, hushed each martial sound,
And rising night-winds murmured o'er the plain;
That *field of blood*, where thousands lay around,
In deep repose, the slumb'ring and the slain.

'Twas at that solemn hour thy form was laid,
Loved son of Albion, in the soldier's grave:
By martial hands thy funeral rites were paid,
On the low death-bed of the slaughtered brave.

No more shall glory's thrilling voice avail,
To fire thine eye, or animate thy breast;
Nor the rude war-note, rushing on the gale,
Break the deep stillness of thy sacred rest.

How oft, while conquest bids her clarions swell,
The exulting pæan, or the choral strain;
On thee, loved Montagu! shall memory dwell,
'Midst the pale dead, on Albuera's plain.

Thy Lion flag, Britannia, proudly rear!
Wave in thy helmet victory's towering plume!
Yet join affection in her sacred tear,
For worth and valour, lost in manhood's bloom.

The following stanzas, written by a brother officer, "were *dictated on the field of battle;*" and appeal to the feelings from their simplicity, which seems to guarantee the sincerity of the writer. The Editor will, no doubt, however, give *preference* to those by Mrs. Hemans.

ON THE BURIAL OF MAJOR MONTAGU.

Mournfully an anxious train
Seek, on the ensanguined plain,
Strew'd with many a hero slain,
The chief they love.
Mournfully the corse they bear,
Mournfully the rites prepare,
And mournful pour the warrior's prayer,
To saints above.

Gallant friends, with sighs around,
Consecrate th' unhallow'd ground,
And 'dew with tears the humble mound,
That marks his tomb.
Peacefully his ashes sleep,
Far from those, across the deep,
Who many a day will keenly weep
His early doom.

As a beauteous opening flower,
Flourishes but one short hour,
Nipp'd by death's relentless power,
His days were few:
Yet bravely on the field he fell;
Fame and victory rang his knell,
When comrades bade the last farewell
To Montagu.

I think I before mentioned that Lady Shrewsbury, though a *Catholic*, kept up a friendly intercourse with the families in her neighbourhood. The Methuens' of Corsham, the Montagus' of Lackham, the Marquis of Lansdown's, and Lady Catherine Long's families, were amongst some of her Protestant acquaintances. At the time I allude to, the country rang with the fame of Miss Tilney Long,* her beauty, her accomplishments, and her immense fortune being the theme of all male tongues. But to the honour of Lord Dormer, and the other Catholic gentlemen visiting at the abbey, none of them evinced the least desire to join the swarm of lovers, that fluttered like flies round the rising sun. Alas! poor victim of *man's selfishness!* I well remember how gay and happy she looked the last time I saw her at a ball, seated at the top of the room like a *little queen*, with all her attendant worshippers full of smiles and compliments, and jealously vying with each other in administering the sweetest dose of flattery to the great heiress. She was not so pretty as her sister Diana, though a pleasing looking fairy creature, and who might, under other circumstances, and *by other men*, have been loved for herself alone. Her marriage was a great grief to her amiable mother, Lady Catherine; though she did not then contemplate *the tragedy* with which her daughter was to close her blameless and persecuted life. Miss Tilney Long and her sisters had been so admirably brought up by their pious and exemplary parent, that they were alike a blessing to her, and to the country round, working for the poor, and visiting them in their cottages, as divested of all pride, as if fortune had never smiled upon them. Sir James Long, their father, was a sensible and unworldly-minded man, with so much hatred of all parade and ostentation, that he carried things to the other extreme; and when dining *en famille*, would not suffer the attendance of a single footman, but always had a dumb waiter placed at his elbow. His splendid and almost regal seat at Wanstead, (now, alas! levelled with the dust, to answer the demands of prodigality and selfishness,) he never once, in all the years of their wedded life, took his wife to visit, fearing that Lady Catherine might wish, if she saw it, to live there. It was well for him that he did not live to witness the havoc and ruin of all his

* Mrs. Wellesley Pole.

vast possessions, and his family, honoured and loved as they were, afflicted and impoverished, owing to the ill-fated marriage of a beloved and virtuous daughter, whose *only fault* was in uniting herself, contrary to the wishes of her mother, to the man who requited her *confidingness with ingratitude*, and returned her love with *infidelity*. Peace to her ashes! and may the repentant tears of a *world-condemned husband* one day be shed over them! The following song, as having been written upon her, may not be unacceptable; at all events, it has the merit of novelty, never having been before the public.

I saw her *first* in regal bowers,
'Mid many a jewelled fair;
As butterfly amongst the flowers,
She seemed to tread on air:
Her eye was like the young gazelle's,
So wild, so darkly bright,
I've loved no eye but Isabel's,
Since that remembered night.

I saw her *last* in lonely halls,
That echoed to her sigh;
The blight that oft on beauty falls,
Had dimm'd her bright, bright eye:
For he whom she had loved so well,
Had play'd the faithless part,
And when I looked on Isabel,
I read her *broken heart*.

I stood within the holy spot,
And saw her borne along,
Her love, her sorrows, all forgot;
And he who did her wrong
Soon wip'd the tear, if tear there fell,
And took another bride;
But I still weep for Isabel,
Though none should weep beside.

But to return, of all the visitors at the abbey, none ever amused me more than the wife and daughter of a London city banker. The airs and graces of Lady ——— and Miss ———, to the venerable countess, were indeed truly laughable. Our worthy curate's wife, a sensible and accomplished woman, had been, previously to her marriage, the governess of Miss ———, who, after repeated invitations, came with her lady mamma to rusticate at the vicarage. Lady Shrewsbury, who was exceedingly partial to Mrs. Robinson, and had paid her the most flattering attentions ever since she came to the village, was very desirous to invite Lady ——— and Miss — —— to the abbey, and often went herself to request their company. I shall never forget how the contrast struck me, (young as I then was,) between the manners of the purse-proud citizen, and the high-born but humble countess. The display of low-minded pride in the one, and the unaffected kindness and well-bred courtesy of the other, were strongly exhibited; when Lady Shrewsbury entered the little lowly parlour of the curate, Lady ———, without deigning to rise from her seat, just condescended to return the salutation of the countess, by a slight bend of the head. Miss ——— also was as dignified as mamma. The young lady had such a delicate nose too, that she could not sit in

a room "lighted with mutton fat," as she expressed herself, and poor Mrs. Robinson sent to Lady Shrewsbury's housekeeper, to borrow some wax candles. The countess laughed to me, at this display of cockney refinement, justly observing, that if Miss ——— used nothing but wax lights at home, "she should not distress those whom she visited with her niceties," more particularly a poor curate, who must find it difficult to afford even the "mutton fat" she despised. Though Lady Shrewsbury had none of that offensive pride which converts the coronet into a fool's cap, she always drew a line of nice distinction between the *really* and the *would-be* great, and never forgot the observance of that etiquette, which in her young days was considered as the distinguishing feature of those who were come of "gentle blood." Alas! what a lamentable change has taken place! Since her youthful days, the peerage is now but a second-hand book, in the hands of any purchaser who can give the price for it. Old families have fallen off to make way for new, men who have no claims to renown, beyond the *king's patent*, no proud right, as in ancient times, to the knightly crest, or the lordly coronet—that coronet wherein might often then be seen as in a looking-glass, either the laurelled head of the hero, or the attic features of the sage.

In resuming the rude sketches which, with the pencil of memory, I have faithfully, though perhaps somewhat desultorily, drawn, I will introduce to the reader's notice a character not mentioned before. Lord Dormer, the favourite nephew of the Countess of Shrewsbury, (and who is himself now sleeping in that *last sleep*, in which so many of my early friends and most dear companions lie,) was a Catholic nobleman of great moral worth, whose social nature and frankness of manners made his visits to the abbey a season of pleasure to all the household. His lordship was what is termed an old bachelor; but without the particularities or stiff formality of one. I have seen him on a twelfth-night, at our village pastor's, as much amused with the juvenile pastimes, as the happy and innocent children that presided, with laughing eyes, over the sugared and flower-bedecked cake. How much more would the aristocracy be looked up to, if descending from those high stilts upon which they now totter, they sometimes met their fellow men upon the plain ground of Christian humility and benevolent courtesy! "stooping their greatness to the low degree" of their inferiors in rank, though certainly not in moral dignity. Such stooping, indeed, would be only like the bending of the warrior's plume beneath the sweet breath of heaven, to rise up again more gracefully than ever. I remember Lord Dormer related to us a very singular circumstance which happened to himself while on a visit to Lord Montagu. One day, after breakfast, he amused himself in rambling over the old mansion; and having free permission to wander where his fancy willed, he passed through gallery and corridor, inspecting on his way the various apartments. As he was returning, he entered a chamber, the door of which stood partly open. His lordship had advanced, he said, into the middle of the room, before he perceived the curtains of the dark high tester-bed to be drawn at each side, and an old lady sitting up in it, with that sort of head-

gear anciently worn, under the name of a "nightrail," enveloping her head like a hood, or nun's veil, and from thence spreading wider like a cape over her shoulders. His lordship, much distressed at his intrusion, made an apology; to which the old lady answered only by a formal inclination of her head. On returning to his friend, Lord Dormer mentioned the mistake he had committed in entering the old lady's chamber. Lord Montagu looked greatly surprised, declaring he knew of no such person being in the house; and requested Lord Dormer to go with him immediately, and point out the chamber. Accordingly they went together; and on entering the room, where, but a few moments before he had seen the old lady, what was Lord Dormer's surprise to find the curtains of the bed *undrawn*, and not the slightest vestige of any person having occupied it, or the chamber. Some, who heard his lordship relate the fact, treated it as an optical illusion, while others placed it to the account of his lordship's superstitious belief as a Catholic. But Lord Dormer was neither a visionary nor a bigot; his sound judgment and simple piety alike forbidding the vagaries of fancy, or the dreams of superstition, from hoodwinking his mind. Neither did I ever witness the least shade of superstition in Lady Shrewsbury but on one occasion, when her affection for her *élève*, young Talbot, led her to fear an old tradition in the Shrewsbury family. Speaking one day to me of young Mr. Talbot, she expressed her doubts of his ever succeeding to the earldom; "that is," said her ladyship, "if his father should come to the title." And then she told me the story of a bishop, who, being wrongfully condemned to death, (and to which a Shrewsbury was in some way instrumental,) knelt down at the scaffold, and lifting up his hands, prayed to God, that as a sign of his innocence of the crime brought against him, the title of Shrewsbury might never again descend *from father to son*. "And it never has," said she; "so that if John's father lives to be earl, I am sure he will never come to the title himself." That her ladyship really felt strongly impressed with the truth of this strange tradition, is self-evident, from her fears; but how far it merits belief can be easily proved, by the genealogy of the Shrewsbury family.

Although my intention in giving these rude sketches was to bear record not of myself, but of persons and places which have come under my observation, yet there is a natural sympathy which prompts me, and I would hope without being amenable to the charge of egotism, to make some mention of the home of my childhood—a spot, from its total seclusion, better known to the local antiquarian than to any other.

Alderton House, or as it was originally spelt, Aldrington, in North Wilts, formerly belonged to the ancient family of the Gores.* The old part of the mansion was, by judges, considered to be one of the most curious specimens of the antique dwellings of our early ancestors extant; but I shall not attempt to describe it, although I have by me a rough sketch, drawn by one of the olden worthies, in the title-page to a large manuscript book, written by one of the Gore family in 1666, and from which I shall make a few extracts.

* See Lodge's Peerage.

The more modern part of Alderton House was spacious and noble in its appearance, having a long range of galleries and apartments, with an entrance hall, which would not have disgraced one of our baronial castles, and which opened with folding-doors into a second hall and staircase, the exact counterpart of that at Hampton Court. In my young days the old apartments were never used, excepting the "Oak hall," which had been converted into a sort of inner hall or vestibule, and the library and one chamber, called the tapestry room, which was looked upon with fearful eyes by the young people as the reported abode of a certain nocturnal visitor, 'ycleped a ghost, and it is very certain that Mrs. Radcliff herself could not have chosen a place better suited to a tale of romance. The dark gobelins which covered the sides of the room with figures large as life, that appeared ready to start from the canvas, and which, to my childish fancy, really seemed to move; the high old-fashioned bed, with its dark green hangings, and the melancholy visage of one of the Gores, whose portrait hung over the high mantel, and of whom it was told, that his hand when dying was guided to sign a false will;—all conspired to throw a superstitious gloom over the chamber, while its proximity to an apartment, called "the dead room," from the circumstance of its having been for many centuries appropriated solely to the reception of the bodies of the deceased members of the family previously to interment, added not a little to the fears of the timid. The mansion stood delightfully sheltered by tall woods to the back, while about a stone's throw from the shrubbery in front, the little picturesque church, anciently a chapel, and built in the Catholic times by the Gore family for their own domestic use, formed an interesting feature in the landscape, particularly on the Sabbath-day, when the villagers might be seen in their neat holiday trim hastening along at the sound of the little tinkling bell; the party coloured ribbons of the maidens, and the red cloaks and large flowered gowns of the matrons, making a pleasant contrast to the less gay colour of nature. The whole village of Alderton belonged to the family, and I have heard my father say that, down even to a late period, it was a beautiful sight to see the "master of Aldrington" and the villagers living in harmony together like attached members of one large family. The Gores held considerable estates in several counties, and in the archives of their native county, Wilts, are many records bearing honourable mention of them as "zealous defenders of their king and country, and active promoters both of the duties of religion and hospitality."

Mary Gore, the *last* of that name who possessed Alderton, had nearly been wronged out of her birthright, for at the death of her father a will was produced, signed with his own hand, leaving the estate to his *steward*. Such an act of injustice astonished every one, and the indignation of the tenants knew no bounds. The old butler, however, had long entertained strong suspicions of the steward, and those suspicions led him to doubt the authenticity of the will. Accordingly he narrowly watched and finally detected the artful villain; for hiding himself near the place where the false steward and his accomplice met to consult, he overheard the whole plot, and where the real will was deposited, and going at nightfall to the place, found the

important document, and setting off immediately for London, reached it before the steward, who also left Alderton, taking with him the forged will.* The two wills furnished, as may be supposed, employment for the lawyers; but the Father of the fatherless went along with the orphan, and she was put in possession of the estate to the great joy of all; and on the news reaching Alderton, the villagers rang the church bells until they literally pulled them down, and to this day they have never been replaced. The said Mary Gore, who was very beautiful, married into the family of Sir Charles Hedges,† secretary of state to Queen Anne, from which family Alderton afterwards passed, by marriage, to the Montagus of Lackham, and recently, by purchase, to the present proprietor, Joseph Nield, Esq., the fortunate heir to the immense wealth of the late Rundle, jeweller.

I shall now wind up this little sketch with an extract which I think will be alike interesting to the moralist and the antiquarian. Mr. Gore's preface to the genealogical history of the Gores of Aldrington, abounds with all that pithy humour and aptness of expression which so much distinguish the *old* writers from the *moderns*, whose chief merit lies in the happy flow of language in which they dress up the ideas of others. In lamenting the degeneracy of his own times, Mr. Gore seems to have contemplated the still greater falling off in religion and morality to which we have now arrived. Though quaint phrases and equally quaint metaphors give an air of homeliness to his style, still there is more of sterling sense and sound philosophy in one page than in a whole library of the dandy compositions of the day, while those who foolishly give way to family pride may learn a useful lesson from his work. Alas! those ancestral relics, which he so laboriously collected and carefully arranged, of what avail are they now, but to tell of an *extinct* family who once possessed the land, and dwelt in that old mansion of which not one stone is left upon another! The following is copied verbatim from the family book.

"PREFACE

"*To a Genealogical History of the Ancient Family of the Gores, of Aldrington, Wilts.*

"Courteous reader.—The occasion of thy present trouble arose from the serious consideration of what in late ages hath befallen many gentlemen of ancient and renowned families, who, through the careless and riotous living of some of their progenitors, were not only deprived of divers lands and ample possessions, long enjoyed by their ancestors, but also of all their evidences and testimonials of them, from whom they descended *longâ serie*, having nothing left them more than a beare name to speak them ancient. The like infelicity may be too justly feared will befall many now in future times, for in this age of ours, some men are arrived at such a height of wickedness that with them nothing is accounted good but what all pious and sober

* The forged will had the real signature of Mr. Gore, his hand having been really guided (by the steward) when he was dying, to sign it.

† Her portrait is still in the Montagu family. She is drawn somewhat fancifully, with a fawn at her side, and her naked foot peeping from under the drapery.

persons will judge notoriously bad. Nothing studied but modes and vices of the times. All kinds of good literature being unknown—quite out of fashion, and made the object of men's laughter and scorn, and not (as in past ages) of their admiration and respect. As for antiquity of stock, it is generally looked upon with a careless eye, he being esteemed by many the best gentleman that is thus qualified; viz., first, he that wears the gaudiest cloaths, as if he resolved to make his body a lure for the devil, and with his bravery would make a bait should tempt the tempter to fall in love with him. Secondly, he that wears the longest periwig, borrowed, perhaps, from the scalp of some deceased ruffian, with a feather in his hat which a silly bird was, but a while ago, weary of carrying in her tail. Thirdly, he that can take off the most cups, as if he meant to carry liquor enough with him in his poor body to quench the flames of hell. And he is accounted the most learned (though he can scarce read his primer or write his own name) that can bring out the greatest variety of oaths of his own coining, or at the best, has out of *Don Quixote* or some romance more in fashion, furnished himself with a few high-flying, empty compliments, and an idle tale or two to make up his discourse at the next ordinary. This man, I say, by the votes of his simple companions, is cryed up for the only man of his time; far above him that can trace his descent from a long train of noble progenitors, and adds no small lustre thereunto by his own pious, grave, and manly deportment and learning. As for the books, rolls, manuscripts, and other evidences of true nobility and worth, carefully preserved by their forefathers, many gentlemen in our days convert them either to light their tobacco, or to some other as bad, if not worse, use. As for the lands and estates descended to them, it is not thought by our gallants an act of wisdom to endeavour their improvement, lest they should incur the name of good husbands, which they almost as perfectly hate as to be good indeed. Nor will many of them be content to keep what was descended unto them whole and entire, but adjudging Naboth, a tenacious ill-bred fellow, for being unwilling to part with the inheritance of his fathers to importunate Ahab. They do not scruple to adventure whole lordships of their ancient inheritance upon one cast of the *dice*, or race of horse, match of cock-fighting, suit of apparel, jewel, or the like vanity: or else will bestow them (ofttimes) nobly, as they phrase it, upon some swaggerer or boon companion that hath sate with them, day after day, in some blind and nasty ale-house or gaming-house, by which means we may really fear the speedy ruin and destruction of many ancient notable families, and the total subversion of all the relics of venerable antiquity amongst us. The consideration of which sad premises did exceedingly incite me to spare neither cost nor pains in the search after the testimonials or proofs of the several descents of my ancestors, (the subject of this book,) that I might erect, as it were, a monumental pillar to preserve their memory for future generations, as also to lay a strong foundation for posterity to build upon.

"Concerning the method of this book, it is thus: first, I have singled out every person or head of the family, (for the time being,) his arms, together with the time and place of his birth, baptizing, marriage,

issue, lands, offices or employments, last will and testament, death, burial, inventory, probate of his will, tomb and epitaph. Secondly, I have added thereunto several testimonials or proofs of all the said premises, diligently and faithfully extracted from old records, ledger books, printed books, manuscripts, charters, parish registers, court rolls, residences, visitations of counties, tombs, and arms, that so the genealogy might be complete.

"I know that some will be very ready to throw dirt upon me for this enterprise—those being usually most free in censuring other men's works, which are least able to produce any of their own.

"But as the poet sayeth, 'Many carps are expected when *curious* eyes go a fishing;' yet, I know no reason why I should regard their censure, as their applause would not much tickle me, so neither their rash sentance discourage me. Sure I am I have done nothing but what the like hath had its *probatum est* in former ages; yea, in the sacred story, as will easily appear to him that consults the following texts, which from sundry others I have culled out for his better satisfaction. Viz. Numbers i. 12—18; ii. 2, 3, 4; xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 1 Chron. iv. 3; Ezra, ii. 2, &c.; Nehemiah, vii. 5—64,; Genesis, v. 1; Proverbs, xvii. 6

"It is, and ever shall be, my hearty prayer, that God, who is rich in mercy, will grant that neither the sins of my forefathers, mine own, or those of my posterity, may cause him to withdraw his wonted loving-kindness from us, or to suffer our name,* which merely through his good providence hath been continued to this day, to be rooted out of the earth till the earth shall be no more.

"Pardon, gentle reader, this my prolixity, peruse this treatise seriously, and censure modestly, and then I shall wish thee farewell.

S. G.

"*Aldrington.*

"This 23rd day of January, 1666."

* Admiral Sir John Gore, who married the daughter of Sir George Montagu, is descended from a collateral branch of this family.

(To be continued.)

NAMES.

"WHAT's in a name?" exclaims the Avon bard, "a rose under any other name would smell as sweet." At the risk of exposing ourselves to the imputation of presumption, we answer, there is *much* in a name—much more than meets the ear; if the mere sound be considered—the simple unconnected word—then the poet's assertion is correct; and names are but fashioned air—mere shapings of the breath—shadowy, unsubstantial, empty, and unmeaning; but be it remembered that names are symbolic—perceptible representations of the imperceptible, as well as signs of the sensible and apparent—they are associating ties, linking the present to the past—bridges by which we pass the gulf of time, and reach the world to come—they are the keys of thought, unlocking the mental cells, and presenting meditational materia—they are the stimulus of the memory, and reminiscences of the departed: a single word uttered, like the touching of a spring, throws open the doors of recollection, and makes absent things present, distant things near, former scenes recur, former joys again delight, and buried griefs oppress. The gates of the tomb fly open, and its tenants stand before us habited in youth, and clothed in beauty—years are obliterated and time removed—we again are young—we again are active, vigorous, and strong—we re-act what once we acted—we again hope as once we hoped—we again fear as once we feared. Such, then, is the magic power of names; and though a rose under any other name might actually and *bonâ fide* smell as sweet, yet if that garden gem, of flowers the queen, bore an unsavoury appellation, the world might remain in ignorance of its fragrance, and it might chance to bloom, blossom, and decay, its virtues all unknown, its merits undivulged, blushing unseen, and wasting its "sweetness on the desert air." Who, for instance, would ever dream of smelling (except, perchance, some prosaic botanising booby) at a dandelion, (I omit its *alias,*) or snuffing at a buttercup? What ideas do such cognomina present, indicative of either sense or sentiment, balm or beauty? The one certainly reminds you, in its twofold designation, of the "puppy dog" and the "lion;" and the other is ideally associated with Cheshire cheese and Irish butter, which, unlike Othello, "Albeit *given* to the *melting* mood," are not extremely poetical. No—there is much more truth in the old saying, "Give a dog a bad *name*, and hang him;" for far better would it be that he should quit the stage of canine existence, dangling from a tree by the side of some sweet stream, melodiously murmuring his requiem, the birds singing masses to his soul, (if he have one,) and the autumn-tinted foliage forming for him a winding-sheet, and the bark of the tree his coffin. Alas! for him, it is his *last bark*. Better, I say, to die thus, than to drag out a miserable existence—the kicked of all the kickers—the denounced of all denunciators—having the fear of surly housemaids constantly before his eyes, and haunted with the horrors unspeakable of tin tea-kettles, pewter saucepans, and other ingeniously devised tortures, with which scholastic imps (generally the pride of papas for their precocious talents, and the pets of mamas, who smile at the little dear's innocent divertisements) "visit all his race," until the poor devil, "more sinned against than sinning," either gives up the ghost in the common gutter, or has an end put to his miseries by the merciful interference of a cart-wheel; and never more will he point, (not a moral but) a partridge—never more will he wag his *tail*—he is only fit for

flaying, and *meet* for sausages, and his death is celebrated, not in verse, or as Milton expresses it,

> " In many a rhyming bout,
> And *linked* sweetness long drawn out ;"

But—

> With many a pot of stout,
> In *linked sausages* long drawn out.

Better that he should die by hydrostatics, than be accused of hydrophobia—happier for him that he had perished in his puppyhood, than lead the life of *such* a *dog*. I again repeat, " Give a dog a bad name, and hang him." For who would venture to enter a farm-yard alone, if he knew that the owner possessed a dog called *Tiger*, or *Wolf*, or *Nero*? But who would refuse to fondle a dog that answered to the name of *Di*, *Fidelle*, or *Flora*? The former are fearful names, conveying ideas of cruelty, blood-thirstiness, and ferocity. On hearing them we are insensibly led to think of the two most irreclaimable beasts of the forest, whose delight is in human gore, and of Rome's imperial monster, who complacently swept his fingers across the strings of his lute, whilst his city was burning, and his subjects were being devoured by the conflagration. But the latter names produce an impression of gentleness, fidelity, and attachment; a dog, with such a name, a child " of timid ones most timid," would not hesitate to pat; nay, would even venture to take liberties with his mouth, and make itself familiar with his tail. Who would approve of the contiguity of a dog named *Crab*? or who could, without some internal misgivings, take upon his knee (for its dear mistress' sake of course, as all singly-blessed maidens of a certain age, who patronise puppies and love their lap-dogs, insist upon the doctrine of " love me love my dog ") one that was 'ycleped *Wasp*? or who could sit at a table without some degree of emotion, and tranquilly stretch out his legs, if he thought it probable that his toes would come in contact with my lady's pet, who rejoiced under the name of *Snap*? We know a lady who lost all her friends merely from the fact of having a plethoric poodle in her drawing-room, who was called *Cæsar*.

A Mr. *Peacock*, do we not expect him to " unfold a *tail*?" or a Mr. *Cock*,* that he will *crow* over us? or if we meet a surgeon of the name of *Duck*, do we not suspect him to be little better than a *quack*? or an attorney surnamed *Petty*, do we not mentally add " *Fogger*?" Who would allow a surgeon to bleed him whose name was *Thurtell*? who would trust his life in the hands of a physician called *Graves*? who but a Welshman would employ a shoemaker called *Leek*? who save a Frenchman would hire a cook called *Garlic*? or a footman called *Slow*? who would read the poetry of a " *Gomeril*?" and who could expect anything from a *Hogg* but a grunt?

Let it not be supposed that we have fabricated these names to suit the occasion, for we assert on our honour, that they are all *real* " bonâ fide " names, and attached to persons of the professions we have mentioned.

In the town of L———, there lived a man whose name was Robert Buzz—right well we knew him—and a better man never drew breath—a nobler spirit was never clad in human shape. But sorely was he tried—heavily, most heavily was the chastening hand of affliction laid upon him; yet was he patient under suffering, and with a philosophic—or rather a Christian fortitude—did he endure all the kicks and buffets of outrageous fortune. He was alone in the world. No parents' tender care did he ever

* We know a gentleman of that name, and we really pity him the continual play upon his name.

know—bereft of both in infancy, strangers administered to him that aid and comfort, which come most sweetly from a mother's hands. No uncles or aunts—no brothers or sisters, "Nor wife, nor children dear, e'er did he behold;" he was like a solitary tree, planted far from its parent stem, and kindred shoots—but the grave has closed over his sorrows—and peace be to his ashes! He is interred just at the entrance of the churchyard at L———, and never do we pass by his grave, on our way to church, but we mentally exclaim, "Alas! poor Buzz!"

Robert Buzz was naturally of a delicate constitution, possessing so weakly a frame, that it was considered doubtful whether or not he would survive his infancy; and it is stated that when he was a year old, so diminutive was he, that a breakfast cup would completely cover his face. With the greatest care and attention, however, he was reared; but owing to his extreme delicacy, he was twelve years of age before it was thought safe to send him to school—and then he was attended by a maid servant, his body enveloped in two or three great coats, and his neck multitudinously surrounded with comforters and kerchiefs. It may be thought extraordinary that, having no relations, so much attention should be bestowed upon him; but his sole guardian had been his father's most intimate friend, and was a kind-hearted old man; whilst his sister was one of those benevolent *seniores vestales* who pour forth in an abundant stream, when once they have found an object, the affection which has long been pent up within their bosoms. But to return from our digression—rendered necessary to solve the apparent mystery of his kindly treatment.

We have said that he was twelve years of age before he was sent to school; and it may naturally be inferred, from his never having learnt a letter until that advanced period towards puberty, that the sickly schoolboy soon became an object of contempt and ridicule to his more progressed and hardier school-fellows; besides, from the mode which had been adopted by his petting protectress of bringing him up, he was exceedingly shy, and not at all able to compete with the pert, pragmatic, monkeys of half his years, who were up to all the tricks of that miniature world, a school, and to whom mischief was as the bread of life. According to the custom of those little republics, which delight in *sobriquets*, and nominal abridgments, he was soon familiarly called Bobby—Bobby Buzz, and from that, on account, we suppose, of his extreme bashfulness, and apparent dulness, (we say apparent, for he was not really dull,) he soon acquired the title, "*Booby Buzz.*" The Romans, we are told, used, whenever fortune made a happy throw, to mark that day with a white stone. "Alas! Robert Buzz—the day that thou acquiredst that infernal nickname, well mightest thou, on the contrary, have marked it with a black one—nickname, might it truly be called, for old Nick himself must have been the sponsor." Seldom do we lose, when once acquired, such names—they cling to us through existence, they haunt us night and day, they follow us in every department and relation of life, and even on the bed of death they do not forsake us—they are our double—our evil genius—they taint the cup of pleasure, and render the bowl of bitterness more bitter. We ourselves, who are now writing this article, sorrow in a nickname, but we dare not tell it, lest the reader should laugh, and decline to peruse this our philosophical essay. No—our motto is "*stat nominis umbra,*" and as long as our name is unknown we are respected. Our friend we say was entitled Booby Buzz—and Booby Buzz was he called to his dying day. Years rolled on, and Mr. Robert Buzz left school and went to college. He studied hard, and acquired the requisite modicum of classic lore, to enable him to pass his examinations with credit. But on the critical day when his turn had arrived, when charged with learning to the very muzzle, crammed with Latin and Greek like a turkey for the spit, he was proceeding with heart elate, and beaming eye,

and cheeks flushed with hope and expectation, some one exclaimed "Make way for Booby Buzz." There was a general titter in the room—even his examiners could not forbear a smile—the name fell upon his ear like a funeral knell. His heart sank, the colour forsook his cheek, and paled was the ineffectual fire of his eye; his expectations vanished, his confidence abated, and "Hope withering fled, and honour bade farewell."

With faltering feet, and slow, he advanced, but it was all over with him—the labour of months had disappeared—the fruits of the midnight lamp, and the early dawn, had decayed; his mathematics had faded into thin air, and his Latin and Greek had made themselves wings and flown away; not a question could he answer, his memory slumbered more profoundly than the seven sleepers, and had his mind been washed with the water of Lethe, it could not have exhibited more vacuity. Of course he was turned back, and all agreed that Booby Buzz was a greater booby than ever. He returned to his chamber melancholy and forlorn, and for three days and three nights neither ate, drank, nor slept, but spent the time in "lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning." He at length roused himself from his lethargy, and after some time passed in severe study, he at last succeeded in getting his degree. In course of time he was ordained, (for he had chosen the church as his profession,) and the day had arrived when for the first time he was to mount the pulpit, and exhort sinners to repentance. He had prepared his maiden sermon with great care—he had revised and corrected it, and re-revised and re-corrected it, until he thought it was quite perfect. For weeks he had been stringing his nerves for this first effort; he had committed his sermon to memory, and repeated it aloud fifty times, to accustom himself to the sound of his own voice; he attitudenised before a glass, and had studied every expression of the face, of deep solemnity, of winning persuasion, of smiling encouragement, and of frowning denunciation. And now, with his manuscript bound in black morocco, he ascended the steps of the pulpit, to awaken sinners from the sleep of sin, and denounce damnation to the obstinately wicked. He had chosen for his discourse the subject of faith, a portion of scripture relative to Abraham's offering up of Isaac, and God's promises to him and his seed for ever. It consisted of a number of verses, but let the quotation of one suffice, which he uttered in an audible voice, and with a very impressive gravity, "And it came to pass after these things, that it was told Abraham, saying, Behold, Milcah, she hath also borne children unto thy brother Nahor, Huz is first-born, and Buz is brother." There could not have been for Booby Buzz a more unfortunate text in the whole Scripture, including the Apocrypha. He stopped suddenly short, as if conscious of it for the first time—the congregation began to titter—never was the word buz so buzzed into his ear. Throughout the whole church there was a general buz, and he himself for the first time, came over to the world's opinion, that Booby Buz was indeed a booby.

He could not proceed, and even if he had had the power, it was not in the course of nature, that the congregation could so far recover their gravity, as to become attentive and instructed listeners. To recount all the misfortunes that waited upon Booby Buzz in consequence of his unhappy name, would be impossible, for they were endless. How he made numberless ineffectual efforts to distinguish himself, but was always foiled, and compelled to retreat covered with ridicule and shame—and how he made several proposals of marriage, but was invariably rejected, as no lady had the moral courage to be styled Mrs. Booby Buzz.

Having dilated in the previous part of this dissertation on the evil consequences accruing to such of the canine race as are unfortunate in an ill-selected name, and proved, we trust satisfactorily, that to bestow on a dog a repulsive appellation, is all the same as to pass sentence of death

on him, or (which is worse) condemn him to a life of torture, "and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes;" inasmuch, if you conceive a dislike to any member of that four-footed community, from the noblest to the most ignoble, from the elegant and symmetrically formed greyhound, down to the veriest cur, that delights in snarls, and deals in snaps, you have only to bawl out, at the top of your lungs, "Mad dog —mad dog!" and you immediately enlist the public sympathy, and the poor unfortunate is forthwith devoted to destruction, and before he has paraded the length of a single street, most probably meets with his execution.

Alas! what dreadful results, what direful events, what disappointments and disasters, have attended upon thousands of our own species, from the folly, caprice, or vanity of their godfathers and godmothers. Too often has the baptismal font been the fount of sorrow; too often has the sprinkling of a drop of water upon the face, proved in the end a "drop too much," and even, sometimes, has been productive of that last and most fatal of all drops, "the Newgate drop," which no man ever tasted twice, or liveth to tell of. Too frequently is the baptismal banquet, when the delighted mother carries the dear token of her husband's love, (and though but a "*penny token*," thinking it worth its weight in gold,) round the room, to be kissed, and hugged, and beslavered by the admiring company, whilst the simpering father, unskilled in the delicate art of nursing, fondles the ill-favoured brat, (which, "like Niobe is all tears," and all unconsious of having a "local habitation and a name,") having his own spooney face taken in little, like a bear fondling a cub; frequently, we repeat, has this christening feast been the forerunner of many fasts—every bottle that is cracked being the precursor of a cracked skull—and every *toast* that is drunk, the harbinger of a lack of *bread*. Thousands of men, and women also, have been cursed with the misery of a name. Let a man be blest with every qualification, which nature in its most lavish mood can bestow upon him—let him be tall and well-fashioned, every limb betokening strength, yet every motion full of grace, having Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,

> "An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
> A station, like the herald Mercury,
> New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
> A combination, and a form, indeed,
> Where every god should seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man;"

let him have talents of the highest order; knowledge the most varied, and a tongue on which persuasion sits, a heart warm and beating with every generous impulse, a voice melodious as the carol of a bird, and a hand open as day to melting charity; nay, let him be even rich in worldly gear, which this mammonian generation most esteems, yet if he have not a good name, it is nothing.

> "Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
> Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
> Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
> But he that filches from me my *good name*,
> Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed."

Exempli gratiâ: What will be expected of a man whose distinctive appellation is *William Button?* Tell us not that he is handsome, that he is accomplished, that he is rich and noble. In spite of our teeth, we cannot help associating him with that celebrated portion of vegetable

diet, (videlicit, *cabbage,*) whose eventful journey to Brentford has so frequently and so justly afforded amusement to the rising generation, who chose his horse by its colour, and decided on that colour by his pattern-book; who obstinately persisted, contrary to all precedent, in sitting cross-legged, and different from all other equestrians (from Castor, that twin-god of riders, downwards to Mr. Ducrow, who, at Astley's, doth nightly "'witch the world with noble horsemanship,") determined on riding *dos-à-dos,* his hands firmly grasping the tail for a bridle, while, in all its proud rotundity, his "rear rank kept close order" on the crupper. In vain is such a man a candidate for admission into what is technically termed *genteel* society. No person can see him without fancying that he smells goose: in vain does he, on his bended knees, solicit the hand of the fair enslaver of his soul—no, there is not a lady in the land that has not "a soul above buttons:"—like a leper, he is driven from society—he is completely *goosed* off the stage, and he drags out his weary life in solitude, lamenting his unfortunate name, and the world's unjust antipathy to buttons. Nay, not even when he is dead, does he escape the rancour of the world, for in his epitaph he is represented as having had his *thread* of life clipped short by the *shears* of death, and his grave is unfeelingly called a *button-hole.*

We ask our fair reader, whether if a Mr. *Sheepshanks* were ushered into her presence, her first impulse would not be to look at his legs? Or a Mr. *Butcher,* whether she would not immediately think of a *lamb,* and the murder of the innocents, in which she supposes him to "out Herod Herod?" And if Mrs. *Snipe,* her milliner, be announced, doth she not forthwith conclude that she has come to present her *bill?* Or to ask our candid male reader, if he met with a Mr. *Partridge* in company, whether he is not tempted to make *game* of him? Or a Mr. *Hare,* to *roast* him? Or a Mr. Fowl, to *baste* him? I once knew a very respectable and learned man—a parson and a pedagogue—who found, to his great dismay and astonishment, that all his friends, one by one, were dropping away from him: he was perfectly unconscious of the reason—he knew of no offence given in word or deed to cause this "decline and fall" of friendship; in his sermons there were no personal allusions, no side-wipes, no individual castigation; he never attacked gluttony, wine-bibbing, and drunkenness, if the vicar were there; he preached not against want of charity, hardness of heart, profane swearing, chambering and wantonness, if the justice were there; and if the justice's wife and family honoured the church with their presence,—if they had no visitors, and the roads were too dusty for riding, or too wet for walking, he did not denounce pride, vanity, and worldly-mindedness; neither did he preach against envy, hatred, and malice, scandal, tea-sipping, and *goss-sipping,* if certain elderly damsels of the old school were seen in their pew nodding their paralytic heads. And to his pupils, though he was frequently severe, yet he never brought blood, and never actually laid open a boy's skull but once, and that was under peculiar circumstances, so that poor Syntax was quite dumb-foundered and at sea. At length the cause was discovered, which was this:—A master of a schooner, trading in the Mediterranean, had made him a present of a huge, black "she-dog," which he had received as a mark of respect from a Greek, with whom, to use the cant phrase, "he did business," and who, it seems, was not always prepared to "tip the ready." This Greek boasted of being a lineal descendant of Menelaus, so the last recipient, the learned Theban, had given her the classical soubriquet of Helena, she being of the softer sex. Now Helena being too long a word, he more frequently called her by the first syllable, which was Hel. Be it understood, that this "rearer of the tender thought" was very ugly, being exceedingly tall and spare, his bones starting from his skin,

like an alarmed rabbit, peeping from her hole; his nose being of the "hawk's-bill" species, an eye minus, and the remaining one squinting, as if it were looking after its "absent friend," which, "though lost to sight, was still to memory dear;" his black oleaginous hair, flowing in elf locks down his shoulders, his complexion in colour bearing a resemblance to brown pasteboard, and his teeth, or rather tusks, of elephantine size and saffron hue, denoting magnanimous powers of mastication and small acquaintance with the brush. To proceed to his dog, she was a "towsy tyke, black, grim, and large," (precisely the same as Burns describes in his "Tam O'Shanter,") having a fearful and portentous aspect, though in reality (as her master assured every one) perfectly harmless. Be that as it may, when the good preacher called out Hel., Hel., his friends shrank back aghast, and the vulgar fled in trepidation and alarm, and all agreed that she was no bad type of the nether regions; whilst they were forced to confess, that her master was no indifferent representation of the devil, for the parson's exterior "was fierce as ten furies," and his dog "looked terrible hell." Well what was the consequence of this? None of his friends would call upon him, lest they should see Hel.: if they met him on the road, like the Levite, they passed over to the other side, lest they should come in the way of "Hel.;" there was no alternative—"Hel." must be parted with, but no person would have her, so little (unlike the wise steward) had she made friends with the children of this world, that all with one consent refused to take her into their houses. What was to be done? The pedagogue, though severe, was not sanguinary, and tender, though a taskmaster; he pitied the poor animal and pleaded for her life, but parishioners were clamorous, and the circumstance coming to the ears of the justice, he said, that though the parson was privileged to introduce hell in the pulpit, he had no business to frighten people with it out of church, it was therefore unanimously decided that poor Hel. should be hanged. This story illustrates the truth of the saying, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." What we have related is a fact, and we could name names, only that it would be invidious, and might bring ridicule upon a worthy man, and a preacher of the Gospel, whose only fault, or rather failing, was a misplaced affection.

So much for dogs. In the next article we shall proceed up the scale of creation to men.

THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

As I would, if I could, make my life at last useful, to make amends for the injuries I have done, I will pause here to make a few observations upon this subject. We have an institution for the reception of abandoned females, and an infinity of other charities, but none to which a repentant or compelled thief, when he may be disposed to mend his ways, can apply for assistance in finding the road to honesty. Habit, it must be allowed, is very powerful; but no man ever wholly parts with his conscience, or that internal sense which shows us right from wrong; thieves, therefore, like other men, are subject, under their vicissitudes and different states of constitutional health and feeling, to remorse, and alternate resolutions to pursue their evil courses; and it is certain, judging from my experience, that if a place of reception were open, and some good system laid down to train them into a path of honest industry, that every day, men, who have been involved in crime, would come in and submit themselves to any regulations which were calculated to effect the object. It is a popular notion, that once a thief always a thief; this is only so far true as relates to the fact, that once in the line of dishonesty there are no bye turnings, or branch roads, by which men can cut across into the direct and main path to honesty. To me it appears very surprising, that in this monied and would-be thought charitable country, there should be no port open for men who (if I may be allowed the expression) are at sea in society. It is equally surprising that all the moralists and legislators, who are considered the wise men of the age, should have allowed themselves to fall into so gross an error as to suppose that any class of men are morally and irrecoverably lost. In the course of my experience I have conversed with very many men, belonging to what we call the *family*, who were anxious to be honestly engaged; and frequently made resolutions to embark in any petty way of trade when they could realize sufficient capital to do so, rather than live in a continual state of alarm under the lashing of a reproaching conscience; and I can now point out a number of families holding a respectable station in life as middling tradesmen, the fathers of which were at one time regularly on the town, living wholly upon the cross; but who possessed virtue and resolution enough, when in possession of money, to make amends for the manner in which it was acquired, by using it honestly. Please to remember, reader, that I have not, for a moment, employed myself in apologizing for a course of dishonesty, because the party, if successful, means to become an honest man hereafter; I am not quite so

[1] Continued from p. 224.

uninformed as to suppose that we are, or ought to be, allowed to make any such terms with our consciences or the law. A man may possess a great deal of virtue, and yet not have enough to make him become a martyr to his conscience, and starve for the cause of honesty.

It is my object to remove a popular prejudice, viz. that all thieves, old or young, are irreclaimable, or as writers on this subject express it, the exceptions are so few as not to be worth a consideration. The practice of stealing for a livelihood injures the health, shakes the constitution, and makes men nervous in the extreme; showing that whatever face may be put on, or hardihood assumed, the conscience and the fear of punishment are always in operation; hence it is, that most offenders in the end become great drinkers, flying to it in the first instance to raise their spirits, and drown for a temporary season their own compunctions of conscience. No men existing are so much subject to fits of lowness of spirits, cursing themselves and the fates which made them to endure such a horrible life as that of living, as it were, upon the top of the Monument, in momentary expectation of falling headlong to the bottom. Now if, when these fits were on them in their strongest moments of action, a ladder were placed within their reach to descend out of danger, is it not reasonable to suppose they would avail themselves of it? But the thief, however he become so, never has a ladder offered him, except it be to help him out of the world. There is a monstrous blunder made in these matters; the Christian, proud and vain of his reputation for honesty, says, "Give a thief no consideration, if you do, you will encourage crime, and countenance criminals;" but I say, the people, for want of understanding the question, withhold the means for their escape from the profession, and thus increase the number of offenders every year.

I do not pretend to be wise enough to dictate to the government how the business ought to be done; but this I know, that there should be a bye-door provided, through which a repentant rogue might escape from his fellows; one which would act as a safety valve, and keep down the power and influence of the brotherhood, protecting society against explosions. These observations have all sprung out of my supposing myself to be set adrift again upon the world, by those who knew I must return to my old calling; this, however, did not happen, as will presently be shown; but it does occur eight times a year at the Old Bailey, where from fifty to one hundred, like what I then was, are let loose without there being one effort made to save them, or to protect society from the depredations they must, on their liberation, commit. Look also at the number which are daily discharged, of the same stamp, from all the metropolitan prisons, after various short terms of imprisonment. I say, when it is considered that the whole body of offenders in London do (as I did) pass many times through the hands of justice, what can be thought of the government, or of the sanctified members of the community, who send men to preach to, and disturb, foreign society, while they let pass such an opportunity to exert themselves at their own threshhold? If these missionary saints, and many other useless societies, would but use their money in building asylums for the reception of one or two thousand men, they might much more usefully employ their emissaries at home, than in writing foolish letters from the other side of the globe to gull people out of their money, for no earthly purpose than to support a few individuals who are too loose in their ideas to settle at home in any regular calling, and therefore go vagabondizing about in strange lands under the pretext of serving the cause of religion.* Now, as I say, if these asylums were built, I should recommend the following course to be pursued, viz. that no individual, who entered a prison under a sentence of a criminal court, should be allowed to go out of it without being frequently visited

* We do not coincide with all this.—Ed.

by agents which should be employed for that purpose; the main object of the visitors should be to address each prisoner in something after this style: "I am here for the purpose of ascertaining who and what you are, the cause, which have led you into crime, your friends and connexions, and what are your prospects when you shall leave this place." The answers to these queries should be taken down in writing, and diligent inquiry made regarding their correctness: this mode of proceeding would very soon inform the agents employed how many positive and genuine regular offenders they had to deal with, each of which should be addressed as follows: "We know that you are a thief by trade, and that you cannot now, through loss of character, ever again, without help, get into the path of honesty; we are here for the purpose of giving you that help; we have an asylum for your reception when your imprisonment is at an end. If you have a trade you may work at it for tweve months in our establishment, during which we will endeavour to offer you every facility for recovering proper habits to enable you in future to obtain your own bread honestly. If you have none, we will take you in and provide for your present wants, until your friends, if you have any, shall advise with us and make some arrangements for your future path; if you are entirely destitute, we will convey you to a country where work is abundant and wages high, upon the equitable terms of your undertaking to repay our agent in the colony the charge for your passage, out of the money you are sure to earn when there."

This is already a long digression; I will not, therefore, stop to discuss all the advantages which might arise out of this or some other similar plan; certain it is that none, after the first conviction, could have an excuse for going again to prison.

Suppose a father, with an abundant and well-stocked larder, to withhold food from his hungry son, and every time the famished boy helped himself, the father gave him a severe flogging, still withholding and prohibiting his taking any food from the larder. It is evident the boy would dread the whipping, but would not his hunger impel him to brave it for food? Now let the father increase the punishment to any extent he may, still if the boy can reach the food, nature will compel him to eat until the punishment disables or destroys the functions of the stomach. The world is the larder, the father is the government, and the boy the thief, who is so against his will. But to return to my own case. The following day the ordinary told me that he had found out my late master's female servant, and that from all she said, he was tolerably well satisfied, as regarded the last charge against me, of my innocence; and moreover added, that he would help me all he could. The servant girl had promised to find out the man who served in the shop, and to attend on the day of my trial, which it appears she did; but meeting with somebody who told her I was a real thief, and that if she went into court, she would be asked some very rude questions how she could know that I was at home in bed at the time of the robbery, unless she was in the same room with me, she took fright, and left the place with the shopman, who said he would have nothing to do with such a bad business. Many thousands besides me have suffered from the shuffling of witnesses, who will scarcely ever come up for the accused party; and a man in prison can rarely obtain the means to enforce or punish them for neglect, even when served with a subpœna to appear.

On the first day of session we were all three arraigned at the bar, when the prosecutor and his wife again giving the same evidence as before the magistrate, we were found guilty and forthwith sent to the cells, where we remained until the last day of the session, when we were brought up with thirty others and sentenced to suffer death.

As I said in the former part of this work, my life was of such a nature

that I had learnt not to be much moved by its vicissitudes, although I never failed to reason on the events as they occurred. I considered myself in the hands of fate, which was wholly the effect of a conjunction of the planets at my birth.

In this state of mind I should have submitted to the law had not my two fellow-prisoners, seeing their own doom sealed, used every effort to save one they knew to be innocent, at least, of that crime for which he was condemned. A statement in the form of a petition to the Secretary of State, was drawn up at the suggestion of the ordinary, in which all the facts of the case were set forth, and which statement was signed by the guilty and convicted malefactors, declaring who were concerned with them; in consequence of which they were apprehended, when the prosecutor was induced to see them, and to acknowledge that he was mistaken in saying I was the man, although there was no similitude between me and the person who actually committed the outrage upon himself and wife. Although my case, when taken up by the ordinary, was made out clearly as being one of innocence, the Secretary of State would not graut a pardon, or recognize it as one of error until the prosecutor was shown the real thief. I had then nothing to thank him for; my pardon was forced upon him; he appeared however up to the last moment to wish to hang an extra man, to make doubly sure that he had all the offenders concerned in that one affair of robbery. As my case had made some little noise in the prison, when the free pardon came down on a Saturday night, the sheriffs and several aldermen met on Sunday morning before chapel time, and sent for me into a private room. Here they told me I was a free man, and desired me to recapitulate the story of my life as I had first related it to the chaplain of the prison. Having complied with their desire as concisely as I could, the sheriff asked me if I would consent to stay in the prison until Monday, when he meant to confer with the other gentlemen, members of the city authorities, and see what could be done for me. I was now removed out of the cells into the infirmary, as a place the most unlike constraint of any other part of the prison. I had not been here long before a man was brought in who had stabbed himself with a penknife in the lower part of the abdomen; he was no sooner laid upon the table than I discovered him to be an old associate in the pickpocketing department, and I could not help laughing outright when, seeing me, he said, "John, do you think I shall die? because if you do, I will say my prayers." Hearing this pious resolution, another prisoner exclaimed, "Oh! he's going to die, make haste and fetch a Bible, or it will be too late."

The religious sentiments put forth by these two men at the time made me laugh, it is true, but it was the occasion of much reflection afterwards. In the afternoon of the same day I had a specimen of another character. On a bed in the same ward where I was, there lay a man in the last stage of sickness, but who was under orders for execution the following morning at eight o'clock. The moment I saw him I was struck with a peculiar interest in his fate, and could not help thinking that I had before known him. I went up to the bedside, and said, "How do you feel yourself?" He neither moved his eyes, nor made any reply; I had my doubts whether he was alive, when after a few moments, hearing footsteps on the stone stairs, he with animation turned his head, and said, "If you wish me well, prevent this cursed old bore who is coming up stairs from teazing me as he does."

Almost at the same moment that this was expressed, my good friend the chaplain entered the ward, and the sick man turned his face to the wall. The ordinary, taking a chair close to the bedside, began his discourse by asking the man, so near death both from natural and unnatural causes, how he was. "Best when alone," was the reply. "Have you read those

prayers which I pointed out to you?" continued the minister, taking up a book and offering it across the bed. The sick man took it, turning himself at the same time upon his back, then holding up the fore finger of his left hand, he balanced the book upon it, and kept turning it round as if for amusement, and to divert his attention from what was said.

"What! does not sickness, and the certainty of meeting death within a few hours, bring you to a state of reflection? Is it really that you believe that you have not a soul to be saved, or is this all bravado, to make the world believe you are something more than you are, a poor sinful mortal, just starting on a journey to meet his God face to face, and there to render an account of the deeds done in the flesh? I will not speak of your crimes, they are known to yourself, and be assured that they are also known to the great Judge of all men, who punishes and rewards as he thinks fit; you cannot escape his judgment, and the time is now at hand when you must receive it. Come, come! this is foolery, you have yet a few hours to live," continued the ordinary, "and may make all the atonement yet in your power; I will stay with you, and assist you, as long as you wish."

All this time the sick man was turning the book, as if in derision of the parson, and answered, "I know one thing, which is, that you know no more of the subject about which you are talking, than I do, or any other man; why then pester me with your notions, and disturb a sick man in trouble? is this the Christian charity you come to offer? if so, I am sure I shall not become a convert to you upon any terms."

The worthy minister after this could say no more, he therefore merely inquired whether he wished an attendant of any other religious persuasion, and being sharply answered, "No, no! no parson at all," he left the room. I now took the ordinary's chair, being ordered to stay with the man, who turning in his bed said, "I see you have forgotten me; but I suppose you remember getting over the workhouse wall some one or two and twenty years since?" As he spoke I caught sight of a scar on his forehead, which was rendered more conspicuous, probably, by his haggard condition; such a scar I remembered had the boy who led me out of the workhouse, whose end fate had now brought me to witness. He eagerly inquired the particulars of my history, and then related his own, taking apparently more pleasure in dwelling upon the events of his past life, than in thinking upon the approach of death—a sentence which had been passed on him for having committed a very desperate highway robbery. He had, like me, been several years on board the hulks, and in many other respects our course was very similar, as indeed are the lives of all who commence their career as sneaks. Jonstone, for that was his name, although not the one inserted in the calendar, now rose up in his bed, to give me an account of his commencement as a *grand tobyman*.

"When I left the hulks," said he, "I was determined, if they ever had me again, it should be for nothing less than a *topper*—no more *lagging* for me, I have had quite enough of that; and I tell you what, Jack, if they would let me off now for a lifer, I mean a *bellowser*, I shouldn't thank them; to be sure, I can't live long, be it any way now; but he's a poor crawling wretch who works under the *armpits*, to be *banded* and *hour'd* up in a *swimmer* all his best days, and then to be *tatted* for only winking one's eye at the moon. By G—d, I would rather be *swish'd* to a she tiger, than to wear the darbies again, and be *quodded* in a hulk; damn a *hulker*, especially if he's *knap'd a winder*. I say, Jack, work upon the topping system, that's the true game, although I am brought to in the *stone jug* once more."

In this strain did Jonstone continue talking for an hour, when exhausted with his exertion, he sank on the bed, or rather mattress. It was very evident that he was devoted to his profession, and an enthusiast

in his way of life; but he was not the first I had met with by many in my time. The complaint, which had all but carried him off before the law overtook him, was hard drinking, and an internal wound which he had received when committing his last crime: it was a question of doubt whether there was enough weight left in his body to produce strangulation when he should be hung up by the neck. He had been in Newgate upwards of four months, waiting the greater part of the time for the decision of the council, during which period he had received every possible attention from the prison doctor, who coming in just after he had again laid himself down, kindly inquired how he was, and after feeling his pulse ordered him a small glass of wine and water, which so far revived him, that he took the opportunity to thank the doctor for all his kindness, and to request that he would use his influence in procuring permission for me to stay with him during the night, and that he might not be removed to the cells. The gentleman answered, "I have done no more than my duty; you are entitled to my services, I am paid for it; regarding this person staying with you, somebody must sit up with you, and I therefore can see no objection to the request being complied with; but this I will mention to the governor; I can answer for your not being removed, because that depends on myself; there are no mattresses or bedsteads in the cells, and I should certainly object to one in your condition being removed from where you are, to so cold a place as the cells, and where it is not possible to afford you any comforts."

He then took his leave, saying he would send him some medicine in the evening. "Medicine!" exclaimed Jonstone, as he left the room; "he wants to keep me alive for the hangman to-morrow morning, I suppose; but with all his art, if the report had been delayed a few days longer, I should have cheated them—but things will have their course."

"That they will," responded I; "and the devil himself can't help doing his own work."

"Don't talk of the devil," cried Jonstone, "because he's the *quod cove* —the *screwsman* of the other world."

I was now called to witness another scene, which was too remarkable to be passed over. I heard a loud calling for help, and a great scuffling in the ward over head; I therefore ran up stairs with all possible speed, and there I saw an animal chained to the wall which had something like the appearance of a man, stooping as far as his manacles would permit him, and having with both hands hold of the doctor's leg, who was lying on his face upon the floor, struggling to get free; whilst I was proceeding up the long ward to his assistance, the doctor got his leg out of his boot and escaped into the water-closet, which was in the corner, but could not again repass without coming within reach of his enemy. As I approached the field of action the doctor called out for me to stand off, and next ordered me to ring the infirmary bell, and bring up two or three turnkeys; four came up, but so furious and dreaded was the chained man, (for a man it was,) that none dare approach him; at length, one more resolute than the rest, caught hold of his arm, when the others rushed on him, and held him fast till the doctor passed from his place of confinement; in accomplishing this, two were severely wounded, one being bitten in the cheek, and the other in the back of the hand, by the chained man. As I for some days subsequently attended upon this extraordinary being, carrying him his food, &c., I will in this place relate his case. He was a gentleman well known, at that time, upon the Stock Exchange, but having met with losses, he had recourse to raising money upon fictitious bills, until at length, (as is always the result in these cases,) he committed some very considerable forgeries upon bankers and merchants in the City of London, and upon which charges he was committed to Newgate. It appears, that while awaiting his trial, him-

self assured of a conviction, and the certainty of being executed, as no forgers were spared at that period, he conceived the plan of assuming madness, in order to save his life. This is a very old trick; few however have succeeded, unaided by the gaoler or the doctor, who, where family interest is used, will sometimes favour the deception, and thus spare respectable parties the agony of knowing that one of their relatives was executed. This man commenced his performances by looking as wildly as he could, and then playing a number of absurd tricks among his fellow prisoners, until complaint was made, and the doctor brought to examine him; the moment Mr. B——— saw him, he declared that it was an attempt at imposture; but the man was not to be thus foiled; he was playing a game for life, and therefore persevered, until at length he became dangerous, and was taken into the infirmary, when it was found necessary to chain him as above described, to the wall, with a body iron. In this situation he would not allow any one to wash or shave him; affecting not to be conscious of what he ate as food, which he seized and ate after the manner of a hungry and savage dog. The doctor, under an opinion that it was not possible for a human being to hold on a course like this for any great period, recommended that his trial should be put off for a session, fully convinced that the prisoner would be beaten before the lapse of another six weeks. In this opinion he was mistaken; the man's madness increased, and upon the eve of the following session, some dozen eminent mad doctors were called in, who all gave it as their opinion that he was actually insane. It was in this state of affairs that Mr. B——— walked up stairs to have some conversation with the declared lunatic, still convinced in his own mind that it was all feigned. Incautiously going too near him, he was seized and thrown down, and there is but little doubt that, had he not escaped out of his boot, the assumed maniac would have done his best to deprive him of life, in order to give a flourish to the affair, and revenge himself upon his only enemy to the imposture. Very shortly afterwards a jury was empannelled to try the question of sanity, when he was taken up to court with ropes, and men holding them on each side, after the manner of leading a furious bull from the stake. The evidence of the medical men given in opposition to the prison doctor, influenced the jury, and they declared him insane.

Mr. B——— followed the man back to the infirmary, having full confidence in his own judgment, and immediately ordered him to be set at liberty; then going up to him said, "You are a very clever fellow, you have never deceived me, but you have succeeded; there is now no longer any occasion for more foolery." Then handing him his razors and shaving apparatus, continued, "Go and get off that tremendous beard, wash, and make yourself decent." The man bowed, and politely thanking him, proceeded to do as he had been bid. The doctor then returned back to the session-house, where several of the gentlemen who had given their evidence were detained to dine with some of the city authorities; collecting them all together, he entreated that they would condescend to accompany him into the prison once more, with which they complied, and arrived just in time to see thé supposed lunatic seated by the fireside in the lower ward, clean, well dressed, laughing and joking with his fellow prisoners upon the merits of the hoax.

He was, however, very soon informed that his recovery was premature, for he had not been tried for the offence, and therefore could be again arraigned, which he was, three days afterwards, when he was found guilty; but as a jury had pronounced him insane, it was considered not quite consistent with the law to hang him, he was therefore transported for life; working out for himself at last, a better fate than that of going for the whole of his days to Bedlam.

The moment the doctor was liberated I returned to Jonstone, whom I

found extremely talkative and anxiously waiting to relate some further particulars of his life, of which he thought more than of his death. "When," said he, "I left the ship at Portsmouth; I had five pounds, which brought me to town, but in two or three days I was *stumpt;* a large fire happening the same night, I went into the house to bear a hand, and toddled off with a good swag: this was the first and last time I was a *tinny-hunter,* but it came just in time to *tog me out to the nines,* and put me in trim for the game I was after. You must know," continued he, "that there was a *covey* on board the *swimmer* with me, one who had been a regular *pinch-gloak,* but his time was not up for a month after mine: he and I, however, always swore we would have a shy at the *grand toby-racket* when we got upon our pins, or rather, into our *stirrups* again. Well, then, I waited until he was *unslang'd,* and come up to London, when, according to our agreement, we took the necessary steps to *go out together.* We were both of one age and *fly;* resolved to get a *cly full of ridge,* if we could but strike upon the right road, to meet with the *rag-gorgies.* Purchasing each of us a pair of *pops,* we started upon the Kent road, but for want of *prads* we at first were obliged to *spice* it; our *suit,* however, got on pretty well—we *served* it out to three *flatty-gories* in the first week, *clying* upwards of a hundred couple of *quid:* this was all done between London and Dover; we then crossed the country into Surrey, and very soon were *prad'e-backmen.* My pal went into a fair at Chichester and bought himself an *out-and-out* filly for forty pounds, saddle, bridle, and all; after this I went and did the same, only standing flat for five *quid* more. Holding a consultation of war over our *black-strap* after dinner, we came to the resolution of working our way down to Plymouth, and then to turn to the north, travel towards Manchester, and up through Birmingham home to London. This, you will say, was a wild scheme, but we accomplished it, although we many times got *beef,* and were several times nigh being *grabbed.* I only wish I was well enough to relate all the particulars of our journey, but I must presently tell you about the job for which I am *pulled up.*" I replied, "Never mind; you are too unwell to talk much:" and so indeed he was; his desire, however to speak of himself, and the uncommon pleasure he took in recounting his actions in *flash lingo,* seemed at times to give him renewed vigour and increased strength, although the violent fits of coughing which sometimes attacked him made me think he was gone. It appeared to me as if he was conscious that his time was but short, and therefore was anxious to communicate matter which he thought ought not to be lost to the world.

Having given him some tea, I went down into the ward below to get some refreshment for myself; when, however, I returned, I found him relating some of his adventures to the man I had left with him. In vain did I endeavour to divert him from his passion of talking of himself, by relating tales of my own adventures; nothing, however, to use a flash term, would *stall him off.* "Come," continued he, "you shall both hear my last affair. It is now upwards of four months, when coming up the north road, a few miles the other side of Highgate; in the Christmas week, that Ramping Bob, as I used to call him, heard a rattler and four coming along at a *spanking* rate towards us. 'I think,' cries Bob, 'here is *blunt to come,* if we two are enough to manage the *coves.*' 'Let us try,' said I, 'that's the only way to know what we can do.' Bob then called out, (*Oliver unfortunately being in town* that night, which enabled him to see at some distance,) 'There's two inside and one in the dickey, besides the two *Jack-boys.*' They were then within thirty yards of us: there is no time to be lost, thought I, as I took my *prad* tight in hand, then placing myself in the middle of the road, with my *barking-iron* pointed at the *Jacks,* 'Stop!' cried I, and Bob at the same time,

who was at my side, but the devil of any stop was in them; the *swells* inside called out, 'Go on, or I'll shoot you,' while Bob and I was riding alongside the foremost boy, *bouncing* to make him a *croaker* if he did not pull up, and if it had been but a pair *prad rattler*, 'may I,' clenching his fist, 'be smothered if I had not sent a bit of *blue pigeon* through *his nabs*, but I held off, thinking the leaders would, when they got their heads, go off at *score* and make a bad *half-penny* of the affair. Running on this way about a quarter of a mile my *out-and-out pal*, putting his *bleeders* into his *prad* galloped up to the first *Jack*, and with the but-end of his whip made his *mawleys* feel the weight of the lead which was in it; then *grabbing* the reins, he hauled up the leaders so smartly as to bring the whole four upon their haunches with a crash that unsettled the whole boiling of them. 'Well done,' cried I, dashing up to the *jigger*, and demanding the *blunt* in as loud a voice as I could, in my then state of health, bring the bellows to work, but with lots of *bounce*. Out, howsoever, jumped one of the swells, who was a *swodgill*, on the other side of the rattler, and coolly taking aim with his *stick*, brought down poor Bob, who was stopping the horses. Oh, oh! thinks I, *bolt-in-tun* must be concerned here, and off I went, and bang came a bit of *blue* after me, which I heard talking to the wind as it headed my speed: now, thought I, I've given them the *double*, for they had no means of following me at the rate I could get along. *Beefing*, however, they were lustily; when, at the turning of the road, I was brought down by a *roller* with a stroke of his long *chiv* over my head. I was bad enough at that time, (principally through Alderman Lushington though, I believe.) I have, however, several times since then been all but a *croaker* in this infernal *start*, and to-morrow I shall be a *stiff'-un* to a certain. Now, Jack," continued he, after a long pause, "although you and I have missed one another whilst doing our work in this life, only meeting at the beginning and the end of it, I hope I speak to a friend, an old pal, one who never put into his *cly slang-dues*, but is, nevertheless, *down to the moves upon the board*. I say, Jack, I have a favour to ask of you;—my *mollisher*—she's a good un, and may want a friend when I'm off—she's *out-and-out game*, and no *snitch*,—only say, you will give an eye to her, as you are a free man, and can do it, and I shall be happy." Having assured him that when I had the means I would not see her want, he composed himself, and shortly afterwards fell asleep.

An hour had not passed before his favourite woman came, having brought him some clean linen, and more decent clothes than those he wore in prison; she had obtained permission to say farewell to him through the bars of the gate which separates the prisoners from the visitors. As I knew she would only be allowed a few minutes, I awoke him, then throwing a blanket round him, at his request, I took him in my arms and carried him down to the bottom of the stairs; but before I could lead him to the gate, she gave one shriek, and fell lifeless upon the paved passage, and in that state was conveyed out of the place. Those who have not been in the way of seeing any thing of the class in which I was brought up, can have no comprehension of the devotedness of women to the interest of particular individuals to whom they are attached. The woman in question had during his long illness and imprisonment, entirely supported him, going out to daily work, although before kept in idleness, and at last parted with every thing she possessed to buy him a new shirt, and get his best clothes out of pawn, because she thought it would please him to appear well dressed upon the last occasion of his needing the use of apparel.

I have read in all the old books which give the history and lives of robbers, that they have mostly been first seduced into crime by women, and then betrayed by them. These books may be true for aught I know any

thing to the contrary, but judging from my own experience, the character of women must be strangely altered since the days to which these works refer. There are no set of men more faithless to each other upon the face of the earth, than the *family-men.* When the strongest reasons are in force to keep them united and faithful to each other, every one, knowing his own character, suspects his companion, and would at any time hang a dozen of his associates to save himself.

Not so with their women, they would most of them sacrifice their own lives to save the life of the man with whom they cohabited. If we except the immorality in every way of such a connexion on the part of the woman—but even looking at it in that point of view, it must be taken into consideration, that they do not descend to the degradation, but are born in the society where it is looked upon as no departure from established custom—if, I say, we except the immorality of the connexion, I am sure that no book could be written which would reflect more honour on the sex than the lives of those connected with the fraternity of robbers for these last fifty years, during which I know of no instance of betrayal of a man by a woman, although I have known many to have been so ill used by men, as to justify any retaliation on their part. There is a great outcry against loose women, but there would be no loose women, if there were no loose men. Remember, that we are open declaimers against the unfortunate females in general, but encouragers of them in secret. I remember the case of poor Riviere, who came into my hands down in Somersetshire, just after I took office; he was executed for forging a West India bill. There was a woman blamed for that affair; but the gentleman, it is now well undersood, fell a sacrifice to three men, well known at the west end of the town—an auctioneer of notoriety, an hotel-keeper, since dead, and an attorney; who all shared the property of the man, when I had finished the law upon him.

(To be continued.)

TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

The diurnal press has, during the past month, announced the death of Telesforo de Trueba—we purposely omit his worldly titles; giving to him only that more simple designation by which he was well known, and will be long remembered both in the social and literary world. He was born of one of the noblest families in Spain; early in life he came to England. In the cause of the constitution given to his country he was always stedfast, even to proscription. Upon the elevation of Martinez de la Rosa, he ventured into the arena of politics; was chosen member of the Cortes, and more, its secretary. We have no further detail of his onward political life, saving what the spot (it was at Paris) where his ashes are entombed may tell us, that when his patron fell, and his party gave way, he again turned his thoughts to England, where he knew that many would welcome him, and none more cordially than ourselves.

We profess not to write an accurate memoir of our poor friend's life: all that we know has been gleaned during moments when we little cared to note the incidents, because we never anticipated the painful task that has devolved upon us. We now weave them together as they occur to us, because there is no portion of the contemporary press that should more readily attest his merits, or lament his loss.

We will not pause to question the degree of excellence he may have arrived at in his compositions. His story may be a very useful page in the history of man. When others would have desponded, his best energies were called forth. Deprived of his family resources, banished from his own home, he has lived honourably in two foreign countries by his pen alone. Having written many plays in Spanish, he was well versed, as his countrymen ever are, in the art of the dramatist; and when in Paris he did not quail before the difficulties of the language, but ventured forthwith "into the interior of the drama's hot and dangerous territory," and was successful.

Thus emboldened, upon his arrival in England he wrote several novels; amongst which we would enumerate "The Castilian," "Sandoval," "The Guerilla," &c. &c. in all twenty volumes or more; besides the "Romance of Spanish History," which now lives not the least eminent in that ingenious series of historical fictions. As an English dramatist, we will note him as the author of two five-act plays—"The Exquisites," and "The Men of Pleasure:" of several minor pieces of varied success, —"Mr. and Mrs. Pringle," at Drury Lane, "Call again To-morrow," at the English Opera House, and many others. We will ask of those who would gauge his merits as an English writer, to appreciate the difficulties under which he laboured, and however the critic may refine upon the niceties of language, we will ever abide by the unerring decree of public opinion, for "all who live to please, must please, to live."

Beckford wrote his "Vathec" in French, and Townley translated Hudibras into the same language; although both were excellent, and especially the latter, (upon whom Voltaire passed the high encomium that he had overcome the greatest of all difficulties, for that "la plaisanterie expliquée cesse d'être plaisanterie;") still they were their only works in that language, to each, one great effort perfected to success!

There is perhaps a still higher praise than what we have yet given to our late friend. The almost chivalrous honesty of all his acts and all his intentions. We will not pay his memory the poor compliment of dwelling on that upon which he never for an instant doubted. It is indeed in sorrow we part with him, and our fervent prayer shall be, "May the dust lie lightly upon him!"

F ——.

MEMOIRS OF LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR THOMAS PICTON.

Memoirs of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, G.C.B., &c. including his Correspondence, from Originals in Possession of his Family. By H. B. Robinson. 2 Vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

To which is added, by the Editor of this Magazine, many hitherto unpublished Letters from the gallant General.

It is our unshaken opinion that in all ages, and in every country, the civilian has been ungrateful to the men who have interposed with their energies, their blood, and their lives, between their country, and plunder, ravage, and slaughter. England is not exempt from her share of the obloquy contained in this charge. When the storm threatens, and the shadow of hostility seems to darken over our hearth-stones, we look up with awe and reverence to the devoted few, whose courage is to turn consternation into safety; we honour them—we laud them—we love them—and when the blood-stained victory is won—we idolize them. But the flush of gratitude is soon over. Then follows the pause of indifference, to indifference succeeds ignorant examination, and self-sufficient cavil. The merit of the battle that saved us, is first debated, and then denied. The hero who fought in "the imminent deadly breach," finds, to his surprise and just indignation, that he has to fight his battle over again with those who never saw, or intend to see, a shot fired in anger, or lose his hardly-earned laurels; but even this period lasts not long. The dull stream of oblivion flows over all, and in the apathy of security, the ungrateful, secured, forget at once the victory and the victors.

This is an ingratitude—a deep, a damning one—and, of all men, the gallant, the cool, the intrepid Picton, has had the most to complain of it. Undervalued, infamously undervalued in his life, he has, until now, remained uncommemorated after his death. True, there is the storied sculpture in the cathedral of the metropolis, and the monumental column, erected by private affection, at Carmarthen; but something more durable than the crumbling stone, and the provincial memento, is due to a reputation such as is Picton's. The imperishable records of the pen should, long ere this, have woven the garland of immortality round the hero's sword. Twenty years have elapsed, and till now, no biographer has generously and patriotically stepped forward to do justice to the memory of the Duke of Wellington's self-acknowledged "right hand."

Independently of the excellence of the work, we heartily thank Mr. Robinson for the mere act of attempting it. The tribute should have been sooner paid, but it is gratifying to find that it has been paid at all.

Of the merits of this biography it is our duty to descant. With Picton's brilliant career before him, the accessibility to public documents, and the glorious pages of our history open, the author could hardly have failed. With talent, industry, a good tact of discrimina-

tion, and an unbounded zeal for the subject, he has succeeded—completely we will not say—for we are perhaps rather too much inclined to proportion our demands upon the biographer, by the elevation of character and the noble qualities of the hero sought to be commemorated.

We come to the pleasing task of reviewing this work, with perhaps more numerous and better materials for writing the life, than the author of the life itself. Had we known of his purpose in time, those materials should have been heartily at his service, for we have no other wish than that ample justice should be done to the private, as well as the military, character of the man whom we so much admire, and to whom the country is so largely indebted. Of these materials our limited space will necessarily compel us to make but a limited use; but should Mr. Robinson's work attain to a second edition, to the letters we are about to insert, and all other information in our possession, he is freely welcome. These letters were written to the father of Captain Marryat, with whom he was on terms the most intimate.

These memoirs are very properly dedicated to the Duke of Wellington, and are graced with a portrait, engraved by Dean, after a noble painting of Picton, by the present President of the Royal Academy. The countenance is marked with determination, replete with energy, and in our opinion, even handsome, which Picton was not, but still it is very like him. He then proceeds with a brief notice, all too brief, of his parentage, education, and early life. We find in this part of the work a paucity of anecdote, and a meagreness of information, that we cannot help deploring, and which, in this place, we are sorry we have no room to supply: yet, for merely puerile adventures, we have a great distaste. We too often find out, that, when a man has established his character as a hero, various childish anecdotes are brought forward to prove, that which requires no proof whatever, namely, that a man predestined to be a hero, will certainly turn out one. A ridiculous example of this occurred in respect to Lord Nelson, when, in his boyhood, it is reported that his mother, wondering why fear did not drive him back from some mischief, he replied, "that he never saw fear." A very childish answer. If the relator of this anecdote meant to imply that Nelson had no such feeling in his composition as fear, it is paying him no compliment, as true bravery consists in conquering, or rather sacrificing, for some good or great object, that jealous sense of self-preservation implanted in us all.

But, if we analyze this famous answer, it will appear to be merely the offspring of simplicity on the part of Nelson, and of his imperfect acquaintance with the liberties that might be taken with his own language. His mother made use of the figure of speech, termed the prosopopœia, or personification; and when she told him, that she wondered that fear did not drive him home, he understood her to mean some identical, living being, known by that name. Had she said to him, "I wonder that you were not afraid," we should have lost his immortalized answer, and his various and learned biographers, Dr. Southey included, would have had to seek a little farther for some wonderful indication of his future greatness.

Let it not be surmised, from these observations, that we are inclined to deny the existence of early symptoms of mental superiority. Far from it. We acknowledge their existence, but with some reservation. We consider that a child, who hereafter raises himself above the common herd of mankind, is naturally endowed with a mind more vigorous than is that of others, and that this mind expands in proportion with his body. If we would look for superiority in infancy, we should watch for it in the hours of play; and if we found, when left to its own discretion, that a child of three years old felt no pleasure in the amusements suitable to his early age, but sought those more calculated for one of twelve or fourteen, we should not hesitate to pronounce that that child was more gifted naturally than the others. We say, we must see this superiority in play, not in cultured acquirements; for, from the latter, it is a most uncertain method of judging of infant capacities, for these may be overstrained from compelled exertion, and after promising every thing, children thus overtasked, too often perform nothing, and many an intellect, which, if not too soon injudiciously overforced, might have eventually proved vigorous and superior, has been wasted away by a mental slow poison, occasioned by undue excitement in the early stages of its powers. The mind, to grow vigorously, requires relaxation and repose, as well as the body, and precocity is more a proof of docility than of power.

We have been led into these remarks, from a wish that the public might have been indulged with some few observations upon the earlier years of a person who, altogether, presented such a singular aspect to society, so little studying the meretricious, and so nobly following up the really good and the grand.

As recorded in the biography we are now noticing, the first time that Picton showed the embryo fire of that spirit and unshaken resolution that so much distinguished him afterwards, was in his prompt suppression of a dangerous mutiny of his regiment, which refused to disband themselves, and for which he received the thanks of the ministry at that time.

Not succeeding in procuring employment, he proceeded as a volunteer to the West Indies, and assisted materially, in that capacity, in the reduction of many of the islands in that quarter of the world, then in the possession of the enemy.

It is but too often, as Shakspeare has beautifully recorded, that our virtues turn traitors to us, and instead of assisting us to what we should hope would be virtue's reward, plunge us into difficulties, dangers, and too often, into temporary disgrace. The abilities, the courage, the prudence, that Captain Picton had displayed in every operation, connected with his perfect knowledge of the French and English languages, induced General Sir Ralph Abererombie to appoint him acting governor of the Island of Trinidad, to the reduction of which he had so materially contributed.

Than Picton, no man was better qualified to rule a newly-acquired conquest, inundated as it was by all that was depraved and savage in society. Let the reader bear in mind that he was enjoined, most strictly enjoined by his orders, and by the very wording of his appointment, in all civil matters, to enforce the law then existing, that

is to say, the Castilian code. By his vigour he regenerated the island. He brought commerce to her shores, and plenty and happiness followed in her train. Every respectable inhabitant looked upon him as a friend and as a father. The Trinidadians feared nothing so much as being compelled to return under the sway of their ancient authorities: yet, for all these benefits, he experienced, not from those whom he governed, and whose happiness he consolidated, but from a mean party in England, the blackest persecution and the vilest ingratitude;—a persecution that ever after rankled in his heart—an ingratitude that he was too noble not to forgive, but too sensitive ever to forget.

All the invidious calumnies launched so vindictively against him amount simply to this:—that he implicitly obeyed his instructions; and had he not done so, would have subjected himself, not only to reprimand but to removal. He was bound to administer the old Castilian law—he did so, and was persecuted.

These are the simple facts. A woman of loose morals had conspired with her paramour to rob, and actually did rob, her master of more than a thousand dollars. Her evidence was wanted to insure conviction: she was contumacious: there was no moral doubt of her guilt and that of her confederate. The alcade, or magistrate, by whom those offences were cognizable, merely as a *matter of course*, and in the routine of his office, applied to the Governor Picton, in conformity to the Spanish law then in force, for his signature to apply to her the inconvenience, torture we cannot call it, of the picket. The signature was given as a *matter of course*; the picket was applied, the whole truth displayed; the guilty punished, and the defrauded man righted. Substantive justice was administered to all parties.

But let not our generous and kindly-hearted countrymen run away with a false notion of the severity of the punishment of this picket. It was of an infinite shorter duration and hardly more severe than what every English drunkard, in every English village, is liable to receive—the stocks. The punishment of the picket was the compelling the offender to stand upon a surface of one square inch upon one leg, whilst one arm was suspended by a rope above her head. This was formerly the punishment resorted to in the English cavalry for minor offences. We grant that it is not an enviable position, but by no means an infliction deserving the epithet of torture.

But had this infliction been breaking upon the wheel, it would not have been the fault of Picton. He made not the law: he was only there to administer it, and he only administered it upon the demand of the proper officer.

But now, merely to do justice to the memory of this gallant and really good man, let us see if we have nothing similar or, we blush to say it, even worse in England. This female was not only a necessary witness, but also a *particeps criminis*. In our free country, if a witness is put in the box, and contumaciously refuses to give evidence, immediate and indefinite incarceration is the consequence. Would not this, in any case, have been freely exchanged by the sufferer for a half-hour's picketting? and that half-hour was the extreme

length allowed to this punishment. But we can go still farther. In England, if a vagabond robs us of a pocket-handkerchief, value twelve-pence, we, being the party not only innocent but the one injured, are liable to be imprisoned for want of security to prosecute this miserable petty larceny, at the same time that our presence in a remote quarter may be necessary for the salvation of thousands of pounds. Is not this a moral torture, and a torture of the worst description?

This is not an hypothetical case. Not many months ago, a Polish nobleman, under a bond that not only involved his fortune but his liberty, to return to his country, was actually thrown into prison in England, because he could find no security that he would appear to prosecute some petty rascal who had robbed him to a small amount. Had not the executive interfered to liberate him, not only his property but his life would have been endangered (for Russia was his bondholder) by the moral and physical torture of English law.

The hypocritical outcry and the malignant cant that assailed Picton call for these remarks, as many persons, to this day, may have false impressions upon this subject. We are bound to say that his biographer, Mr. Robinson, has hardly been sufficiently energetic and indignant upon this subject.

But while Captain Picton was thus judiciously, vigorously, and humanely administering the recently acquired conquest, his abilities and his popularity called forth all the spleen and rancour of the neighbouring Spanish governments, who had fixed the price of twenty thousand dollars for his head, because he had made the Spaniards in Trinidad much happier than they were anywhere else. For this very proper appreciation of the receptacle of so much ability, Captain Picton returned these would-be decapitators the following replies, which show most satisfactorily that they did not undervalue what they were so anxious to purchase.

"Trinidad, 25th January, 1799.

"Sir,

"Your excellency has highly flattered my vanity by the very handsome value which you have been pleased to fix upon my head. Twenty thousand dollars is an offer which would not discredit your royal master's munificence!

"As the *trifle* has had the good fortune to recommend itself to your excellency's attention, come and take it, and it will be much at your service: in expectation of which, I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

(Signed) "Thomas Picton.

"*His Excellency Don Pedro Carbonelli,*
Governor-general, Caraccas."

"Port of Spain, 25th January, 1799.

"Sir,

"I understand your excellency has done me the honour of valuing my head at twenty thousand dollars. I am sorry it is not in my power to *return the compliment.* Modesty obliges me to remark that your excellency has far overrated the *trifle;* but, as it has found means to recom-

mend itself to your excellency's attention, if you will give yourself the trouble of coming to take it, it will be much at your service.

"Your excellency's very devoted humble servant,

(Signed) "THOMAS PICTON.

"*The Governor of Guayana.*"

How often is it the case that naval and military men, who know no other party than that of the country for which they are recklessly staking their lives, are made a sacrifice to the caprice, the pique, or the vindictiveness of faction! No one ever suffered from this injustice more than Picton. They not only attempted insult, but inflicted injury. We have neither space nor patience to dwell upon this persecution, which brought him before a British jury, enlisted against him the vilest popular passions, and thus wheedled them by administering to their prejudices, into giving a verdict of *guilty* against him, and which originated in ministerial revenge. Those who will trouble themselves to examine the documents and the evidence in the able work that we are reviewing, can come to no other conclusion.

Notwithstanding all this ill usage, the patriotism of Picton could not be quenched. It was an essential principle of his very existence; and even while he was labouring under the unjust stigmas of private malice, disgracefully fostered by official protection, he addressed a long and very elaborate communication on the best means of putting the country in an effectual state of defence against the threatened invasion of 1803.

Before we take leave of the subject of this disgraceful prosecution, disgraceful only to the parties who instituted and abetted it, we will mention that, from no less than three quarters, were all the legal expenses of General Picton solicited to be defrayed. Without ever having seen him in his life, the Duke of Queensbury tendered him a gift of ten thousand pounds, a munificent offering of indignation for oppression at the shrine of justice. His uncle also acted in a similar manner. On this, of course, we do not place so much stress, as we can suppose any gentleman of high feeling would be most anxious to vindicate the family honour.

But the crowning triumph of all is to be found in the conduct of the inhabitants of that very island, whom he was accused of having outraged by cruelty, oppressed with tyranny, and almost ruined by exactions. They sent him over four thousand pounds to meet the expenses of his trial, and a magnificent sword, with a memorial to the Duke of York, begging him to present it in their name to their late and much-respected governor, with which request the royal duke most handsomely complied.

Nor were there wanting to him many, and sincere, and valuable friends in this country. Mr. Gifford, the editor of the Anti-Jacobin, and Mr. Marryat, the member for Sandwich, were his most powerful supporters, both by their influence and their pens; and we are surprised that Mr. Robinson should have been so ill-informed as not to have applied to these quarters for the voluminous information which might have been gained.

But we are now approaching more stirring scenes. The wronged by his country is about to repay injury with services as brilliant as

they were essential, and win a renown that his vicious enemies could neither emulate nor duly appreciate. But all who were intimate with him knew that the arrow still rankled in his heart, and he, in all his after life, strove, by making it swell to the impulses of glory and patriotism, to feel that the barb would in time become less poignant. He went to the field, not only with the spirit of a true British soldier, but also with something of the abandonment of the martyr.

At the unfortunate affair of Walcheren we find Major-General Picton in the staff of the Commander-in-Chief. We will quote from the book before us, his letter to Colonel Pleydel on the subject.

"Flushing, 20th August, 1809.

"My dear Colonel,

"I have to acknowledge your very kind letter of the 15th, which was particularly agreeable, as it contained such satisfactory information of the general's health. The letter which you allude to as having appeared in 'The Times' I never heard a word of before; nor have I received a line from either of those gentlemen since I left England.

"I perfectly agree with you in opinion, that the obstacles to our farther advance towards Antwerp are nearly insurmountable; and I may with very little qualification say, wholly so. In my opinion, we shall not attempt anything further; although we make great demonstrations, as if we were determined to proceed immediately. According to the accounts we have here, a very respectable force has been collected at Antwerp; and all the country through which we must unavoidably pass has been completely flooded. Under such circumstances, I trust we are too wise to commit the safety of the fleet and army; and that we shall prudently content ourselves with *the laurels* which we have already gathered.

"Marshal Bernadotte has arrived on the opposite shores of Cadsand, and is now busily employed in erecting mortar batteries, for the annoyance of Flushing, and of our squadron which rides at anchor in its vicinity. The distance between the two islands is barely three miles, and it is apprehended that their large mortars will range that distance.

"I have the command in Flushing and the neighbouring country, with four regiments. The town is a perfect heap of ruins, exhibiting a state of misery not easily conceivable. Every house has been materially damaged, and not one in twenty is in any degree habitable, or capable of affording protection against either the rain or climate. The best thing we can do will be to destroy the military defences, naval arsenal, and basin, and then withdraw our army and squadron as soon as possible.

"I have fallen in with an excellent manuscript plan of Flushing, which will give you a good idea of the place and our proceedings, when I have the pleasure of meeting you; and I rather think that period is at no great distance.

"With my best wishes for your health, believe me, &c.

"Thomas Picton."

This subject also, we shall hastily dismiss, as it is one on which a writer, jealous of the honour of his country, would not much care to dwell. We have only to deplore that from this marsh of pestilence, that engulfed so many of the bravest men that ever faced the enemy, General Picton returned to England, wasted by fever, almost unto death; that his recovery was extremely tedious, if that can be called recovery that leaves a noble constitution shattered for ever.

Long before Picton had regained sufficient health and strength at

Cheltenham, the ministry requiring courage, energy, and intellect; and they found them all in the highest degree in the character of Major-General Picton, whom they appointed to command the third division of the army under Wellington, who had just constructed the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras.

We will quote from Mr. Robinson's work the following passage, as it throws much light upon the character of the general.

"General Picton's anxiety to reach the field of operation made him facilitate his arrangements at home, with a noble anxiety, as he wrote to an old and esteemed friend, 'to convince the people of England, that if ever he was guilty of an act injurious to the interests or honour of his country, it was the fault of his judgment, and not in accordance with the dearest wishes of his heart. I will,' he adds, 'show them that my only desire for fame is, that by deserving it I may benefit my country; that if I obtain honour, it may be to her glory; and if my life is shed in her service, that she will do my memory justice.' The remains of the deadly complaint which he had imbibed at Walcheren still lurked about his system; but his was not a spirit to be restrained by bodily infirmity. Regardless of every selfish consideration, he embarked with feelings certainly soured by the persecution and injustice to which he had been exposed, but still ardent in the cause for which he was about to fight, and ambitious to distinguish himself in the coming struggle."

Picton joined the army when the Duke's head quarters were at Viseu, and the French were preparing, under Massena, to fulfil his miserably disappointed vaunt of driving the English out of Portugal into the sea. We have no space to trace all the mutual operations of the contending armies. The enemy came on splendidly, and, at first, seemed by his acts to be about soon to justify his boastings. He took Ciudad Rodrigo, and subsequently Almeida, and advancing into Portugal, caused our army to make a continuation of splendid manœuvres on the retreat. We now proceed to give the first of our own original letters, from the theatre of war.

"Linheres, 8th August, 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"In consequence of the surrender of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the advance of the enemy, with very superior forces, we have withdrawn from the line of the Coa, which was no longer defensible, and the army is now cantonned about thirty-five miles in the rear of that river, in the neighbourhood of Alenio. By this movement we have gained two objects: we have transferred the theatre of operations to a more enclosed country, where numbers will lose many of their advantages; and we have secured the re-union of the different corps of the army whenever events may render such a measure desirable.

"The enemy, certainly, show little disposition to force us to a general action: by a rapid movement, immediately after the surrender of Ciudad Rodrigo, they might have compelled us to fight upon ground much less advantageous to us than that which we now occupy. They advance with great caution, and leave as little as possible to fortune. This campaign will be spun out for some months yet, and there will probably be a good deal of hard fighting before the enemy will be able to reach the neighbourhood of Lisbon: but as their losses

will be supplied by continual reinforcements, and we shall be daily diminishing in numbers, without any hopes of succour, it is clear that they must eventually succeed. With this view of the subject we are throwing away immense sums of money to no useful purpose; and all we can expect are a few barren sprigs of laurel for our labours and treasures. I have not heard a word from Trinidad since I have been in this miserable country, and I am, in consequence, desirous of knowing how *my affairs* are going on there.

"The troops in general are now much exposed to slight fevers, and, I may assert, fully ten per cent. of them are now *hors de combat* in consequence. I hope Mrs. M. and all your family have had good health to enjoy the air and amusements of the country: pray offer them my best wishes.

"My dear Sir,

"Very respectfully yours,

"T. PICTON.

"*J. Marryat, Esq.*"

The reader will perceive that the gallant general took but a gloomy view of our affairs; but though one so desponding, it was, nevertheless, judicious. At that period, no one could have foreseen, much less have expected, the cordial co-operation that the Duke of Wellington afterwards found from the government at home, nor could have anticipated the diversion that was soon to be made in his favour by the mad ambition, and the reverses consequent upon it, of Napoleon in the north.

The first serious affair, and it was a most serious one, in which the high qualities of General Picton were tested, was the battle of Busaco. Of this battle we will quote the general's own account from Mr. Robinson's book.

"Cadaceira, 3rd November, 1810.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,

"To give you some idea of the affair of Busacos, which took place on the 27th September, I enclose you a sketch of the relative situation of the two armies, taken at the time, by the assistant quartermaster-general of the third division. It is merely a rough draught, but conveys a sufficiently strong representation as well of the position of Busacos as of that of Murcella, where it was Lord Wellington's original intention to concentrate his army and oppose the further advance of the enemy: but General Massena, after following us for some time on that road, suddenly crossed the river Mondego, and endeavoured by forced marches to cut us off from the city of Coimbra, where we had considerable depôts. To counteract this movement, Lord Wellington passed the Mondego on the 20th and 21st of September with the whole of the army, except Lieutenant-General Hill's and Major-General Leith's divisions, and occupied the position where the action took place. I had been ordered on the 25th to detach Major-General Lightburne's brigade to reinforce the division under Sir Brent Spencer, and there remained with me only three British and two Portuguese regiments to defend the ridge from Saint Antonio de Cantara to the hill of Busacos, a space of above a mile and a half. The enemy was so concentrated on the 26th, as equally to threaten the right, left, and centre of our position; and from their apparent combinations, it was uncertain against which point they would direct their principal attack.

"On the evening of the 26th I detached the strongest regiment of the division, the 88th, nearly a mile to the left of the pass of St. Antonio, to communicate with Sir Brent Spencer, and observe that part of the line which was not occupied by any troops. The 74th regiment and the two Portuguese battalions, with twelve pieces of cannon, were stationed for the immediate defence of the pass; and the 45th regiment was kept in reserve. A sharp fire of musketry was heard on the left a short time before daylight, and immediately after fourteen pieces of cannon, from an opposite height, opened upon the pass, and a large column attempted to force it in mass; but so incessant and destructive a fire was kept up by the light corps of the division on their flank, and by the 74th and a Portuguese battalion on their front, that, though they long persisted with great gallantry and perseverance, they never were able to gain an inch of ground, and were ultimately compelled to abandon the attempt in great confusion.

"During this time a very heavy column penetrated, on the left of my position, close to the hill of Busacos, occupied by the 88th regiment, and four companies of the 45th regiment, which appeared to be engaged in an unequal contest with very superior numbers. These regiments, after the enemy had completely gained the summit of the hill, most gallantly attacked them with their bayonets, and drove them off with great slaughter. Convinced that the enemy would make no impression upon the pass of St. Antonio, from which they were completely repulsed, I galloped towards the left, to join the 45th and 88th regiments, who still continued engaged, and, to my great surprise, found the enemy in possession of a strong rocky point in the centre of my line, and the light infantry companies of the 74th and 88th regiments (who had been stationed with the light corps in advance) driven in and retreating before them in disorder. With some difficulty I rallied them, drove the enemy from the rocky point with the bayonet, and with the assistance of a Portuguese battalion, which opportunely came up at the moment, I succeeded in forcing them to abandon the hill, and cross the ravine in great confusion.

"There was another feeble attempt made by the enemy to force the hill; but this was easily repulsed by Major-General Leith, who joined the army at that moment with the 1st, 9th, and 38th regiments: Lieutenant-General Hill also joined the army about an hour after, with ten British, and, I believe, eight Portuguese regiments. The evening of the 27th was employed by the enemy in a variety of movements and fresh combinations, and we fully expected a renewal of the attack on the following morning. Unfortunately we were disappointed: the enemy appeared in movement the whole of the 28th, as if concentrating for the purpose of attacking the left of the hill and convent of Busacos; but towards the evening very considerable columns were discovered filing off through the mountains on our left, towards the main road leading from Oporto to Coimbra and Lisbon, and it became apparent that they had given up all hopes of forcing our position, and were endeavouring, by a circuitous march, to turn our left, and occupy Coimbra before us. Lord Wellington, in consequence, marched in three columns, at two o'clock in the morning of the 29th, and took up a position to cover Coimbra on the same evening. Coimbra at this season, when the river Mondego is everywhere fordable, has no advantages of a defensive position; it became, therefore, necessary to retreat, and occupy the great line which covers Lisbon, at the distance of about thirty miles, with the right of the army resting upon the Tagus at Alhandra, and its left on the sea near Torres Vedras, where we have been since the 7th of October.

"Massena's army has its head-quarters at the village of Sobral, about two miles in front of the position occupied by the third division; and his army is cantoned in the villages in his rear, and extending towards the

Tagus on his left. He is apparently waiting for reinforcements, very badly off for provisions, with his ammunition wholly cut off. His situation is every day becoming more and more critical, and his difficulty of procuring subsistence for his army must be daily increasing. If a considerable army is not despatched in time to his assistance, little less than a miracle can save him from ruin.

"Our army is healthy, well equipped in every respect, and regularly supplied with provisions. Our eating numbers, according to the commissary-general's returns, exceed thirty-five thousand men; and we certainly have seven or eight-and-twenty thousand bayonets in the field, exclusive of cavalry. The Portuguese may bring nearly the same number; in addition to which we have about seven thousand Spaniards with the Marquis of Romana,—a miserable mob, on which we have no reliance. I do not much like our position; it is too extensive to be strong, and there is great difficulty in communicating between the different posts, on account of the extreme badness of the roads at this season of the year.

"I hope you have enjoyed your health. I learn from General Este that my uncle continues in good health and spirits. I wrote to him by the last packet. Will you have the goodness to offer him my best respects, and say that I am perfectly well? With my best wishes,

"My dear Colonel, very faithfully yours,

"THOMAS PICTON."

We will add one to this from our own collection.

"Cadaceira, 31st Oct. 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"..... I shall say nothing to you about the action of Busaco, as you will have seen it in the Gazette—though not very clearly detailed. The serious attack was upon my division on the right, that on the left being a mere feint. The attack was made with great impetuosity, and *en masse*, but nothing could exceed the determined bravery of our troops, who repulsed them with the bayonet. I had only three British regiments and three Portuguese engaged with two divisions, and in the four different attacks they made upon different points of my position, the enemy must have lost, in killed and wounded, nearly 4,000.

"Massena appears to have got into a scrape, and in all probability will be obliged to yield up his laurels to his more fortunate adversary. He is in a most critical situation, without provisions, in an exhausted country, with his communication cut off. Another such an affair as that of Busaco will completely do him up, &c. &c.

"Your very faithful

"Humble servant,

"T. PICTON."

As we wish to relieve the mind of the reader a little from the contemplation of such glorious, but, at the same time, distressing scenes as are detailed in the foregoing correspondence, we will take leave to quote from Mr. Robinson the following interesting and very characteristic anecdote, connected with this victory.

"The night was cold, and the position occupied by the troops exposed them to the inclement blast which swept over the mountains; even the

hardy veteran shrank within his scanty covering. The young soldiers, however, and even the young officers, endured with much less patience their mountain couch. A party of these latter, (to one of whom we are indebted for this anecdote,) tired of the coldness of their situation, resolved to try whether the enemy were equally inactive: accordingly, Captain Urquhart, with Lieutenants Tyler, Macpherson, and Ouseley, of the 45th, walked down the steep slope towards the advanced posts occupied by the enemy, and arrived at the spot from whence the artillery had been withdrawn only a short time previously. Here they found some straw, which offered so strong a temptation to obtain a few minutes' repose, that each ensconced himself beneath a heap, and prepared to enjoy their good fortune. They were soon fast asleep; even the roll of the drums was unheeded; and the first sound that broke their rest was the clash of bayonets. This ominous sound effectually aroused them, and they scampered back to their regiments with admirable expedition,—a retrograde movement which was considerably accelerated by a strong impression that they could hear the enemy coming up the hill. Upon reaching their line, they found the regiments formed, and silently waiting the attack. To fall-in without being observed by the colonel (Mead) was out of the question: they had been long missed, and he had sent orderlies in all directions after them; and he now pounced upon them as they approached, full of indignation at this infringement upon military discipline. He called loudly to them, 'There you are! I'll report every one of you to the general; you shall all be tried for leaving your ranks while in front of the enemy!' Observing at this moment that they were attempting to fall-in and avoid further castigation, he assailed them with renewed eloquence. 'Stop, sirs, stop!—your names, for every one of you shall be punished,—it's desertion;' and a great deal more he would have added, but the French were on the move; and each officer having given his name, without waiting for any further observations, occupied his post in the ready-formed ranks, much chagrined at the unfortunate event of their expedition and its probable result; but the fight soon began, and every other thought was absorbed in the heat of battle. After the enemy had been repulsed, the firing ceased, and the allies were falling back upon Coimbra. Colonel Mead, who was a severe disciplinarian, and possessed a most inveterately good memory, resolved to fulfil his promise, and report the offending officers to General Picton. Seeing Lieutenant Macpherson, he called to him, and in a tone of severity said, 'Well, sir, you remember last night, I suppose?' Macpherson bowed with no enviable recollections. 'Ah, it's a breach of discipline not to be forgotten,' continued the colonel, with a stern and uncompromising look.

"'Where is Urquhart?'

"'Killed,' replied the lieutenant.

"'Ah!' grunted out the disciplinarian, '*it's well for him.* But where's Ouseley, sir?'

"'Killed, sir,' again responded Macpherson.

"'Bah!' exclaimed the colonel in a still louder tone, as if actually enraged at being thus deprived of the opportunity to punish their breach of military discipline. As a last resource, however, he inquired,

"'Where is Tyler?'

"'Mortally wounded, sir,' was the reply.

"This was too much for the old colonel's patience; so, with a look of anger, not at all allied to either regret or repentance, he rode off, leaving his only remaining victim in a state of much uncertainty. Two days after this rencontre, Lieutenant Macpherson, having received a message from his friend Tyler, who with the rest of the wounded had been carried into Coimbra, requesting to see him, he applied to Colonel Mead for leave to visit the town, stating at the same time that his object in doing

so was 'to attend (as he thought) the dying moments of his friend.' The colonel had not, however, forgotten Macpherson's offence, and he took this opportunity to punish him. 'No, no,' said he in a voice which seemed to forbid all further solicitation, 'you sha'n't go; you haven't deserved it, sir; go to your duty.' Macpherson shortly after this met General Picton, and to him he stated the request which his chum Tyler had made, and Colonel Mead's refusal to grant him leave. Picton was indignant: 'What! not let you go!' he exclaimed in his usually forcible and energetic manner; 'd— me! you shall go—and tell Colonel Mead I say so; d'ye hear, sir?' The young lieutenant both heard and obeyed. Thanking the general, he set off first to deliver Picton's message to the infuriated colonel, who swore 'that all discipline had ceased in the army;' and then to Coimbra, where he found his friend Tyler not dead or dying, but wonderfully recovered from the severe wound which he had received, and prepared with an excellent breakfast for Macpherson and some more of his companions, whom he had contrived to allure into a participation of the good cheer he had provided, by the invitation to 'attend his dying moments.'"

This is a valuable *morceau*, not only on account of the interest of the anecdote, and the grotesque causticity of Colonel Mead—a *mead* with but little honey in his composition; but as it affords a striking instance of the masked tenderness of Picton's heart, masked sometimes too effectually by an assumed austerity of manner.

We must also here just mention a ludicrous circumstance that provoked unlimited laughter amidst the thunders and the horrors of battle. Picton, in his hurry and absence of mind, had forgotten to take off his coloured cotton night-cap, and was accordingly seen with his hat in his hand, with his head thus grotesquely tricked out wherever the hottest of the battle raged. This was certainly a high offence in the eye of a martinet, gaining a victory in a night-cap.

However, ultimately the English, after many brilliant manœuvres, were forced to fall back into the lines prepared for them before Lisbon, the construction of which has shed so much renown upon Lord Wellington. In this place it is our pleasing duty to give the readers another original letter, as, though part of it contains a little pleasant censure, the other part is extremely valuable for the testimony that it bears to the noble duke, under whose orders he was then acting, and whose astonishing talents were daily developing themselves.

"Figarro, Feb. 6, 1811.

"My dear Sir,

"I am much rejoiced at your victory over the Secretary of State. *Entre nous*, the governor is a weak man, wholly divested of any thing like firmness or independence of character. I find, by my letters, that Dr. Sanderson is become one of his most intimate friends!!

"Our relative situation, and those of the enemy, is nearly what it was six weeks ago. There has been a total suspension of all operations on both sides, and the two armies are perfectly quiet in winter quarters. The accounts by deserters and prisoners state, with little disagreement, that the enemy suffer greatly for want of provisions, forage, and supplies of all kinds; and there is no doubt but

the difficulty of procuring the primary indispensable articles for the support of the army, is daily increasing in an almost incalculable ratio. The impression upon my mind at present is, that the enemy will be under the necessity of falling back upon their resources: for I have no idea that it will be possible, during the winter months and rainy season, to forward adequate supplies from Salamanca, or any other depôts in Spain, considering the length and impracticability of the roads. Lord Wellington has certainly conducted the whole of this campaign with great ability and prudence; and no one can reasonably refuse him the character of a great general.

" My dear Sir,

" Very faithfully yours,

" T. PICTON."

We will give an extract of another letter from behind these far-famed lines, as it affords us some little insight into the then state of Portugal.

" Figarro, 26th Feb. 1811.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" We still remain quiet in winter quarters, without any movement of consequence; the enemy apparently suffering great hardships from want of supplies, but continuing in the same position, and carrying on their communications with the frontiers of Spain with great difficulty, and by means of numerous detachments.

" Nothing can exceed the misery of this part of Portugal. Every article of human subsistence has long been consumed or destroyed. The poor inhabitants are kept from perishing by the contributions of the officers (British) of the different divisions of the army. This division daily feeds above three hundred: but for this resource, the greater part must have perished.

" My dear Sir,

" Very faithfully yours,

" T. PICTON."

All the world knows that Massena, after wasting his resources before Torres Vedras was obliged to retreat discomfited before an army of not one-third his numerical force. In addition to the account of these operations to be found in Mr. Robinson's work, we add a letter of our own from General Picton, which will be read with the greatest interest.

" Amedillia, Spain, 18th April.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 12th of March, and one by Mr. ———, whom I took the earliest opportunity of recommending to the particular attention of Mr. Kennedy, the commissary-general, who, I am sure, will give him every opportunity of becoming useful to the public, and eventually to himself. This letter is written, as you will not fail to observe, from Spain. We

have effectually driven the French out of Portugal, with the single exception of Almeida, (where they have a small garrison,) which we have invested, but cannot besiege, for want of battering cannon; but as it is entirely cut off from any possible communication with the French army in Spain, it must submit in the course of a few weeks. Whilst we have been employed in pursuing Massena, the rascally Spaniards took an opportunity of treacherously giving the enemy possession of Badajos, which obliged Lord Wellington, in the midst of his movements after Massena, to detach Sir W. C. Beresford, and a principal division of the army, consisting of sixteen British regiments, and nearly as many Portuguese battalions, to oppose Marshal Mortier, who is now shut up in Badajos with about five thousand. If he succeeds in compelling him to surrender, as we confidently hope he will, the business of Portugal will be completely settled for some time; but from all I have seen of the Spaniards, I have little, indeed no hopes of their ever being able to do any thing.

"I find Maitland goes out to Sicily; he will be an honour to his country wherever he is employed.

"If any thing can be done to prevent my being engaged with Mr. M'Donald's affairs, pray endeavour to effect it. I would willingly make great sacrifices to get rid of this last West Indian concern, which hangs so heavily about my neck.

"Nothing can be worse than the existing government of this country, and unless the Princess Regent of Portugal determines to get rid of all the rascally factions, by appointing Lord Wellington Vice-Regent, with full powers to administer the government, every thing will shortly be as bad as ever here. The Portuguese army, for want of being properly recruited, is rapidly falling off every day. They scarcely bring twenty thousand bayonets into the field now, and in the course of another year they will not bring fifteen thousand, unless some more effectual mode of executing the existing laws be had recourse to. Two regiments attached to my division, the establishment of which is two thousand five hundred men, do not bring one thousand two hundred into the field, and this is pretty generally the proportion throughout the army. The men are well disposed, good subjects, and I have found them, on all occasions, show an excellent spirit, and no want of courage in the face of the enemy.

"Your very faithful,

"Humble servant,

"T. Picton."

At this period, Picton's fame rose rapidly. The troops under his command were called, *par excellence*, the fighting division, and he and they were in continual contact with the enemy. As we beat the enemy out of Portugal, Picton was continually opposed to the gallant and unfortunate Ney, who commanded the rear-guard of the French; and our hero (for such we have a right to call him) pays the marshal very high and merited eulogium. We cannot here record the almost daily battles that took place between divisions and brigades. The battle of Fuentes de Onoro ensued, and added fresh laurels to the leader of "the fighting division." In the mean time, Wellington, wishing

much to reduce Badajos, had ordered Marshal Beresford to invest it. The following letter will not be misplaced here.

"Peno Dona, 8th May, 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I had the pleasure of your letter by Mr. Henwell, who arrived in the camp before Badajos on the morning previous to the assault of that place, and fortunately participated in that event. He was, in consequence, recommended for an ensigncy in the 43rd regiment, to which there is little doubt of his succeeding. After the capture of Badajos, we were under the necessity of moving rather expeditiously northward, as Marshal Marmont had made an incursion during our absence, with the view of drawing us from our main object, the siege of Badajos; but in this expectation he was disappointed, by the celerity of our operations, which he did not calculate upon. He, however, did very considerable injury in the province, and carried off cattle and other booty of no inconsiderable value; and, what is of very great importance, he has taught us what value to place upon a militia force, which the ministerial papers, with you, have so frequently and so loudly cried up as nowhere yielding to regulars. The militia of the northern provinces, under their generals, two English and one Portuguese, of established reputation, and whose names and exploits have frequently figured in the gazettes, were driven from the strong post of Guarda, and perfectly dispersed and dissipated by about five hundred French horse. If we rely upon our vast establishment of the kind, we shall, some day or other, be woefully disappointed. These people, like ours, had sufficient mechanical discipline, and were equal in appearance and equipment to any regulars: but war is a practical science, and is only to be learned in collision with the enemy. I seriously apprehend that our military system will eventually lead to a great national misfortune, unless it be more practically organized in time.

"We are now approaching the river Douro, in order to be near our depôts of provisions, whilst our means of transport are employed in supplying Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo with provisions; and I shall profit of this movement to visit Oporto, and, on my return, if Major-General Colville should be sufficiently recovered from his wounds to take charge of the division, I shall take my passage for England, where my affairs require my presence. The public despatches will let you know what we have been about, and I trust you will not think we have been idle or uselessly employed. The general idea is that we shall again move southward, to carry on offensive operations on that side, but we are not in sufficient force to act, at the same time, on the offensive there, and the defensive here. We want at least fifteen thousand English troops more to do any thing decisive. I shall probably see you in August.

"My dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"T. PICTON."

Soult advanced to relieve Badajos, and Wellington to check Soult, and thus the streams of war were all poured simultaneously towards that de-

voted city. Picton with his division was ordered with most of the army into this field of operations. Wellington being now most anxious to get possession of the city, before Soult could relieve it, hurried on the operations against it with unheard-of rapidity. Generals Picton and Houston invested the place; but owing to other distant manœuvres, the siege was abandoned, and turned into a lax blockade. During this, Picton wrote to Mr. Marryat the following almost desponding letter.

"Campo Major, 2nd July, 1811.

"My dear Sir,

"Smith, I see, has a large support in the House. The ministry support him to cover their own ignorance and folly in the appointment; and his former connexions, the Whigs and abolitionists, will not forsake an old friend in distress. You know I was always against *puppet-show* legislature in the country, and I have hitherto seen nothing to make me change my opinion. Generally speaking, and with few exceptions, it is a society composed of materials unfit to be trusted with the important power of legislation. It will be enough to give them good laws, and respectable, responsible people to execute them with impartiality.

"The approach of Soult and Marmont determined Lord Wellington to raise the siege, or rather, blockade of Badajos, and we have now taken up a defensive line on the right bank of the Guadiana, behind the fortresses of Elvas and Campo Major.

"There is no probability of our undertaking offensive operations. Indeed, we are in no situation to attempt any thing of the kind, considering the relative situations of the two armies: for, independent of the mixed materials we are composed of, in numerical force they exceed us at least by one third. You appear every where to entertain sanguine expectations of our ulterior successes. I am concerned that I cannot say any thing to keep up so pleasant a delusion, but believe me, it cannot last long.

"Ministry represent the Portuguese force as amounting to forty thousand regulars, and fifty thousand militia. *The regulars do not amount to twenty thousand*, and, as for the militia, they are scarcely worth bringing into the account. If it is intended to carry on the war with a paper force of this kind, you will all very shortly be *undeceived*. There are independent bands of freebooters who harass the French considerably in several parts of Spain, but they are equally formidable to the Spanish inhabitants, who dread them to the full as much as they do the enemy. And you may depend upon it, the great mass of the inhabitants of the neighbouring provinces have submitted to the French yoke, and are not disposed to make any further struggle. We are playing, in my opinion, a very losing game in carrying on the war with our own *money, at an immense expense*, whilst the French army are wholly supported by the resources of Spain. This kind of contest cannot last long. Portugal, whatever your wise heads may say to the contrary, is a mere *caput mortuum*, or a dead weight upon our hands in the contest, and does not supply any force or co-operation of consideration for the 2,000,000*l.* she receives.

Unless the whole resources of this country are made subservient and applicable to her defence, the contest cannot be carried on with any reasonable probability of ultimate success.

"You will think me a gloomy predictor, but I fear, in the end, it will turn out that I have drawn legitimate conclusions. I shall be most happy to find them disproved by more favourable events than I look forward to at present; but I must continue under similar impressions until that period.

"My dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"T. PICTON."

After this, partial affairs were continually occurring, in all which General Picton bore a distinguished part. We refer the reader to the encounter of the 22nd of September, recorded in the work before us, to show the nature of these actions, and of the vast importance the properly conducting of them was to the safety of the whole army. The following letter, written about this time, will be found to bear upon the matter then at issue, and to be generally interesting.

"Alberguira, Spain, 12th Aug. 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"We are again restored to our old theatre between the Coa and Agueda, and most probably shall move forward and cross the latter. The insuperable difficulty (from distance, and the nature of the roads) to the transporting forward the heavy ordnance and stores for a siege, will effectually prevent our attacking Ciudad Rodrigo, but we shall push on towards Salamanca, for the purpose of drawing the French armies from the rich countries where they are now cantoned. If this purpose should be effected by our manœuvre, we shall have gained a most important point. As soon as they find us moving, in force, upon Salamanca, they will be obliged to concentrate the whole of their force, now cantoned in the rich countries about Talavera de la Reyna, Placencia, and Coria, and march without loss of time upon Ciudad Rodrigo, when Lord Wellington, having effected his purpose, that of drawing them into a country where they cannot exist without separating, may either fight them to advantage, or take up a position behind the Agueda, in readiness to profit by any false movement they may make. If Buonaparte's attention should be taken up in the North, so as to prevent his amply reinforcing his armies in the Peninsula, I think we shall be able to afford him plenty of amusement here; but this war cannot be carried on without money, and if we cannot afford a liberal supply, we had better give it up at once. With money we can command abundant supplies on the frontiers of Spain, and can manœuvre to great advantage over an enemy who is under the necessity of separating continually to collect his means of subsistence, but without, we shall not be able to effect any thing of consequence, as all our movements will depend upon the procuring supplies, which we draw from the sea ports by a long, difficult land carriage. Our movements are not nearly as expeditious as they would be, were we not dependent on such considerations. As long as we

have money in abundance, supplies of all kinds find us out; but as soon as the means fail us, we are obliged to go the Lord knows where in search of them. Dollars here, are the only sinews of war.

"I had a letter from General Maitland, down from Gibraltar, on his way to Sicily. I find he was appointed to that command without any application or previous intimation of the intention. In a pecuniary view it is certainly by no means an advantageous change for him, as the revenue of a lieutenant-general will barely make the military pot boil, leaving the family entirely out of the question.

"I hope Mrs. M. and the young ladies continue in good health, and amuse themselves well with the rural scenes about Sydenham. Pray offer them my best respects. Has your elder son returned from his travels? I hope well stored with useful observations. My best respects to him and all the young ones.

"I am beginning to grow tired of this vagrant life. We have been since March in continual movement—sometimes in miserable abandoned cottages, and as frequently without any covering whatever. I have constantly, for a whole year, made use of a bundle of straw as a bed, and I do not see any probability of a change for some time longer.

"With my best wishes, my dear sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"T. PICTON."

After this the British army proceeded to the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. Picton here received the intelligence of the death of his uncle, a general in the army, at the advanced age of eighty-four. He was made his sole heir. This decease made a very great impression upon him. The assault took place soon after—the town was carried with immense loss on our side. All this is very well narrated by Mr. Robinson, and the fall of that so often contested city has now become matter of history. However, we shall subjoin the following account of it from one of General Picton's letters in our possession.

"Zamarra, 27th Jan. 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Since I last had the pleasure of writing to you, we have been engaged in a most arduous undertaking; a winter's siege in a climate to the full as severe as that of England. Marmont, calculating that we were safely lodged in winter quarters, and would not, on various accounts, undertake any thing of consequence at such a season, moved the whole of his army southward, for the purpose of co-operating with Soult and Suchet, in overwhelming Blake and the Catalonians before the opening of another campaign, when their whole united force would become disposable on this side. As soon as Lord Wellington saw him so far advanced, as to afford him a probable opportunity of being able to capture Ciudad Rodrigo before he could return to its relief, he suddenly assembled four divisions of the army, and completely invested the place on the 8th instant; and carried the approaches and works on with such astonishing rapidity, that there were

two practicable breaches in the body of the place on the evening of the 19th, when it was determined to assault at all points. The business was divided between the 3rd and the light divisions. The assault took place at seven o'clock in the evening. The 3rd division had by far the most difficult attack on the main breach, where the enemy were most prepared. The troops were, in consequence, exposed to a severe fire of hot shells and musketry, as well as several explosions, from which they suffered severely; but nothing could damp their ardour for a single moment. They rushed impetuously forward, drove the enemy from the breach as well as the entrenchments they had thrown up to defend it. The light division shortly after seconded in the attack allotted to them, and in a few minutes we drove them from all their points of defence, and became undisputed masters of the city. Our loss on the occasion was very considerable, particularly in officers, of whom forty-one (in the 3rd division) were killed or wounded. It was necessary to accelerate the attack, as Marmont was returning rapidly, with a large army, to its relief. Upon the whole, it has been a most important, as well as brilliant achievement, and does *much honour* to the talents of our commander. By this enterprise he has gained two great points. He has effected an important diversion in drawing Marshal Marmont's army back to this frontier, and he has, at the same time, gained a position of the greatest importance to our ulterior operations. I don't know whether you will be able to decipher this scrawl. My eyes are growing so bad, that I can with difficulty make out any writing—particularly my own. Be so good as to offer my best remembrances to Mrs. M. and all the family.

" My dear sir,
" Very faithfully yours,
" T. PICTON."

After the place was in possession of our troops, at great personal hazard, the subject of our remarks made himself extremely active in endeavouring to suppress the excesses of the soldiers, wild from the excitement of the storming. For General Picton's conduct, during all these proceedings, he received the Duke of Wellington's warmest thanks, both publicly and privately.

Another siege succeeded, that of Badajoz, perhaps one of the most dearly bought upon record. It is well detailed, and upon various authorities, by Mr. Robinson, all of them highly honourable to Picton. This part of the work will be read with the greatest attention, as it displays, in colours the most striking, the devoted bravery of the British character, from the lowest to the highest ranks. It was in the ditch, before the castle, which his troops afterwards carried, that Sir Thomas Picton received his wound. Had that castle not been carried, Badajoz would not have been won, and honour, and perhaps the Peninsula, have been lost. It was taken by escalade, and that in a manner that seems almost miraculous. The attacks on all the other points miserably, disastrously failed, for five thousand of our best troops were slaughtered in the breaches; whilst Picton's assault, that was at first intended only to have been a feint, proved

to be the means of turning a bloody defeat into certainly no bloodless victory.

But we must hasten on. We cannot pause to record the many noble deeds Picton performed, nor the many amusing anecdotes connected with himself and his fighting division; we cannot even dwell upon Lord Liverpool's merited eulogium upon his character and his services, and those stirring events in which he participated, or which he directed. We must content ourselves with a slight and very rapid sketch. Soult advanced to relieve, and retreated from Badajoz when he heard of its fall. Marmont moved upon Ciudad Rodrigo, and afterwards marched upon Almeida. The British advanced upon Castile, and at length Marmont, receiving reinforcement, again assumed the offensive. At length, in Salamanca, General Picton was confined to his bed, by a dangerous attack of fever, common to the country. Indeed, he became so ill, that he was obliged to permit the command of the third division to devolve upon General Pakenham. Just before this period he addressed the following letter to his friend, Mr. Marryat.

"Before Salamanca, 24th June, 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"We passed the Tormes by difficult fords on the 17th, and I had a continued skirmish with Marshal Marmont during the whole of that day. We entered the city on the same evening, but the French occupied a strongly-fortified point, which they have ever since maintained with obstinacy; and we have lost many valuable officers and men in attempting to dislodge them. On the 19th, Marshal Marmont, being joined by the reinforcements he expected, advanced within three miles of our position in front of Salamanca, and he made every apparent disposition for attacking us, and extended his army along our front so as to almost bring the two armies in contact in various points. In this extraordinary situation we remained, with various skirmishes and trifling affairs of posts, during the whole of the 22nd. On the morning of the 23rd, we discovered that he had silently decamped during the night, with all the appearance of a retreat upon Valladolid. However, we shortly after discovered that he had made that nocturnal movement for the purpose of approaching his left to the Tormes, and he now appears to be meditating the passage of that river, for the purpose of getting into our rear and acting upon our line of communication. We have also passed the river with three divisions of the army, and are endeavouring to counteract this manœuvre. The armies are, I believe, nearly equal at present; but the enemy has the means of reinforcing himself at hand, and we have no hopes of any addition to our force. My hopes are far from sanguine. We may operate as an admirable diversion and distract the enemy considerably by obliging him to concentrate his forces, which will lay him open to the enterprises of the Guerillas, but I have no hopes of being able to effect any thing substantial. I am perfectly tired with the continual movements and fatigue of this unceasing kind of warfare, in a country where we are exposed to every kind of privation, and, I may almost say, want. I mean to make my interest, as soon as I

find a favourable opportunity, for some one to succeed me in the command of the third division.

" My dear sir,

" Very faithfully yours,

" T. PICTON."

Owing to his illness, he was not present at the numerous brilliant affairs before, and the dreadful but glorious struggle that gained for the English arms the decisive battle of, Salamanca. Indeed, he found the re-establishment of his health proceed so slowly, that at length, and with much reluctance, he was compelled to depart for England, and repair to the waters of Cheltenham, that had before proved to him so beneficial.

We shall not follow the example of Mr. Robinson, and detail all the operations of the allied armies until General Picton again joined. In a voluminous publication such redundancy may be necessary; but we shall take up the thread of history when it is again interwoven with the events of our hero's life.

On the 1st of February, 1813, he was created a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and shortly after, his health being re-established, he returned to his command in the allied army, where he was received by his division with a feeling that may be truly designated as enthusiasm.

It is not our province here to narrate the mistakes and the vacillations of Joseph Buonaparte, then titular King of Spain, and which led to the glorious battle of Vittoria. For all this, we must again refer the curious, who are not already versed in that portion of their country's history, to Mr. Robinson's second volume. We will merely give General Picton's account of that affair in one of our original letters to his friend Marryat, which, from his hand, must be looked upon as a curious document.

" St. Estevan, among the Pyrenees, 24th July, 1813.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" The 'Gazette' account of the battle of Vittoria is a most incorrect relation of the circumstances of that memorable event: most uncandidly attributing to arrangement and manœuvre alone what was in a very considerable degree effected by blood and hard fighting. The arrangements and combinations preparatory to the action were certainly excellent; but the centre of the enemy's army did not immediately fall back upon Vittoria on seeing the arrangements for its attack, (as represented in the official dispatch,) but, in fact, disputed every inch of the ground, and was driven from several strong positions by the third division alone, and with a loss, in killed and wounded, of eighty-nine officers, seventy-one sergeants, and one thousand four hundred and seventy-five rank and file; a number which exceeded one-third of the whole casualties of the army on that memorable day, and being in the same proportion to our own effective numbers, which were under five thousand. Upon the whole, the division has not had its proportion of credit; but its operations were in the view of the whole army, and murder will out in the end.

"Soult is assembling the beaten army, and says that he will begin offensive operations in less than a fortnight. The whole of our army except the cavalry, is either watching his movements or covering the siege of St. Sebastian, which is a fortress of importance, as well to cover the left of our line as to facilitate our communication with England and, of course, our supplies. O'Donnel, with the Spanish army of reserve, is employed in the investment of Pampeluna, which may hold out for a couple of months longer. The surrender of this place, with that of St. Sebastian and Santona, will render us secure on this side, and then we must combine our operations with the unfortunate army of Alicant, and endeavour to eject Souchet from the South. Our numbers are naturally considerably diminished by the excessive fatigue of forced marches as well as the casualties of war. It is of the greatest importance to replace them and augment our numbers, so as to enable us to do something decisive at so critical and favourable a conjuncture. *Now is the time or never:* fifteen or twenty thousand men would do more than fifty thousand under any other circumstances. I have been almost blind of an obstinate inflammation of the eyes, which, by a long continuance, is almost become chronical. I must give over the business after this campaign, or it will give me up, which I must not run the risk of.

"I hope Mrs. M. and all the family continue in good health. We have already made great ravages in the jar of *mince meat*, which is allowed to be unique; and we have had the honour of celebrating her munificence in flaming bumpers of champagne. With my best wishes and compliments of the season to yourself and any part of your family,

"My dear sir,
"Very faithfully yours,
"T. PICTON."

By this victory that arrogant force, that had so lately threatened to drive the English out of Portugal into the sea, were now, in their turn, not only ignominiously expelled from Portugal, but actually hunted out of Spain, and the horrors of war were carried into that France, which its armies had so long vaunted as being inviolable. We have now the pleasure of giving the reader an original letter written by the gallant general from the French territories. It contains some very able views of the then state of affairs.

"Camp before Pamplona, 7th July, 1813.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have just been favoured with your letters and enclosures, for which I return you many thanks. I am happy to find, that you have at length succeeded in your privy council cause, for it would have been monstrous to have sent the judge back to Trinidad, under the whole circumstances of the case. I shall be very happy to have an opportunity of meeting the wishes of my old friend, Mr. De Granville, and I will take an early opportunity of recommending him for an ensigncy in my own regiment.

"I hope our operations here have not fallen short of your sanguine expectations. There certainly never was a more complete rout than

that of the 21st ult.: a couple of hours more daylight, and we should have had nearly the whole of the army, but they dispersed, and saved themselves under protection of the night. The third division had more than its usual share, and swept every thing before it, though opposed to about four times its number, and nearly fifty pieces of cannon. We had the satisfaction of exhibiting, from one o'clock until dark night, under the eyes of the whole army, and I think I may say, to its admiration. Our loss was of course great—more than one-third of that of the whole army—seventeen hundred and fifty men. The Portuguese brigade, if possible, surpassed the British in gallantry. The whole of the cannon, military chest, ammunition, baggage, and equipment of the army—the treasure of king Joseph, as well as that of all his generals, and an immense booty in plate and other valuable articles of plunder, fell into the hands of the soldiers. The whole of the loss sustained by the fugitive monarch and his followers, must amount to between three and four millions sterling. If ministers will send us ten or twelve thousand to fill up our ranks, which have been reduced by thirty-five days' forced marching, we shall carry every thing before us. Some of our advanced troops are now in France.

"I hope Mrs. M. and all my young friends enjoy good health. Pray offer them all my respects and best wishes.

"My dear sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"T. PICTON."

The battle of the Pyrenees, that afterwards ensued, was fought almost wholly by General Picton. This battle, with the operations attendant upon it, obliged the French a second time to retreat. A period of comparative inactivity followed, which was diversified by the investment of Pamplona and Saint Sebastian, which still remained unsubdued in the rear of the British forces, and prevented a farther ingress into France.

Not being, at this period, called upon for any active services, Sir Thomas, in the month of October, left his division on leave of absence, and repaired to England to take his seat in the House of Commons. We cannot omit what took place in that House. The Speaker addressed him as follows:—

"'Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton,—In this House your name has been long since enrolled amongst those who have obtained the gratitude of their country for distinguished military services; and we this day rejoice to see you amongst us, claiming again the tribute of our thanks for fresh exploits and achievements.

"'Whenever the history of the Peninsular war shall be related, your name will be found amongst the foremost in that race of glory. By your sword the British troops were led on to the victorious assault of Ciudad Rodrigo; by your daring hand the British standard was planted upon the castle of Badajoz: when the usurper of the Spanish throne was driven to make his last stand at Vittoria, your battalions filled the centre of that formidable line before which the veteran troops of France fled in terror and dismay; and by your skill, prudence, and valour, exerted in a critical hour, the enemy was foiled in his desperate attempt to break through the barrier of the Pyrenees, and raise the blockade of Pamplona.

" ' For the deeds of Vittoria and the Pyrenees, this double harvest of glory in one year, the House of Commons has resolved again to give you the tribute of its thanks; and I do therefore now, in the name and by the command of the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled, deliver to you their unanimous thanks for your great exertions upon the 21st of June last near Vittoria, when the French army was completely defeated by the allied forces under the Marquis of Wellington's command; and also for the valour, steadiness, and exertion so successfully displayed by you in repelling the repeated attacks made on the position of the allied army, by the whole French forces under the command of Marshal Soult, between the 25th of July and the 1st of August last."

He answered as follows:—

" ' Sir,—Being entirely unaccustomed to speak in public, I have great difficulty in expressing the high sense of gratification which I feel at the very flattering sentiments which this Honourable House has been pleased to entertain of my services, and at the very handsome manner in which they have been communicated.

" ' I have always, sir, regarded the thanks of this Honourable House as one of the highest honours which could be conferred upon any officer, —as the unquestionable evidence of past, and the greatest incitement to future, services. But I can apply individually to myself but a small part of the high commendations which have been so liberally and handsomely bestowed. A great proportion is unquestionably due to the generals and officers commanding brigades and corps in the division, for the judgment and gallantry with which the services alluded to were invariably executed; and to the officers and troops in general for the spirit and intrepidity which bore down all resistance, and secured complete success in all the important enterprises in which the division had the good fortune to be employed during the whole course of the war in the Peninsula.

" ' It will ever be the height of my pride and ambition to share the fortunes of a corps eminently conspicuous for every high military qualification, and actuated by a spirit of heroism which renders it truly invincible. With such instruments, sir, you will easily conceive that it cannot be difficult to obtain success; and it would be unfortunate, indeed, if we failed entirely to reflect some of the rays of the great luminary that directed us."

After reaping many more testimonials so honourable to himself from a grateful country, he again embarked for his command, in December of the same year. At this time he was offered a separate and independent command in Catalonia, which he declined, rather choosing to fight as a subordinate with his old division, which he had trained under his eyes, than to exercise supreme command with troops that were strangers to him.

" St. Jean de Luz, 3rd July, 1814.

" My dear Sir,

" In consequence of an interview with Lord Wellington, when it clearly appeared that the army in Catalonia was in no situation to undertake offensive or active operations of any kind, I have determined, with his lordship's approbation, to remain with this army, and resume my old command. We are perfectly in France, extending from the Nevelle across the Neve to the Adour; and if you will give us twenty thousand, we shall be able to make a most decisive, impor-

tant, forward movement, which cannot fail to cause most serious apprehensions at Paris: but without reinforcements to nearly that amount, we shall be able to perform no achievements worthy the Speaker's eloquence. The Spaniards, instead of being of any service to us in our operations, are a perfect dead weight, and do nothing but run away and plunder. We should do much better without these vapouring poltroon rascals, whose irregular conduct indisposes every one towards us. The inhabitants of the country appear remarkably well-disposed, and I believe, wish us success from their hearts, as the only probable means of bringing about what they all most ardently sigh for—peace. As for Buonaparte, as far as I can observe, he is held in general detestation, and the better sort of people speak of their old master with affection and regret. If peace is not brought about during the winter, we ought to make a great dash from all points, and get rid of the rascal at once. This, I conceive, would be no difficult matter, and I have little doubt but we should meet with very considerable co-operation; or at all events, a perfect sympathy from the inhabitants everywhere. In this country we all ride about as if we were in England, and go through all the towns and intricate bye-roads without even our swords, which is a strong evidence of the temper of the inhabitants towards us.

"My dear sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"T. PICTON."

The battle of Orthes was fought early in the spring of 1814, in which Sir Thomas made himself very conspicuous. After this battle the war was drawing rapidly to a conclusion, but this conclusion was marked by many bloody and desperate struggles on the part of the French, under Soult. Indeed, they sometimes seem to have fought with a purpose purely suicidal, as not wishing to survive the glory of their country. At this period the Duke D'Angoulême made his appearance at Bourdeaux, and all looked *couleur de rose* for the partisans of the Bourbons—blank despair for the Buonapartists.

The decisive, the bloody, and the totally unnecessary battle of Toulouse afterwards ensued, which ended the struggle in the south of France. As usual, Picton was foremost in the affray. The abdication of Buonaparte, now being made officially known to the belligerents of either party, the French army dispersed, and the English was broken up. Sir Thomas Picton, there being no longer a call for his services, embarked at Bourdeaux for England, and upon his arrival there, he had the mortification to find all his brothers in arms of equal rank elevated to peerages, whilst himself remained totally neglected. The secret of this injustice may be summed up in four words —he was no courtier.

After being again thanked in parliament, and then receiving the grand cross of the order of the Bath, Picton, for a short period, retired to the utility of a private life. But he was not long to remain a blessing to the poor around him, and the pride of his immediate neighbourhood. Napoleon once more arrayed France in arms, and the nations aroused to quell him. Of course, the country again called

upon Picton for his services, and he promptly obeyed the call, having first stipulated with the Duke of Wellington that he should be compelled to serve under no orders but those emanating directly from the commander-in-chief. He hardly had arrived at Brussels before he was sent forward, and found himself actively engaged in serious hostilities.

Who that has one particle of patriotic spirit does not know familiarly all the details of the battle of Waterloo? We shall not repeat them. We shall merely quote from Mr. Robinson's work the part that involved the death of the hitherto unvanquished leader. His division, truly called "the superb," was posted on an exposed situation, nearly in the centre of the field of battle. But let his biographer take up the sorrowful yet exciting narrative.

"The French columns were marching close up to the hedge; the English advanced to meet them, and the muzzles of their muskets were almost touching. Picton ordered Sir James Kempt's brigade forward: they bounded over the hedge, and were received with a murderous volley. A frightful struggle then ensued: the English rushed with fury upon their opponents, not stopping to load, but trusting solely to the bayonet to do their deadly work. The French fire had, however, fearfully thinned this first line, and they were fighting at least six to one. Picton, therefore, ordered General Pack's brigade to advance. With the exhilarating cry of 'Charge! Hurra! hurra!' he placed himself at their head, and led them forward. They returned his cheer as they followed him with a cool determination, which, in the words of the Spanish chief Alava, 'appalled the enemy.'

"The general kept at the head of their line, stimulating them by his own example. According to the Duke of Wellington's dispatch, 'This was one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position.' To defeat it was therefore of vital importance to the success of the day. Picton knew this, and doubtless felt that his own presence would tend greatly to inspire his men with confidence. He was looking along his gallant line, waving them on with his sword, when a ball struck him on the temple, and he fell back upon his horse—dead. Captain Tyler, seeing him fall, immediately dismounted and ran to his assistance: with the aid of a soldier he lifted him off his horse; but all assistance was vain—the noble spirit was fled.

"The rush of war had passed on, the contending hosts had met, and none could be idle at such a moment. Tyler, therefore, placed the body of his lamented friend and general beneath a tree, by which he could readily find it when the fight was done; and he rode forward to report to Sir James Kempt the loss which the army had sustained. That general, as senior officer, immediately assumed the command of the division: but 'Picton's intrepid example had done its work. Animated by their gallant chief, the men fought with a degree of fury which nothing could appal or resist: at one moment formed into squares, they received and repulsed the dreadful assaults of the lancers and cuirassiers; at another deploying into lines, their vigorous arm and undaunted courage drove back the enemy's masses at the point of the bayonet.' *

"Upon looking at the dress of Sir Thomas Picton in the evening of the 18th, a few hours after his fall, it was observed that his coat was torn on one side. This led to a further examination, and then the truth became apparent:—on the 16th he had been wounded at Quatre Bras; a musket-ball had struck him and broken two of his ribs, besides producing some further

* Mudford.

bodily, and it was supposed internal, injuries: but, expecting that a severe battle would be fought within a short time, he kept this wound secret, lest he should be solicited to absent himself upon the occasion. Regardless of every selfish consideration, he only divulged this secret to an old servant, with whose assistance he bound up the wound; and then, with a command over his feelings almost incredible, he continued to perform his duties. The night of the 16th and the whole of the following day he was in constant activity. By the morning of the 18th the wound had assumed a serious aspect; but the assurance that the French were about to attack the British position roused every energy of his almost exhausted frame; he subdued his bodily anguish; and when the moment came which called for his great example, the hand of death, which it is supposed was even then upon him from the wound alluded to, could not, while sufficient life yet remained, check for a moment his zeal and courage."

Why need we to record more? When he fell, England lost a soldier never surpassed in bravery, and seldom equalled in genius. He was a soldier every inch of him; his character as such was never mistaken—as that of a man, greatly. His country appeared to know him only when it lost him, and the revulsion in his favour became as great as was formerly the prejudice against him. That he was a man of the kindliest disposition, the numerous instances narrated in these volumes, and the still more numerous ones with which we were ourselves acquainted, evidently prove. But early in his career, he had been misrepresented by many, and most foully slandered by a base few. The few obtained a temporary credence, and then Thomas Picton coated his heart with a mail, not impenetrable, as a thousand instances show, but which opposed a harsh and hard exterior to most, whilst all was generous and soft within.

His galling early injuries had turned his manly firmness into sternness, and his features in some measure were a reflection of his character, at least to the stranger. What he was, even in his looks to his intimate friends, they alone know, and for them it would be bootless to tell. Many of the bosoms that he gladdened are now mouldering in their graves, and the few that remember him in the hours of domestic relaxation, are now content to view him only in the light of an unapproachable star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of British military glory.

Mr. Robinson, in his Memoirs, has occupied many pages in disproving invidious charges brought against him on many military subjects. We think that his elaborate justifications were needless, and we would have had them omitted, as they reflect so little honour upon the distinguished characters that have brought them forward. Not only was he not indifferent to the interests of those who, under him, distinguished themselves by their merits, but extremely though not importunately zealous. Picton become importunate!—there seems an absurdity in the very idea, a palpable catachresis. A man who commanded so much awe by the strength of his character, could not possibly win a favour by the smile of sycophancy. Yes, he was the steel upon which men rely in the hour of peril; not the jewelled bauble to be praised and fondled in the period of enervation and luxury. Unfortunately for the brave, appointments are no longer

bestowed and honours granted in the battle field still slippery with gore; but in the essenced hall, and in the courtly chambers, among silken parasites and luxurious hangers on. Had the former been the case, how many of Picton's gallant companions of his brilliant third division would have now, if living, stood high on the army list! Alas! the stern brave warrior could only show them how to gain glory—they gained it, and but little else.

Having followed the gallant leader with tolerable fidelity through the various paths of his life, perhaps the reader might think that we should say a few words on what occurred respecting him after his death. His body, by the Duke of Wellington's directions, was conveyed to England. On its arrival in the Downs it was received with every demonstration of honour, and thence conveyed to London, and it was finally interred in the family vault, in the burial-ground of St. George's, Hanover Square, situated in the Bayswater Road. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory in the cathedral of St. Paul's, at the public expense, and a still more remarkable one at Carmarthen, by private subscription, to which his Majesty George IV. contributed one hundred guineas.

It now remains for us to speak of the manner in which Mr. Robinson has acquitted himself of his biography. We shall do so with all that impartiality that it has ever been our boast, on all occasions, to exhibit. We therefore say, decidedly, that it is well done; but yet it is not such a work as Picton deserved, and which a country, grateful for his services, had a right to expect. In points in which Mr. Robinson has failed, his failure has arisen from no want of talent. His principal fault is, that he does not seem to have been sufficiently imbued with the importance of the office that he has undertaken. He has not sought out with due diligence for the best materials. We have in his biography too little of Picton, and too much of general history. His hero seems but a secondary personage, and, were it not for the title, most readers, on the perusal of the book, would rise up with an impression that they had been poring over a narrative of the Peninsular war, instead of studying a biography of Major-General Picton.

Mr. Robinson has also displayed another great want of tact, in interlarding his work with so many quotations, almost every one of which shows his meagre style of composition in a disparaging light. After dwelling upon the compressed energy and originality of Napier, and the rounded periods and beautiful rhythm of Southey, we feel the contrast grate upon us when we arrive at Mr. Robinson's correct yet unembellished diction:—but this, to the generality of readers, must be a venial error. So let it be with us. For the perspicuity of his narrative, and the lucid arrangement of his facts, we and his country owe him many thanks, whilst we feel that his devotion to the character that he commemorates has done him infinite honour. We think it the duty of every Englishman who has his heart in the right place (a homely but a thoroughly British expression) to become acquainted with this biography.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

By Γαμμα.

I.

Οὐκ ἔθανες, Πρώτη, κ. τ. λ.

Thou hast not perish'd! but thy soul is fled,
To happier realms, among the virtuous dead:
Fated upon those blissful isles to stay,
Where fair Elysium shines in endless day.
Removed afar from every servile fear,
Nor cold, nor heat, nor storms, assail thee there.
No hunger and no thirst torment thee now,
For thee man's life can no allurements show:
Without a fault thou calmly dwell'st in ease,
Amidst those quiet realms of everlasting peace.

II.

Τὸ ῥόδον ἀκμάζει, κ. τ. λ.

The rose may please us for a time,
In new-blown fullness bone,
Look at it when it's past its prime,
You only find a thorn.

III.

Πᾶς τις ἀπαιδεύτος, κ. τ. λ.

'Tis wise for ignorance to hold its tongue—
Better say nothing, than say something wrong.

IV.

Τὰς τρίχας, ὦ Νίκυλλα, κ. τ. λ.

Some say you die your hair—who would have thought it?
Surely 'twas black enough when first you *bought* it.

V.

Μακροτέρῳ σταυρῷ, κ. τ. λ.

Dick, envious, pined away when he was shown
Another's gallows taller than his own.

VI.

Πλοῦτος ὁ τῆς ψυχῆς, κ. τ. λ.

Only the riches of the mind
A firm support remain:
All other riches, you will find,
Bring greater loss than gain.

VII.

Τῆδε Ἴδων, κ. τ. λ.

Here the Acantian son of Dicon lies—
Sleep only holds him—virtue never dies.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

I TOOK the carriage the next day, and drove to Lord Windermear's. He was at home, and I gave my name to the servant as Mr. De Benyon. It was the first time that I had made use of my own name. His lordship was alone when I entered. He bowed, as if not recognising me, and waved his hand to a chair.

"My lord, I have given my true name, and you treat me as a perfect stranger. I will mention my former name, and I trust you will honour me with a recognition. I was Japhet Newland."

"My dear Mr. Newland, you must accept my apology; but it is so long since we met, and I did not expect to see you again."

"I thought, my lord, that Mr. Masterton had informed you of what had taken place."

"No; I have just come from a visit to my sisters in Westmorland, and have received no letters from him."

"I have, my lord, at last succeeded in finding out the object of my mad search, as you were truly pleased to call it, in the Honourable General De Benyon, lately arrived from the East Indies."

"Where his services are well known," added his lordship. "Mr. De Benyon, I congratulate you with all my heart. When you refused my offers of assistance, and left us all in that mad way, I certainly despaired of ever seeing you again. I am glad that you re-appear under such fortunate auspices. Has your father any family?"

"None, my lord, but myself; and my mother died in the East Indies."

"Then I presume, from what I know at the Board of Controul, that you may *now* safely be introduced as a young gentleman of large fortune; allow me at least to assist your father, in placing you in your proper sphere in society. Where is your father?"

"At present, my lord, he is staying at the Adelphi Hotel, confined to his room by an accident, but I trust that, in a few days, he will be able to come out."

"Will you offer my congratulations to him, and tell him, that if he will allow me, I will have the honour of paying my respects to him? Will you dine with me on Monday next?"

I returned my thanks, accepted the invitation, and took my leave, his lordship saying as he shook hands with me, "You don't know how happy this intelligence has made me. I trust that your father and I shall be good friends."

When I returned to the carriage, as my father had desired me to take an airing, I thought I might as well have a companion, so I directed them to drive to Mr. Cophagus's. The servant knocked, and I went in as soon as the door was opened. Susannah and Mrs. Cophagus were sitting in the room.

[1] Continued from p. 252.

"Susannah," said I, "I know you do not like to walk out, so I thought, perhaps, you would have no objection to take an airing in the carriage; my father has lent it to me. Will you come?—it will do you good."

"It is very kind of you, Japhet, to think of me; but——"

"But what?" replied Mrs. Cophagus. "Surely thou wilt not refuse, Susannah? It would savour much of ingratitude on thy part."

"I will not then be ungrateful," replied Susannah, leaving the room; and in a short time she returned in a Leghorn bonnet and shawl like her sister's. "Do not I prove that I am not ungrateful, Japhet, since to do credit to thy carriage, I am content to depart from the rules of our persuasion?" said Susannah, smiling.

"I feel the kindness and the sacrifice you are making to please me, Susannah," replied I; "but let us lose no time."

I handed her down to the carriage, and we drove to the Park. It was a beautiful day, and the Park was filled with pedestrians as well as carriages. Susannah was much astonished, as well as pleased. "Now, Susannah," said I, "if you were to call this Vanity Fair, you would not be far wrong; but still, recollect that even all this is productive of much good. Reflect how many industrious people find employment and provision for their families by the building of these gay vehicles, their painting and ornamenting. How many are employed at the loom, and at the needle, in making these gay dresses. This vanity is the cause of wealth not being hoarded, but finding its way through various channels, so as to produce comfort and happiness to thousands."

"Your observations are just, Japhet, but you have lived in the world, and seen much of it. I am as one just burst from an egg-shell, all amazement. I have been living in a little world of my own thoughts, surrounded by a mist of ignorance, and not being able to penetrate farther, have considered myself wise when I was not."

"My dear Susannah, this is a chequered world, but not a very bad one—there is in it much of good as well as evil. The sect to which you belong avoid it—they know it not—and they are unjust towards it. During the time that I lived at Reading, I will candidly state to you that I met with many who called themselves of the persuasion, who were wholly unworthy of it, but they made up in outward appearance and hypocrisy, what they wanted in their conduct towards their fellow creatures. Believe me, Susannah, there are pious and good, charitable and humane, conscientious, and strictly honourable people among those who now pass before your view in such gay procession; but society requires that the rich should spend their money in superfluities, that the poor may be supported. Be not deceived, therefore, in future, by the outward garments, which avail nothing."

"You have induced me much to alter my opinions already, Japhet; so has that pleasant friend of thine, Mr. Masterton, who has twice called since we have been in London; but is it not time that we should return?"

"It is indeed later than I thought it was, Susannah," replied I, looking at my watch, "and I am afraid that my father will be impatient for my return. I will order them to drive home."

As we drove along, leaning against the back of the carriage, my hand happened to touch that of Susannah, which lay beside her on the cushion, I could not resist taking it in mine, and it was not withdrawn. What my thoughts were, the reader may imagine: Susannah's I cannot acquaint him with; but in that position we remained in silence until the carriage stopped at Cophagus's door. I handed Susannah out of the carriage, and went up stairs for a few moments. Mrs. Cophagus and her husband were out.

"Susannah, this is very kind of you, and I return you my thanks. I never felt more happy than when seated with you in that carriage."

"I have received both amusement and instruction, Japhet, and ought to thank you. Do you know what passed in my mind at one time?"

"No—tell me."

"When I first knew you, and you came among us, I was, as it were, the guide, a presumptuous one perhaps to you, and you listened to me—now it is reversed—now that we are removed and in the world, it is you that are the guide, and it is I who listen and obey."

"Because, Susannah, when we first met I was much in error, and had thought too little of serious things, and you were fit to be my guide: now we are mixing in the world, with which I am better acquainted than yourself. You then corrected me, when I was wrong: I now point out to you where you are not rightly informed: but, Susannah, what you have learnt of me is as nought compared with the valuable precepts which I gained from your lips—precepts which, I trust, no collision with the world will ever make me forget."

"Oh! I love to hear you say that; I was fearful that the world would spoil you, Japhet, but it will not—will it?"

"Not so long as I have you still with me, Susannah: but if I am obliged to mix again with the world, tell me, Susannah, will you reject me?—will you desert me?—will you return to your own people and leave me so exposed? Susannah, dearest, you must know how long, how dearly I have loved you:—you know that, if I had not been sent for and obliged to obey the message, that I would have lived and died content with you. Will you not listen to me now, or do you reject me?"

I put my arm round her waist, her head fell upon my shoulder, and she burst into tears. "Speak, dearest, this suspense is torture to me," continued I.

"I do love you, Japhet," replied she at last, looking fondly at me through her tears; "but I know not whether this earthly love may not have weakened my affection towards Heaven. If so, may God pardon me, for I cannot help it."

After this avowal, for a minute, which appeared but a few seconds, we were in each other's arms, when Susannah disengaged herself.

"Dearest Japhet, thy father will be much displeased."

"I cannot help it," replied I, "I shall submit to his displeasure."

"Nay, but Japhet, why risk thy father's wrath?"

"Well, then," replied I, attempting to reach her lips, "I will go."

"Nay, nay—indeed, Japhet, you exact too much—it is not seemly."

"Then I won't go."

"Recollect about thy father."

"It is you who detain me, Susannah."

"I must not injure thee with thy father, Japhet, it were no proof of my affection—but, indeed, you are self-willed."

"God bless you, Susannah," said I, as I gained the contested point, and hastened to the carriage.

My father was a little out of humour when I returned, and questioned me rather sharply as to where I had been. I half pacified him by delivering Lord Windermear's polite message; but he continued his interrogations, and although I had pointed out to him that a De Benyon would never be guilty of an untruth, I am afraid I told some half dozen on this occasion; but I consoled myself with the reflection, that, in the code of honour of a fashionable man, he is bound, if necessary, to tell falsehoods where a lady is concerned; so I said that I had driven through the streets looking at the houses, and had twice stopped and had gone in to examine them. My father supposed that I had been looking out for a house for him, and was satisfied. Fortunately they were job horses; had they been his own I should have been in a severe scrape. Horses are the only part of an establishment which the gentlemen have any consideration for, and on which ladies have no mercy.

I had promised the next day to dine with Mr. Masterton. My father had taken a great aversion to this old gentleman until I had narrated the events of my life, in which he had played such a conspicuous and friendly part. Then, to do my father justice, his heart warmed towards him.

"My dear sir, I have promised to dine out to-day."

"With whom, Japhet?"

"Why, sir, to tell you the truth, with that 'old thief of a lawyer.'"

"I am very much shocked at your using such an expression towards one who has been such a sincere friend, Japhet; and you will oblige me, sir, by not doing so again in my presence."

"I really beg your pardon, general," replied I, "but I thought to please you."

"Please me! what do you think of me? please me, sir, by showing yourself ungrateful!—I'm ashamed of you, sir."

"My dear father, I borrowed the expression from you. You called Mr. Masterton 'an old thief of a lawyer' to his face: he complained to me of the language before I had the pleasure of meeting you. I feel, and always shall feel, the highest respect, love, and gratitude towards him. Have I your permission to go?"

"Yes, Japhet," replied my father, looking very grave, "and do me the favour to apologise for me to Mr. Masterton for my having used such an expression in my unfortunate warmth of temper—I am ashamed of myself."

"My dearest father, no man need be ashamed who is so ready to make honourable reparation:—we are all a little out of temper at times."

"You have been a kind friend to me, Japhet, as well as a good

son," replied my father with some emotion. "Don't forget the apology at all events: I shall be unhappy until it be made."

I arrived at Mr. Masterton's, and walked into his room, when whom should I find in company with him but Harcourt.

"Japhet, I'm glad to see you: allow me to introduce you to Mr. Harcourt—Mr. De Benyon," and the old gentleman grinned maliciously; but I was not to be taken aback.

"Harcourt," said I, extending my hand, "I have to apologise to you for a rude reception and for unjust suspicions, but I was vexed at the time—if you will admit that as an excuse."

"My dear Japhet," replied Harcourt, taking my hand and shaking it warmly, "I have to apologise to you for much more unworthy behaviour, and it will be a great relief to my mind if you will once more enrol me in the list of your friends."

"And now, Mr. Masterton," said I, "as apologies appear to be the order of the day, I bring you one from the general, who has requested me to make one to you for having called you an old thief of a lawyer, of which he was totally ignorant until I reminded him of it to-day."

Harcourt burst into a laugh.

"Well, Japhet, you may tell your old tiger that I did not feel particularly affronted, as I took his expression *professionally* and not personally, and if he meant it in that sense, he was not far wrong. Japhet, to-morrow is Sunday; do you go to meeting or to church?"

"I believe, sir, that I shall go to church."

"Well, then, come with me:—be here at half-past two—we will go to evening service at St. James's.

"I have received many invitations, but I never yet received an invitation to go to church," replied I.

"You will hear an extra lesson of the day—a portion of Susannah and the Elders."

I took the equivoque, which was incomprehensible to Harcourt: I hardly need say, that the latter and I were on the best terms. When we separated, Harcourt requested leave to call upon me the next morning, and Mr. Masterton said that he should also pay his respects to the tiger, as he invariably called my most honoured parent.

Harcourt, was with me very soon after breakfast, and after I had introduced him to my "Governor," we retired to talk without interruption.

"I have much to say to you, De Benyon," commenced Harcourt: "first let me tell you, that after I rose from my bed, and discovered that you had disappeared, I resolved, if possible, to find you out and induce you to come back. Timothy, who looked very shy at me, would tell me nothing, but that the last that was heard of you was at Lady de Clare's, at Richmond. Having no other clue, I went down there, introduced myself, and, as they will tell you, candidly acknowledged that I had treated you ill. I then requested that they would give me any clue by which you might be found, for I had an opportunity of offering to you a situation which was at my father's disposal, and which any gentleman might have accepted, although it was not very lucrative."

"It was very kind of you, Harcourt"

"Do not say that, I beg. It was thus that I formed an acquaintance with Lady de Clare and her daughter, whose early history, as Fleta, I had obtained from you, but who, I little imagined to be the little girl that you had so generously protected; for it was not until after I had deserted you that you had discovered her parentage. The extreme interest relative to you evinced by both the mother and daughter surprised me. They had heard of my name from you, but not of our quarrel. They urged me, and thanked me for proposing, to follow you and find you out: I did make every attempt. I went to Brentford, inquired at all the public-houses, and of all the coachmen who went down the road, but could obtain no information, except that at one public-house, a gentleman stopped with a portmanteau, and soon afterwards went away with it on his shoulders. I returned to Richmond with the tidings of my ill-success about a week after I had first called there. Cecilia was much affected and cried very bitterly. I could not help asking Lady de Clare why she took such a strong interest in your fortunes.' 'Who ought,' replied Cecilia, 'if his poor Fleta does not?' 'Good Heavens! Miss de Clare, are you the little Fleta whom he found with the gipsies, and talked to me so much about?' 'Did you not know it?' said Lady de Clare. I then explained to her all that had latterly passed between us, and they in return communicated your events and dangers in Ireland. Thus was the intimacy formed, and ever since I have been constantly welcome at their house. I did not, however, abandon my inquiries for many months, when I thought it was useless, and I had to console poor Cecilia, who constantly mourned for you. And now, Japhet, I must make my story short: I could not help admiring a young person who showed so much attachment and gratitude joined to such personal attractions, but she was an heiress and I was a younger brother. Still Lady de Clare insisted upon my coming to the house, and I was undecided how to act when the unfortunate death of my elder brother put me in a situation to aspire to her hand. After that my visits were more frequent, and I was tacitly received as a suitor by Lady de Clare, and had no reason to complain of the treatment I received from Cecilia. Such was the position of affairs until the day on which you broke in upon us so unexpectedly, and at the very moment that you came in I had, with the sanction of her mother, made an offer to Cecilia, and was anxiously awaiting an answer from her own dear lips. Can you therefore be surprised, Japhet, at there being a degree of constraint on all sides at the interruption occasioned by the presence of one who had long been considered lost to us? Or that a young person just deciding upon the most important step of her life should feel confused and agitated at the entrance of a third party, however dear he might be to her as a brother and a benefactor."

"I am perfectly satisfied, Harcourt," replied I; "and I will go there, and make my peace as soon as I can."

"Indeed, Japhet, if you knew the distress of Cecilia you would pity her and love her more than ever. Her mother is also much annoyed. As soon as you were gone, they desired me to hasten after

you and bring you back. Cecilia had not yet given her answer: I requested it before my departure, but, I presume to stimulate me, she declared that she would give me no answer, until I reappeared with you. This is now three weeks ago, and I have not dared to go there. I had been trying all I could to see you again since you repulsed me at the Piazza, but without success, until I went to Mr. Masterton, and begged him to procure me an interview. I thank God it has succeeded."

"Well, Harcourt, you shall see Cecilia to-morrow morning, if you please."

"Japhet, what obligations I am under to you! Had it not been for you, I never should have known Cecilia; and more, were it not for your kindness, I might perhaps lose her for ever."

"Not so, Harcourt; it was your own good feeling prompted you to find me out, which introduced you to Cecilia, and I wish you joy with all my heart. This is a strange world—who would have imagined that in little Fleta I was picking up a wife for a man whose life I nearly took away? I will ask my governor for his carriage to-morrow, and will call and take you up at your lodgings at two o'clock, if that hour will suit you. I will tell you all that has passed since I absconded, when we are at Lady de Clare's; one story will do for all."

Harcourt then took his leave, and I returned to my father, with whom I found Lord Windermear.

"De Benyon, I am happy to see you again," said his lordship. "I have just been giving a very good character of you to the general; I hope you will continue to deserve it."

"I hope so too, my lord; I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I did not, after my father's kindness to me."

Mr. Masterton was then introduced: Lord Windermear shook hands with him, and after a short conversation took his leave.

"Japhet," said Mr. Masterton aside, "I have a little business with your father; get out of the room any way you think best."

"There are but two ways, my dear sir," replied I, "the door or the windows: with your permission, I will select the former, as most agreeable;" so saying, I went to my own room. What passed between the general and Mr. Masterton I did not know until afterwards, but they were closeted upwards of an hour, when I was sent for by Mr. Masterton.

"Japhet, you said you would go with me to hear the new preacher; we have no time to lose: so, general, I shall take my leave and run away with your son."

I followed Mr. Masterton into his carriage, and we drove to the lodging of Mr. Cophagus. Susannah was all ready, and Mr. Masterton went up stairs and brought her down. A blush and a sweet smile illumined her features when she perceived me stowed away in the corner of the chariot. We drove off, and somehow or another our hands again met and did not separate until we arrived at the church door. Susannah had the same dress on as when she had accompanied me in my father's carriage. I went through the responses with her, reading out of the same book, and I never felt more inclined to be devout, for I was happy, and grateful to Heaven for my hap-

piness. When the service was over, we were about to enter the carriage, when who should accost us but Harcourt.

"You are surprised to see me here," said he to Mr. Masterton, "but I thought there must be something very attractive, that you should make an appointment with Japhet to go to this church, and as I am very fond of a good sermon, I determined to come and hear it."

Harcourt's ironical look told me all he would say.

"Well," replied Mr. Masterton, "I hope you have been edified—now get out of the way, and let us get into the carriage."

"To-morrow at two, De Benyon," said Harcourt, taking another peep at Susannah.

"Yes, punctually," replied I, as the carriage drove off.

"And now, my dear child," said Mr. Masterton to Susannah, as the carriage rolled along, "tell me, have you been disappointed, or do you agree with me? You have attended a meeting of your own persuasion this morning—you have now, for the first time, listened to the ritual of the Established Church. To which do you give the preference?"

"I will not deny, sir, that I think, in departing from the forms of worship, those of my persuasion did not do wisely. I would not venture to say thus much, but you support me in my judgment."

"You have answered like a good, sensible girl, and have proved that you can think for yourself; but observe, my child, I have persuaded you for once, and once only, to enter our place of worship, that you might compare and judge for yourself; it now remains for you to decide as you please."

"I would that some better qualified would decide for me," replied Susannah, gravely.

"Your husband, Susannah," whispered I, "must take that responsiblity upon himself. Is he not the proper person?"

Susannah slightly pressed my hand, which held hers, and said nothing. As soon as we had conveyed her home, Mr. Masterton offered to do me the same kindness, which I accepted.

"Now, Japhet, I dare say that you would like to know what it was I had so particular to say to the old general this morning."

"Of course I would, sir, if it concerned me."

"It did concern you, for we had not been two minutes in conversation, before you were brought on the tapis; he spoke of you with tears in his eyes—of what a comfort you had been to him, and how happy you had made him; and that he could not bear you to be away from him for half an hour. 'On that hint I spake,' and observed, that he must not expect you to continue in retirement long, neither must he blame you, that when he had set up his establishment, and you were acknowledged, that you would be as great a favourite as you were before, and be unable, without giving offence, to refuse the numerous invitations which you would receive. In short, that it was nothing but right you should resume your position in society, and it was his duty to submit to it. The old governor did not appear to like my observations, and said he expected otherwise from you. I replied, that it was impossible to change our natures, and the other sex would naturally have attractions which you would not be able to

resist, and that they would occupy a large portion of your time. 'The only way to ensure his company, my dear sir, is to marry him to a steady, amiable young woman, who, not having been thrown into the vortex of fashion, will find pleasure in domestic life. Then her husband will become equally domestic, and you will be all very happy together.' Your father agreed with me, and appeared very anxious that it should take place. I then very carefully introduced Miss Temple, saying, that I knew you had a slight partiality in that quarter, highly commending her beauty, prudence, &c. I stated, that feeling an interest about you, I had gone down into the country where she resided, and had made her acquaintance, and had been much pleased with her; that since she had come up to town with her relations, I had seen a great deal, and had formed so high an opinion of, and so strong an attachment to her, and had felt so convinced that she was the very person who would make you happy and domestic, that having no family myself, I had some idea of adopting her. At all events, that if she married you, I was determined to give her something very handsome on the day of the wedding."

"But, my dear sir, why should you not have said that Susannah Temple was left an orphan at seven years old, and her fortune has accumulated ever since; it is by no means despicable, I understand, from Mr. Cophagus; and moreover, Mr. Cophagus intends to leave her all his property."

"I am very glad to hear it, Japhet, and will not fail to communicate all this to your father, but there is no reason why I may not do as I please with my own money—and I love that girl dearly. By-the-bye, have you ever said any thing to her?"

"O yes, sir, we are pledged to each other."

"That's all right; I thought so, when I saw your fingers hooked together in the carriage. But now, Japhet, I should recommend a little indifference—not exactly opposition, when your father proposes the subject to you. It will make him more anxious, and when you consent, more obliged to you. I have promised to call upon him to-morrow, on that and other business, and you had better be out of the way."

"I shall be out of the way, sir; I mean to go with Harcourt to Lady de Clare's. I shall ask for the carriage."

"He will certainly lend it to you, as he wishes to get rid of you; but here we are. God bless you, my boy."

(To be concluded in our next.)

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Dim portraits of an age past by,
How oft in childhood's artless days,
Would thy grave stateliness supply
Themes for my wondering awe and praise!

Each spreading hoop and tightened waist,
And sweeping train were prized by me,
And much I censured modern taste,
Vain of my gorgeous ancestry.

Yon splendid dame in plumes and pearls,
Seemed by the Graces' hand arrayed,
Who could resist such powdered curls,
Or gaze unmoved on such brocade?

And the trim courtier by her side,
Some score of hearts I deemed had won,
In wig, and sword, and ruffles wide,
He looked a very Grandison!

Fain would I here some annals trace
Of wonder, peril, or mischance;
But 'tis in vain—our luckless race
Boasts not one story of romance.

And if it did, romance I fear
Has almost lost its spell for me,
The tales I tell, and those I hear,
Are now of plain reality.

Yet even in this time of truth,
These portraits cause my heart to thrill,
Not with the ecstasies of youth,
But with a holier feeling still.

The dreams have fled that wrapped me then,
But in their subjects I can claim
A race of honourable men,
And matrons of unblemished fame.

'Twas theirs in tranquil ease to move,
Yet their calm ways could brightened be
By many a kindly deed of love,
And prayer of fervent piety.

Malice ne'er dared their lives to scan,
In duty's hallowed path they trod,
Their actions were approved by man,
Their souls, I trust, received by God.

Oh! may their honoured names obtain
No spot from thought or deed of mine,
May I the principles retain,
Transmitted from a worthy line.

And may I meet and recognise
Hereafter in a happier sphere,
The forms that pleased my childish eyes,
And won my simple homage here.

MISS LANDON'S VOW OF THE PEACOCK.

The Vow of the Peacock, and other Poems. By L. E. L. Author of the "Improvvisatrice," "The Golden Violet," &c. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

A DESCRIPTION at once accurate and comprehensive, has often been demanded, of "What is Poetry?" We believe that the world has not yet had an answer, that may be justly called universally satisfactory. We have a reply ready, to which, at least, a very extensive circle will make no cavil—it is, "Miss Landon's feelings verbally expressed." If it be asked still further, where they are so verbally expressed, we respond, at once, in the book now under our notice. This definition, it may be urged, is comprehensive enough, and any thing but accurate. We, however, assert it to be true, as far as accuracy implies truth. That beautiful tact, the offspring of exalted sentiments, of making the true, by means of the false, lovely and triumphant, is most eminently hers. The power of transforming mere matter into mind, and sublimating dull reality into inspired idealty, she possesses in a degree not surpassed by any living writer, and approached but by few of the aspirants for poetical fame.

As, at the first beams of the sun, the wide landscape, before but so dimly seen, starts into life, and light, and beauty, so does her mind flash into poetry the moment her eye rests upon any object that contains even but a little of the Promethean fire. She saw Mr. M'Cliso's picture of the "Vow of the Peacock," the electric spark was communicated to her soul, and the world has the beautiful poem, the title of which heads this article.

But, after all, grateful as the world will be to her for this production, how little has that world received of the gorgeous images, the lofty aspirations, that must have swelled her bosom even to ecstasy, when she sate down to pen the crowding and many-tinted thoughts, that must have made her waking dream an actual visitation to Paradise. How poor and insignificant must be the unexpressed, and the inexpressible, when compared with what the poverty of the language will permit her to pour forth in her musical numbers, to an applauding world! Of the picture to which we are indebted for so much pleasure, we shall say but little. The brand may be mean that lights up the altar fire, the incense of which ascends into heaven. If we do not speak in raptures of this painting, that has been the cause of so many, Miss Landon will forgive us, and we will, for her sake, henceforward remember it only through the medium of her own sweet poetry.

The poem of the "Vow of the Peacock" opens with a fine burst of false philosophy, yet of the most genuine and elevated poetry. In this case, the poetess has thrown all the gorgeous beauty that really exists in the true, over the false. We read, we become impassioned, and in love with that morbidness of mind, that sees nothing good or glorious in the resplendent present that a beneficent Deity has so bounteously

spread out before us. But even this distaste for the present, and adoration for the past, involves an absurdity, for we feel a high present pleasure in the very act of asserting, (for we go along with the author,) that this same present has not pleasure to administer. The past is made most beautiful by the beauty of the present.

The metrical tale of the "Vow of the Peacock," is fabled to have been sung by a young page to a queen; and this slight introduction is made touching by many quiet, tender, and beautiful thoughts. He sings to this effect, that the Queen of Cyprus has been traitorously dispossessed of her throne by her uncle-guardian, and barely escapes from death, or perpetual incarceration, by means of flight, she repairs to Venice, and finds there Count Leoni, about to celebrate a splendid tournament. She petitions him by his vow of knighthood, to turn the gallantry of a pageant into the heroism of actual war, for the vindication of her right. The request is joyfully acceded to. Love suddenly usurps the bosom of the distressed queen and her noble vindicator; and he, and all his martial followers, take the "Vow of the Peacock." True love, though shared by queens and belted knights, will run not the more smooth on that account. Count Leoni has brought up an orphan, much younger than himself, upon whom, as he lavishes the endearments grown people give to children, she in return lavishes upon him every feeling, thought, and affection that women know.

She at once, at the festal commemoration of the "Vow," understands her lost situation. She cannot wholly resign, whom she knows she can never possess. She darkens her complexion, and sails disguised as a page, with the lovers to Cyprus.

For once might and right are on the same side. The usurper is slain; and then, when ambition and love are about to crown the conqueror, he discovers whom the devoted being is that has so zealously attended them. However, the struggle between the point of honour and passion is not long. The orphan herself cuts the gordian knot that tied up the fates of these three persons so perplexingly. An assassin enters Leoni's tent in the dead hour of night, and the orphan and hopeless one saves the loved life of her early protector, by interposing her own. By this sacrifice, so emphatically a woman's, all difficulties are removed. The count and queen marry, and happiness is the result, so say the chronicles and Miss Landon, to all parties, not excepting those most interested, their mutual subjects.

This abridgment, that must appear so dry to the reader, is merely the bare walls of a splendid and elegant temple that Miss Landon has erected to poetry, in which she has crowded a profusion of beauties, and built up an altar to the deity of that passion, who is with her so refined and exalted—Love.

Were we to make a selection of all the excellent passages of this poem, peradventure we should offend her publishers, as they might have some objection to our transcribing the whole work. But a few we must appropriate to our pages. As Miss Landon is so passionately enamoured of the past, our readers shall briefly know why, in the following quotation.

> "The past! ah, we owe it a tenderer debt,
> Heaven's own sweetest mercy is not to forget;

Its influence softens the present, and flings
A grace, like the ivy, wherever it clings.
Sad thoughts are its ministers—angels that keep
Their beauty to hallow the sorrows they weep.
The wrong, that seemed harsh to our earlier mood,
By long years with somewhat of love is subdued;—
The grief, that at first had no hope in its gloom,
Ah, flowers have at length sprung up over the tomb.
The heart hath its twilight, which softens the scene,
While memory recalls where the lovely hath been.
It builds up the ruin, restores the grey tower,
Till there looks the beauty still from her bower.
It leans o'er the fountain, and calls from the wave
The naiad that dwelt with her lute in the cave;—
It bends by the red rose, and thinketh old songs:—
That leaf to the heart of the lover belongs.
It clothes the grey tree with the green of its spring,
And brings back the music the lark used to sing.
But spirits yet dearer attend on the past,
When alone, 'mid the shadows the dim hearth has cast;
Then feelings come back, that had long lost their tone,
And echo the music that once was their own.
Then friends, whose sweet friendship the world could divide,
Come back with kind greetings, and cling to our side.
The book which we loved when our young love was strong;—
An old tree long cherished, a nursery song;—
A walk slow and pleasant by field and by wood;—
The winding 'mid water-plants of that clear flood,
Where lilies, like fairy queens, looked on their glass,—
That stream we so loved in our childhood to pass.
Oh! world of sweet phantoms, how precious thou art!
The past is perpetual youth to the heart.
The past is the poet's,—that world is his own;
Thence hath his music its truth and its tone.
He calls up the shadows of ages long fled,
And light, as life lovely, illumines the dead.
And the beauty of time, with wild flowers and green,
Shades and softens the world-worn, the harsh and the mean.
He lives, he creates, in those long-vanished years—
He asks of the present but audience and tears."

Miss Landon is always peculiarly happy in her graphic manner of portraying nature, and giving her scenes a brightness more sweet and beautiful, than even that of sunshine. The following lines display a picture that ought to make a young painter wild with excitement; though, we fear, did he ask his palette for colours to perpetuate it upon canvass, he would be wild with despair.

"It was an eve when June was calling
The red rose to its summer state,
When dew-like tears around are falling—
Such tears as upon pity wait.
The woods obscured the crimson west,
Which yet shone through the shadowy screen
Like a bright sea in its unrest,
With gold amid the kindling green.
But softer lights and colours fall
Around the olive-sheltered hall,
Which, opening to a garden, made
Its own, just slightly broken, shade.
Beneath a marble terrace spread,
Veined with the sunset's flitting red.

And lovely plants, in vases, there
  Wore colours caught in other skies;
Sweet prisoners, such—because so fair,
  Made captives for their radiant eyes.
And in the centre of that room
  A fountain, like an April shower,
Brought light—and bore away perfume
  To many a pale and drooping flower,
That, wearied with the sultry noon,
Languished at that sweet water's tune."

The isolation of sovereign state is also well expressed in the following lines.

"Alas, the steps of that young queen
Upon life's rudest path have been.
An orphan! ah, despair is heard
In but the echo of that word!
Left in her infancy, alone,
On that worst solitude—a throne."

Yet we know no one who is more queenly in the constitution of her mind than our poet; had *she* but a throne, chivalry would once more start into the lists, honour become no more an idle pretence to evade a debt, or to palm off a falsehood, and pageantry would become gracious, since it would be informed with benevolence, and directed with exquisite taste. The throne would be no solitude to her—nor would she suffer a solitude near her—gladly would we become one of her lieges, provided that she were despotic, and her kingdom situated in fairy realms. Since, at present, the lady has only a disputed sovereignty in the realms of poetry, as yet, we can only offer her a divided allegiance.

Miss Landon's poetical distinction between the morning and evening dews, is written with a delicate perception of the beautiful.

"The morning! 'tis a glorious time,
Recalling to the world again
  The Eden of its earlier prime,
Ere grief, or care, began their reign.
When every bough is wet with dews,
Their pure pale lit with crimson hues;
Not wan, as those of evening are,
But pearls unbraided from the hair
Of some young bride who leaves the glow
Of her warm cheek upon their snow.
The lark is with triumphant song
Singing the rose-touched clouds among:
'Tis there that lighted song has birth,
What hath such hymn to do with earth?
  Each day doth life again begin,
And morning breaks the heart within,
Rolling away its clouds of night,
Renewing glad the inward light."

The following couplet is, to us, original, and we think the first line of it very good. Miss Landon is speaking of an honest modesty.

"Shame, *hidden in a rosy cloud*,
  By its own sweet self, disallowed."

Though we must own there seems a discrepancy in the last line, as here, the blushing lady is personified, and it seems droll that she should disallow her own existence.

We must, for the delight of all admirers of spirit-stirring verse, show how our inspired author describes the evening of a victory. There breathes about it a spirit of philanthropy, as delightful as is its elevated vein of poetry.

> " And is this all?—the flush and glow—
> When war's wild waves at morning flow?
> Ah, no! night cometh, and she flings
> The weight and darkness of her wings.
> The tide has ebbed—the beach is left,
> Of its bright panoply bereft;
> The glittering waves that caught the sun—
> Their light is past, their course is done:
> The field is fought—who walketh there?—
> The shadow victory casts—Despair!
> " For the proud chief, in shining mail,
> Comes the young orphan mute and pale;
> For the red banner's radiant fold,
> Some maiden rends her locks of gold;
> For the war steed, with bit of foam,
> The image of a desolate home.
> While wandering o'er the ghastly plain,
> Some mother seeks her child in vain.
> Ah, War! if bright thy morning's rise,
> Dark is thine evening sacrifice."

With many of the elegant poems at the end of the volume an admiring public is already well acquainted. The piece, entitled " The Lover's Rock," will never grow old in interest. " The Village Tale," and " The Two Sisters," can never pall upon a repeated perusal. There is a singularly stern moral, that cannot be too often conned, in the lines entitled, " Follow Me." Of the other poems, if we do not speak, it is merely because their merits are so well known, that to speak would be superfluous.

In taking our leave of this delightful publication, we are bound to assert, that Miss Landon has done as much to revive a taste for poetry, (and that a pure one too,) as any author at present living; if we had said that she had done more, we perhaps should have met with but few impugners of the correctness of our declaration.

These poems should be generally read by the young. They will warm their hearts into a passionate love of the beauteous, and the beauteous, if rightly considered, and considered in the light in which Miss Landon displays it, is always the virtuous. True it is, that she makes the torch of love throw its tender light over most of her productions; but with her it is a torch lighted, at a chaste, a holy, and a religious altar; such a flame, the light of which can never either fire to vice, or shed its rays upon the paths of dissipation.

Perhaps, next to Lord Byron, no author ever betrayed more individuality in her writings, than does L. E. L. This manifestation of character, and especially of such a character, is always a great charm. Long may she continue to delight the world with her literary productions, for she may depend upon it, that she is still far from the

zenith of either her poetical capabilities or her fame. We will conclude with her own character, faintly sketched by herself.

" For the love-dream that haunts the young poet,
Is coloured too much by her mind—
A fabric of fancy and falsehood,
But never for lasting designed.
For she lives but in beauty—her visions
Inspire with their passion her strain;
And the spirit so quick at impression
Was never meant long to retain."

We must, however, be permitted to amend the last line to make the verse applicable to herself, and entreat that it may be read thus:—

" In her, was meant long to retain."

THE FRIENDLESS MARINER!

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE "SAILOR POET," ISMAEL FITZADAM.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

My home is on the boundless deep,
My friends among the brave,
And brighter laurels none can reap,
Than on the silver wave.
Green earth, thou hast no spell for me,—
No hearth or hearts that glow,
To win me from the blue, blue sea;
Then onward let me go!

Full bravely rides my gallant bark,
And lightly play the sails;
The sea-boy blithe as matin lark,
Sings shrilly to the gales;
The hills are hid in mantle grey,
The stars above me glow,
There is *no voice* to bid me stay,—
Then onward let me go!

To pace the deck, and gaze above—
(My nightly task) is sweet;
Oh! there dwell spirits full of love,
My spirit longs to meet:
My home is on the boundless wave,
But, oh! 'tis bliss to know
God will take back the soul he gave;—
Then onward let me go!

* Ismael Fitzadam, author of "The Harp of the Desert," and "Battle of Algiers," was an able seaman on board a king's frigate. It is ever to be lamented that this "nautical, but genuine child of song," should have pined in *want* and *obscurity*, when from the highly poetic character of his beautiful and elegant lays, he might have risen to fame and independence. Had any of the *great men*, "whose exploits he so gloriously sung," thought it worth their while to interest themselves about this *self-educated* sailor, and *inspired* but *friendless* poet, he might, perhaps, have been living now.

DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

CHAPTER XVIII.

Spa, June 10th.

HERE we are, and for a time at rest. Rest! no, the wheels of the carriage may rest, even the body for a time may rest, but the mind will not. We carry our restlessness with us wherever we go. Like a steam-engine, the mind works, and works, and works, sometimes, indeed, with less rapidity of motion, but still it goes on, goes on in its ever continued labour; waking or sleeping, no repose; until the body, which is the mechanical part of the engine, is worn out by constant friction, or the steam of the mind is exhausted. And people tell you, and believe that there is rest in the grave. How can that be? The soul is immortal, and cannot exist without consciousness. If not conscious, it does not exist, and if conscious, it must work on, even beyond the grave, and for ever. To assert that there is rest in the grave, is denying the immortality of the soul. And what a contemptible, base slave the body is to the soul! I was going to say, that he could not call his soul his own, but that would be a Catachresis, and I hate and abominate a cat, and every thing which begins with *cat*. It is singular that they are all unpleasant, or unlucky, or unsafe; for instance—

Cat-acombs	remind	you	of death, funerals, and mummies.
Cat-alogue	,,	,,	sale of effects, some poor devil done up.
Cat-aplasm	,,	,,	a boil poulticed.
Cat-aract	,,	,,	sore eyes, Sam Patch, and devastation.
Cat-arrh	,,	,,	head stuffed, running of the glands.
Cat-echism	,,	,,	equally unpleasant in youth and marriage.
Cat-egorical	,,	,,	argument, which is detestable.
Cat-erpillars	,,	,,	beasts who foul nature.
Cat-erwaul	,,	,,	horrid variety of love.
Cat-gut	,,	,,	street music, hurdy-gurdy.
Cats-paw	,,	,,	a calm, with a prize in sight.

As for a cat itself, I cannot say too much against it; and it is singular, that the other meanings of the single word are equally disagreeable, as to *cat* the anchor, is a sign of *going to sea*, and the *cat* at the gangway is the worst of all.

Five o'clock in the morning,—the sun has not yet appeared above the hills, but the mist is rising gradually. The bell of the church in front of my window is tolling—it ceases, and the pealing of the organ, with the chanting of the priests, comes distinct and clear upon my ear, as the notes of the bugle over the still water, from some dashing frigate in the Sound, beating off at sunset. How solemn and how beautiful is this early prayer! The sun is rising, the mists of the night are rolling off, and the voices and music resound at the same time to heaven. The church is full, and many remain outside, un-

[1] Concluded from p. 286.

covered, and kneeling in humility. But who comes here, thought I, as a man in a shabby coat walked to within a few yards of the church door, and laid down his burthen, consisting of a drum, a fiddle, a roll of canvass, a chair, and a long pole. This is a curious stock in trade, methinks; how in the name of all the saints do you gain your livelihood? This was soon ascertained. A minute before the mass was over he fixed his pole upright in the ground, hung his canvass on it, and unrolled it, displaying a picture divided in six compartments. He then hung his fiddle to his button, took his drum, and putting his chair close to his pole, stood upon it, giving a long, but not loud roll of his drum, which he repeated at intervals, to attract attention. He had taken his station with judgment, and as the people came out of church, he had soon a crowd about him, when he commenced with crossing himself, and then continued to explain the legend which was attached to his pictures on the canvass. I could not hear all, but still I could understand enough to fill up the rest. It was the wonderful cure performed by a certain saint; and as he told the story, he pointed to the different compartments with his fiddle-stick, for he had laid aside his drum as soon as he had collected an audience. Now and then he crossed himself devoutly, and at last told that he had the very prayer, and the very remedy which had been prescribed. He then played his fiddle, singing the prayer in a solemn chaunt; and then he pulled out of his pocket a packet of little books and little boxes. They are only one halfpenny each, and all that is necessary is, that they should touch the figure of the saint on the canvass, to be imbued with the necessary virtue. He sells them rapidly; each time that he puts them to the canvass crossing himself, and insisting that the party who purchases shall do the same. He takes his fiddle again, and sings the history of the saint, pointing with his fiddle-stick to the compartments of the picture as he goes on: and now he pulls out more little books and more boxes; and how fast they purchase them! The stock in trade in his own possession is certainly of little value, but he possesses a fruitful mine in the superstition of others. Ah, well! the priests inside the church have set him the example of mixing up religion with quackery.

Spa is beautifully situated, between abrupt hills covered with verdure; the walks cut in these hills are very beautiful, and much pains have been taken to render the place agreeable—no wonder, when we recollect how many crowned heads have visited the place; but the sun of Spa has set, probably never to rise again, for whatever may be the property of its waters, it requires that a watering-place should be fashionable. There are many causes for its desertion. One is, the effects of the Belgian revolution. During the time that Belgium was attached to the Netherlands, the king, and the prince and the princess of Orange, came here almost every year, bringing with them, of course, a great number of the nobility; but now the nobility have deserted the court, and when Leopold came here, no one followed. He was disgusted, and remained but a few days. The Prussians used also to resort very much to Spa, but the king of Prussia finding that so many young men were ruined at the gaming-tables, and so much distress occasioned by it, with a most fatherly despotism, has refused all the

officers permission to visit Spa, and has forbidden the medical men to recommend the waters. The Russians also flocked in great numbers to Spa, but the emperor, although very indifferent about their losing their money, is very particular about his subjects gaining revolutionary opinions, and Spa being in a revolutionary country, has been condemned; they may just as well ask to go to Siberia, for that would probably be their route; and lastly, there is one more cause which this last two seasons has had a powerful effect, neither more nor less than a certain book, called the "*Bubbles of Brunnen.*" I say for the last two seasons, for its influence will not extend to a third, as hundreds and hundreds who have gone there with the intention of passing this season, have already returned in disgust. A word upon this.

When Sir George Head published his "Bubbles," he set people almost as mad as they were during the great "Bubble Mania," and like all the mining and other associations, they have proved but bubbles at last. It is said that one hundred and thirty-five thousand passports were taken out last year to go up the Rhine, by people who wished to see the pigs go through their daily manœuvres, to an unearthly solo on the horn, and to witness the decapitation of the Seltzer-water bottles, who were condemned as traitors. Now, so large an influx of people to these German watering-places could have but one effect, that of a glorious harvest to the innkeepers, and those who had lodgings to let, with a proportionate tax upon curiosity. The prices, at these places, have now become so enormous, that three florins have been asked for a single bed, and every thing else has risen in the same proportion. The re-action has now begun to take place, and every day, and every hour, we have carriages returning through Liege, and other towns, from these watering-places, the occupants holding up their hands, quite forgetting the pigs and bottles, and only exclaiming against extortion, and every thing German. They have paid too dear for their whistle, as Franklin used to say; the bubble has burst, and they look with regret at their empty purses. And yet, all that Head said in his amusing book was true. He rambled through a verdant and unfrequented lane, and described what he felt as he stopped to pick blackberries. An immense multitude have followed him, the green lane has been beaten down into a high road, and, as for blackberries, they are only to be procured at the price of peaches in May.

And now let us reflect whether the bubble will not also burst with the Germans. Formerly they were contented with moderate profits, and received their visitors with humility and thankfulness. Now, that they have suddenly made large profits, they have become independent and unceremonious, and, like most people, because they have reaped a golden harvest for two years, they anticipate that this will continue. The value of property at these places has risen, speculations have been entered into on a large scale, provisions and the necessaries of life have become dear; new houses are building against time, and the proprietors smoke their pipes with becoming gravity, calculating upon their future gains. But the company will fall off more and more each succeeding year, although the speculations will continue, for people always find a good reason for a bad season, and anticipate a

better one the next. At last, they will find that they are again deserted, and property will sink in value to nothing; the reaction will have fully taken place, prices will fall even lower than they were at first; honesty and civility will be re-assumed, although, probably, the principal will have been lost. Thus will the bubble burst with them, as it has already with deserted Spa. Sir George Head little thought when he was correcting the press that so much mischief might be created by writing a book too well. However, as commissioner of the new Poor Law Bill, Sir George has a greater bubble than ever to employ him, and like all Whig measures, it will prove so.

But when all idle people shall have visited all the bubbling fountains of Germany, where are they to go next? There are some very nice springs in Iceland not yet patronised; but although the springs there are hot, the Springs, vernally speaking, are cold. I can inform them where they will find out something new, and as the steam-boats which are to run to America will have to take their coals in them, I advise them to proceed by boiling to the boiling springs at St. Michael's, one of the western isles, and which are better worth seeing than all the springs that Germany can produce. I will act as *guide de voyage.*

Take your berth on board one of those American steamers, and after a run of one thousand two hundred miles, you will arrive at the island, that is, if you are not blown up before. When you land, you will find yourself in one of the dirtiest towns in the world, and will put up at one of the worst hotels; however, you will have to pay just as dear as if lodged at the Clarendon, and fed at the *Rocher de Cancale.* The town contains many inhabitants, but more pigs. German pigs are not to be compared to them. You must then hire donkeys and ascend to the mountains, and after a hot ride, you will arrive at a small valley in the centre of the mountains, which was once the crater of a volcano, but is now used by nature as a kettle, in which she keeps hot water perpetually boiling for those who may require it. There you will behold the waters bubbling and boiling in all directions, throwing up huge white columns of smoke, brought out in strong relief by the darker sides of the mountains which rear their heads around you. The ground you tread upon trembles as you walk; you feel that it is only a thin crust, and that in a moment you may sink into the vast caldron below, and have a hot bath without paying for it. Continue along the valley, and you will find lakes of still, deadly-cold water, with hot springs at their verge, throwing the smoke over their surface, while they pour in their boiling water as if they would fain raise the temperature, depositing sulphur in cakes and crystals in their course. And in another spot there is a dark, unfathomable hole, called the Devil's Mouth: you approach it, and you hear low moanings and rumblings, as if nature had the stomach ache; and then you will have a sudden explosion, and a noise like thunder, and a shower of mud will be thrown out to a distance of several yards. Wait again, you will again hear the moans and rumblings, and in about three minutes the explosion and the discharge will again take place, and thus has this eternal diarrhœa continued ever since the memory or tradition of man.

Yet, upon this apparently insecure and dangerous spot have been

erected houses and baths, and it is resorted to by the fashionables of St. Michael's, who wish, by its properties, to get rid of a certain cutaneous disorder, as well as by those who were cured the year before; for the whole air is loaded with sulphurous vapour, as the eternal pot keeps boiling.

Observe the advantages of this place:—you may have a bath as hot as you please, as cold as you please, or you may have a mud *douche*, if you have that buffalo propensity; and then you will have to rough it, which is so delightful; you will find little or nothing to eat, and plenty of bedfellows in all their varieties, a burning sun, and a dense atmosphere, and you will be very delighted to get back again, which, after all, is the *summum bonum* to be obtained by travel.

Not very far from this valley of hot water there is another containing four small lakes, and in those lakes are found the most beautiful gold and silver fish, perhaps, in the world. How they came there, Heaven only knows; but I mention this because there is a curious coincidence. These lakes are known by the name of the Quadre Cidade, or four cities. Now, if my readers will recollect, in the "Arabian Nights," there is a story of a valley with four lakes, which were once four cities, and that in these lakes were fish of various beautiful colours, who were once the inhabitants. If I recollect right, when the fish are caught and put into the frying-pan, they jump up and make a speech; (so would fish now-a-days, if they were not mute;) and the story is told by a prince, whose lower extremities are turned into black marble, very convenient, certainly, if he dined out every day, as he had only his upper toilet to complete. This coincidence appeared to me to be very curious, and had I had time and opportunity I certainly should have fried four of these unfortunate fish, to ascertain whether they were of the real breed spoken of in the Arabian Tales, of the authenticity of which no one, I presume, will venture to doubt.

Mem.—Passports for St. Michael's must be applied for at the Portuguese ambassador's.

CHAPTER XIX.

Spa, July 15.

What a curious history might be afforded by Spa and its gaming tables! When Spa was in its glory, when crowned heads met and dukes were forced to remain in their carriages for want of accommodation, when it was the focus of all that was *recherché* and brilliant, for Spa was so before the French revolution, the gaming-tables were a source of immense profit; and to whom do you imagine that a great portion of the profits belonged?—to no less a person than the most sacred and puissant prince, the *Bishop* of Liege, who derived a great revenue from them. But it would appear as if there was a judgment upon this anomalous secular property, for these gaming-tables were the cause of the Prince Bishop losing all and being driven out of his territories. There were two gaming establishments at Spa, the Redoubt in the town, and the Vauxhall about a quarter of a mile outside of it.

The Redoubt is a fine building, with splendid ball rooms and a theatre, but you must go *through the gaming-rooms* to enter either the ball-room or the theatre. This was planned by a priest most decidedly. The Vauxhall has no theatre, but the rooms are even more spacious; but when Spa was at its zenith, even these two immense edifices were barely sufficient for the company. Both these establishments were under the same proprietors, and it so happened, that the English nobility, who were always a very strong party here, were displeased with the conduct of the lessees, and immediately raised funds for the building of a second Vauxhall. The bishop ordered the building to be discontinued, but, as by the privileges granted by former bishops, this was a violation of the rights of the Liegeois, his order was disregarded, and the Vauxhall, now known by the name of the Vauxhall, was finished. When finished, the bishop would not permit it to be opened, but his commands being disregarded, he came down with two hundred soldiers and two pieces of cannon and took possession. This created a revolution, and the bishop was ultimately obliged to fly his territory and seek assistance. The Prussians marched an army into the city and there was apparent submission, but as soon as they quitted, the insurrection again took place, and the bishop was forced again to solicit aid from the Austrians, for Prussia would no longer interfere. Metternich, who was so fond of legitimacy that he considered the gaming tables a legitimate source of revenue to the apostle, marched in an Austrian army, and thousands were slaughtered that the bishop might obtain his rights. Imagine this *man of God!* extending his hands and blessing the people. Such was the state of affairs when the French revolution broke out and convulsed Europe, and the province of Liege was among the very first to receive with open arms the *bonnet rouge* and to join themselves with France, and thus did the bishop lose his beautiful province for ever. As far as Liege was concerned, the French revolution proved a blessing. It certainly was a disgraceful finale to an ecclesiastical power, which, as I have before mentioned, had led the van in the march of christianity and liberty.

But it appears that the clergy are fated to have an interest in these gaming-tables, the stipend of the English resident being, even now, paid out of their profits; for when Belgium was made over to the Netherlands, King William assumed his right to the bishop's former share of the profits of the tables, and of course brought as many people down here as he could to *lose their money*, as he pocketed his *thirds*. Since the revolution, Leopold is in King William's shoes, but there are little or no profits, as Spa is deserted and the expenses are great of the establishments. Perhaps there is no spot of ground in Europe—I will not except Paris—where so much money has been lost by gaming as at Spa. I was walking with a friend who pointed out to me a small pavilion in a garden. "There," says he, "the Prince of Orange, who played very deeply, lost those very jewels which were pretended to be stolen, to a Spanish gentleman. It was well got up in the papers, but that is the real truth." How far it may be the truth or not, I cannot pretend to say, and only know that in Spa you cannot pick your teeth without all the world knowing it, and that this is

fully believed at Spa to be the real truth of the disappearance of the splendid jewels of the princess, which have since been redeemed from the Spanish gentleman, who now resides at the Hague.

Gaming has always been held up in abhorrence as a vice; but it is rather a passion strongly implanted by nature, and abhorrent from the dreadful effects produced by its overpowering influence, than a vice *per se*. Life itself is a lottery, and the best part of our life is passed in gambling. It is difficult to draw the line between gambling and speculation, for every speculation is a gambling transaction. Is not the merchant a gambler? in fact, is not every venture an act of gambling? As for the Stock Exchange, it is the very worst species of gambling. All we can say is, that gambling may be legitimate or otherwise; that is, there are species of gambling which may enrich the individual if he is fortunate, but whether it enriches him or not, at all events it is beneficial to the community at large. A merchant speculates—he sends out manufactures of every description; he fails, and is ruined; but the artisans have procured employment for their industry, and, although the merchant fails, the community at large has benefited. This is legitimate gambling, but do people in business stop there? No: they will agree to deliver so many thousands of casks of tallow or tons of hemp at such and such a time and at a certain price, whatever the price may then be. They cannot complete their engagement, and they are ruined; but in this instance, which is softened into speculation, we have quite as much gambling as if the money were at once laid down on the table, and the chances decided in an hour instead of so many months. But there is this difference, that this party would not lose his character by such a transaction, whereas, if he lost his money at the gaming-table he would. The English are the most gambling nation under heaven: naturally so, because they are the greatest mercantile nation. The spirit of gambling is innate, and when directed into the proper channel it becomes enterprise. It is doubtless a great moral error on the part of a government to encourage vice with the view of increasing the revenue, but at the same time, there is no tax so well laid on as that which is imposed on vice. Again, there are certain propensities in man which cannot be overcome, and which, if attempted to be wholly eradicated by legal enactments, would occasion more evil still. All that a judicious government can or should attempt to effect is, to restrain them within proper bounds, to regulate them, and as much as possible to keep them out of sight, that the virus may not extend. It is well known, that certain houses are licensed by the magistrates because it being impossible to eradicate the vice, they can do no more than to separate it, that it may not be communicated to the healthier part of the community. Now upon this principle, which is the true principle of sound legislation, I have often thought that it was a great error in our legislature when they consented to put down the public lotteries in England. I am convinced that they were beneficial, acting as safety-valves to the gambling spirit of the nation, and that their prohibition has been productive of much crime and misery. The spirit of gambling cannot be eradicated; it ought, therefore, to be kept within due bounds. There was one great advantage in the

English lottery; it was drawn but once a year, and those who purchased the tickets were content to remain quiet until their success was made known. The chances, although very distant, of so high a prize, satisfied the spirit of gambling; if they lost, they purchased again, and waited patiently for another year, trusting to be more fortunate. Now, although they gambled, they did not acquire the *habit* of gaming. What has been the consequence since the lotteries have been abolished? that there are hells of every description established throughout the metropolis, from those who admit the stake of a shilling, to Crockford's splendid Pandemonium; and those who were formerly content with a lottery ticket, now pass their evenings away from their families and ruin themselves in a very short time. The lottery never ruined any one. The sum staked might be large for the circumstances of the parties, but it was a yearly stake, and did not interfere with the industry, the profits, or the domestic happiness of the year. One half the tradesmen who now appear in the "Gazette," have been ruined by frequenting the low hells with which the metropolis abounds. From the above considerations, I should think it advisable to re-establish the lotteries.

The next question is one upon which I hesitate to offer an opinion; but it is worthy of consideration how far it may be advisable to license and tax gaming-houses. Were it possible to put them down altogether, the question need not be discussed; but it is impossible. Has any magistrate ventured to interfere with Crockford's, where it is well known that the highest gaming is carried on every night? Are you not permitted to walk through the club at any hour of the day? Do they not have the tables exposed to the view of every one? Yet who has interfered, although you find that the smaller hells are constantly broken in upon and the parties had up to the police-office? Are not the laws made for all? Is that an offence in the eyes of government in a poor man which is not one in the rich? Yet this is the case: and why so? Because the rich will game, and the government cannot prevent them. Has not a man a right to do as he pleases with his own money? You legalize the worst of gambling on the Stock Exchange, for a man can there risk what he cannot pay: you cannot control the gaming of the race-course, and yet you would prevent a man from gambling after his own fashion. You wink at the higher classes ruining themselves, and you will not permit the middle classes. Now the consequence of not having licensed tables is, that you have no control over them, and the public, who will play, are the dupes of rascals who cheat in every way; whereas, if a certain number were licensed and controlled, those who play would have a better chance, and the licensed tables taxed by government would take care to put down all others who were not. We must legislate for society as it is, not as it ought to be; and, as on other points, we have found it necessary to submit to the lesser evil of the two, it is a question whether in this also we might not do better by keeping within due bounds that which it is impossible to prevent.

I was amused with an anecdote told me to-day. An Englishman and a Frenchman arrived at Spa in the same diligence. They both took up their quarters at the same hotel, but from that moment

appeared to have no further intimacy. "Do you see that fellow?" would the Englishman say, pointing at the Frenchman, "I know a little of that chap, and it's my impression that he's a confounded rogue. I recommend you to be shy of him." "Voyez vous cet Anglais," said the Frenchman as the Englishman passed by, "En gardez-vous bien; c'est un coquin supérieur." Thus did they continue to warn the company of each other, until the close of the season, when one fine day they both went off together in the diligence, leaving all their debts unpaid, and their trunks and portmanteaus for the benefit of the landlord of the hotel, who, on opening them, found them to contain nothing but stones and rubbish. This was a new species of holy alliance, but the *ruse* was by no means ill-advised. When you hear a man constantly proclaiming the roguery of another, you are too apt to give him credit for honesty in his own person. Thus, with those whom each party associated and dealt with, they obtained a credit for honesty, which enabled them to succeed in their roguish endeavours.

(To be continued.)

LE BON VIEILLARD.

Joyeux enfans, vous que Bacchus rassemble
Par vos chansons vous m'attirez ici;
Je suis bien vieux, mais en vain ma voix tremble
Accueillez-moi, J'aime à chanter aussi,
Du tems passé j'apporte des nouvelles,
J'ai bu jadis avec le bon Panard;
Amis du vin, de la gloire et des belles,
Daignez sourire aux chansons d'un vieillard.

Children of mirth, who o'er your mantling wine
Your revelry to some late hour prolong,
My voice may falter, but I yet can join
The humble tribute of an old man's song.
Your strains attract me, and I can unfold
Full many a legend of the days of yore;
I too have joked, and sung with wits of old,
And drunk with jovial spirits now no more.

Friends of the fair, of wine, and glory, deign
T' accept the tribute of an old man's strain.

I too have lived on woman's charms, like you,
Your grandmothers, perchance, I once might please;
I once had riches, friends, ay, sweethearts too,
But time, alas! has left me none of these.

Still mid the wreck, one sentiment will last
Memory is still my heritage, and I
Oft ponder on the history of the past,
Think of my fate, and then in secret sigh.
Friends of the fair, &c. &c.

Oft as the dread unpitying storm has swept
My native land, so oft I lost my all;
Still, like a patriot, to my post I kept,
And proudly drank a cup unmixed with gall.*
Though hard my lot, I never would repine,
For I would mix the village group among,
E'en on the vine-clad hills, that once were mine,
And cheered their labours with an old man's song.
Friends of the fair, &c. &c.

I too have fought, but unlike Nestor, I
Do not to olden times confine my praise;
No, all my laurels would I give to buy
But one achievement of these latter days.
Pure was the standard under which I fought,
And conquered too, in many a former war;
But the still nobler deeds that you have wrought,
Bind an old soldier to the "tri-color."
Friends of the fair, &c. &c.

Now fill each glass, and toast some favourite belle,
Whilst I your future destinies foretell,
The seeds you've sown amid inclement skies,
Nursed by a generous soil shall root and bloom.
Freedom shall reign, and happier days arise,
To shed their lustre on an old man's tomb.
My days are drawing to a close, and fate
Points to the grave; but yet, perchance, I may
Returning spring-tide's earlier blossoms wait,
Inhale their fragrance, and then pass away.
Friends of the fair, of wine, and glory, deign,
T'accept the tribute of an old man's strain.

JOHN WARING.

* L'orgueil blessé ne mèle point du fiel.

A PERSIAN STANZA.

As the dew that distils from the sky on the plain,
My tears and my sighs on thy breast I have shed:
As the dew-drops return, fraught with perfume, again,
Return me my sighs, fraught with *love*, in their stead!

M.

MY CLIENT THE ARTIST.

"I am a gentleman, thou art a *drawer*."—SHAKSPEARE.

I HAD been dozing all day over the voluminous marriage settlement of Isaac Stocks, Esquire, and Rebecca Pinfold, Spinster, and, as the clock struck eight in the evening, it struck me that my most agreeable course would be to shut up shop, and take a walk, long or short, as the fates might please. So throwing my Mackintosh over my shoulders, I wended forth, passing along Holborn, leaving on the right the castle of him—

"To Greeks the direful Spring,"

and in a few minutes was in the Strand. This is, to a novice, which I was ten years ago, a very dangerous part of town, for very obvious reasons; and it is not until after several seasons that a tyro can pass along it unstranded. "But we who have free souls, and so forth," says Hamlet, and on the night I speak of I went steadily on,—

"I looked, not lovingly, at *that* Divan,"

withstood the invitations of the Adelphi, (Messrs. Matthews and Yates, I suppose,) and almost reached Charing Cross, when I discerned a young familiar face approaching. We hailed in due time; the arrival was G—— A——, the painter.

"Well met, by gaslight, friend A——."

"This meeting was well made," was the reply; "I thought of calling on you to-night."

I regret to say I made no brighter answer than—"I should have been very glad to see you. Let us turn back."

"It is too cold for sauntering; shall we look into the Rainbow?"

"Iris will be proud of our company—but you do not appear well?"

"It is nothing, the cold air—too much confinement—over-fatigue in a country excursion—nothing."

"Nay, my dear A——, it is true we have not been acquainted very long, but you will allow me to ask a less contradictory account of your illness. I have more than once observed——"

"*What?*" said he, in a voice that not only startled me, but caused one policeman and two milliners to look round, and a little dirty boy to cry, "*Ax!*"

"That you have looked out of spirits."

"You shall not have reason to say so to-night, unless our landlord is in the same predicament."

"This is forced, my friend, and the joke too poor to be your's."

"I might tell you a tale which it would do me no good to communicate, nor you to hear. Let us laugh."

"As you will."

"A very half-hearted answer, and one you think most fit for so cautious a person as myself."

"You do me wrong," said I. "I should like to raise your spirits in the way you prefer, but pardon my saying, that I doubt——"

"My confidence in you, or whether I have anything to tell worth hearing."

"Now, d—n it, A——, of all——"

"Don't be offended with me, Charles, I cannot bear that, I did not mean to be rude, and I am sorry I spoke."

"A——!" and our hands met. We walked several yards, and then I said.

"But instead of this place, come to my chambers, and spend the evening with me there, the walk will do you good, and I can offer you a sofa, if we should be late."

"I never sleep from home, Charles, *and but seldom there.*" This was said in a low voice, almost a whisper. He added, in a livelier tone, "But I will go with you, with all my—pshaw—*Allons.*"

For the rest of the way my companion was actually merry, not altogether to my astonishment, for I knew a little of his versatility. I determined to hear his story, if possible, however; and it will be very ungrateful if my readers attribute this wish to anything like curiosity.

I bolted the door, cleared the table in three minutes, stirred the fire, and produced certain bottles and glasses, and in a short time my little "sanctum snorum" looked as cheerful as most places of business do when the signs and tokens thereof are removed.

"And now, A——, give a toast."

"Shall we have a truce to the usual formularies? I don't mean the regular after-dinner phrases, but to the more refined healths we youths delight to honour."

"By all means. What you please, you will not frighten me."

"Are you assured of that?" said A——, looking steadily at me. I fancied I saw him tremble.

"I used to think so."

"Then here—"THE FIEND'S PICTURE!"

"I drink it, hoping for an explanation."

"I owe it you now, and you shall have one."

"Not, if the recollection is painful to you."

"Recollection—painful—ha! ha! ha! good, good, as if the damned—the hellish memorial were not engraved here—here, in fire, in——" and he pressed his hand upon his brow, and breathed hard.

"For God's sake, A——, what is this? Shall I get you some water?" And I rose for the purpose.

"Pooh! pooh! what am I saying? I was about to tell you my story, and to give a toast. Here's your Mary."

"Thank you. Mine! Ay—twenty years hence—after wasting myself till forty over dusty cases, ten folios to the sheet, and making a dozen half-guinea motions on endorsed sheets of blank paper. But such is one's doom."

"Doom! how you talk! After years of sober industry at a profession which will at length, by custom, become dear to you, you will

acquire an honourable competence, and marry the girl who stands next your heart, and be thankful. Doom, indeed! Now listen to me, and then talk of dooms. You know, I believe, that I am the son of a late medical man of eminence, who gave me what is called, by a most lamentable perversion of terms, a good education."

"I don't talk nonsense to you, and therefore you'll believe me when I tell you that I've seen no reason in your case to dispute the wisdom of your father's measures."

"Well, I'll tell you. I went to a small select school at eight years old, and remained there till fifteen. I learned a great deal of Greek and Latin, for both of which I am very grateful. I also learned to write, and to speak a little villanous French, both of which acquisitions have also been useful to me. For the rest, a smattering of arithmetic, aud a very partial acquaintance with Euclid, completed my education. I went out into the world as ignorant of it, of myself, and of general principles, as it was well possible for me to be."

"You don't intend to reflect upon what you did learn?"

"Far from it; I would not have missed it for worlds; I speak of what I did not learn. But I grow prosy. Here's to the church."

"*Que voulez-vous dire?*"

"What I say, no matter why, I'll drink that toast while there's life in my veins—I have good cause. When I left school my father wished me to join him in his profession. I consented, caring little what I took up, and only stipulating that I should be allowed some hours in the week for my drawing, a study which had all my life been my principal amusement, though I had never been regularly taught it. He consented, but he had better not have done so, for with a greatly increased allowance of money, I contrived to procure instruction in my favourite pursuit, attended lectures on drawing and landscapes, instead of those on exenterating mankind, very much neglected the scalpel for the pencil, and preferred the anatomical models at Somerset House to the real dead subjects at Surgeons' Hall."

"I should have thought the line of study you pursued, might have improved you, even for your own profession."

"Much as you would be advanced in drawing a marriage settlement by hearing a sermon on conjugal duties. But to proceed. My father took an opportunity of inquiring into my studies, and found them not so satisfactory as he could have wished. I sulked, and he scolded and threatened, until I seized a moment for telling him that I had rather paint a good historical picture, than be the most powerful ally to the undertaker that ever existed. The worthy man was rather astonished, but ultimately consented to my modest request, that he would allow me to prosecute my drawing researches in lieu of any other pursuit, with the advantage of the *entrée* of all the galleries in London, and an Italian tour *in prospective*, as soon as it would be of utility."

"Certainly you were very backward in calculating on his liberality."

"Was I not? I reaped the fruits of my confidence for some time, paid close attention to my pallet, and was considered one of the most

tasteful of the academy pupils. I now gave up all idea of a profession, and resolved to win my way through life as Angelo and Raphael had done before me. About this time I was introduced by my father to the family of Sir Thomas V——. This gentleman had served in the army, and had retired upon a wound and pension to enjoy the *otium cum dig.* in one of the fashionable streets at the other end of the town. He aspired to the character of a man of taste, and was pleased to express considerable approbation of a landscape I had painted for my father, but which, upon such flattering encouragement, I resolved to present to the knight. He was so good as to accept it."

"Particularly obliging."

"I thought so. But I should have spoken of his daughter, before I mentioned him. You know one is never to be trusted in portraying the idol of one's soul, and would perhaps laugh at an attempt to describe Laura V——. I might tell you as a painter, that her figure and face were of the finest Grecian mould, that her beautiful tresses and radiant complexion rivalled the deepest jet, the purest alabaster, that her dark eyes shone through and through you, and—but where is the shoulder-knotted fashionable novelist who cannot say as much for his countesses and chambermaids? You will understand me best when I tell you that I lost heart and soul, and every other transferrable portion of my composition to Laura V—— within three days of our acquaintance."

"And she returned your attachment."

"Not exactly. But she did not reject me, she smiled at my flatteries, flattered my pictures, and I gave up painting and all besides to be near and worship her."

"Her father?"

"Mine was the most important actor in my day-dream, for within a month of my introduction to the V——s, he suddenly died, leaving me a bare subsistence, amounting to scarcely one-third of the liberal allowance I had previously enjoyed."

"Was this intentional?"

"I have reason to believe that he lived almost up to his income, which being merely the profits of his profession, of course, ceased at his death. The circumstance did not alter my love for Laura; I visited her as early as decency would permit, and, in the openness of my heart, explained my circumstances, and made a proffer of marriage. She referred me to papa, taking the precaution of repeating to him the whole of my disclosures."

"And you spoke to him on the subject?"

"I began to do so, and demanded the only daughter of a high-born, wealthy, haughty soldier, in marriage with a humble painter, possessed of a studio full of artistical paraphernalia, and two hundred and fifty pounds a-year."

"I hope he did not kick you down stairs."

"What ideas you must have of the polite world! No, Tom, Sir Thomas was a man of good breeding, he simply declined my offer, stating that particular circumstances deprived him of the honour of accepting it, and rang the bell. I saw him take up a newspaper before my back was well turned."

"And you left the house, and never saw Miss Laura again?"

"Would I never had," said A——, dashing his foot against my fender with such force, that I involuntarily looked to my file of bills. "But I did. The family left for Paris the same week, and I followed them there, and it was not till I found myself in a fourth-rate hotel one dismal evening, watching the cold rain-drops as they pattered upon the window, rendering the ever-cheerless French bed-room yet more wretched, that I remembered I had acted madly. Why should I have followed them? How could I hope for an interview with Laura after what had passed? And, above all, I had not even used sufficient common sense to inquire their direction; so there was G—— A——, artist, wandering about Paris, seeking to discover the residence of a newly-arrived English gentleman, who would exclude him his house if they met. I have paced up and down, evening after evening, before the lighted saloon of some distinguished member of the *ton*, in the faint hope that among the departing guests I might discover her who had drawn me there, and when all had left, and darkness was established in the windows, I have returned to my chilly bed, and wept, ay, wept, with a dismemberment of mind I could not comprehend."

"Take another glass of wine."

"A month or more passed, and I was as far from my wishes as ever. A new project entered my head. I resolved to paint from memory my last interview with Laura, and to procure the exhibition of the picture in some place of resort, in the vague idea that it might catch her eye, and produce an inquiry as to the painter. When I determined on a course, I seldom lost time in following it out, and accordingly commenced a painting which cost me days and nights of incessant toil. Excited by the subject, I succeeded in it even to my own satisfaction; the picture was completed, and exposed to view in a gallery much frequented by the English residents in Paris. I constantly attended the room, and after many days of terrible anxiety, I saw Laura enter it, leaning on the arm of the celebrated Baron D——. There was no mistaking her look of sunshine, and as her head was turned towards me, she smiled, in answer, I suppose, to some remark of her companion. I madly thought that smile was for me, and advanced to seize her hand, but was met by a cold surprised stare, as she passed on. I know not what followed, but found myself in the custody of two *gend'armes*, with the tattered fragments of my picture in my hand. I was released, partly, I believe, for that I was considered insane. I rushed home, and, discharging my account, left Paris the same day."

"On your return to England?"

"No! I could neither bear to revisit the spot where my happiness had bloomed, nor to remain on that where it had been blasted. I started for Venice, I hardly knew why, but I reached that city; travellers call it lovely, I recollect it only as a hell. I now come to that part of my tale which were better left untold, unless you are well assured of your fortitude to hear what——"

"Stay, A——. You have told me enough to account for your

melancholy and illness; and if there be crime, or what another's ear should not hear, reflect before you tell it."

"I have nothing to fear or to hide now; my remark was applied to yourself. Can you bear to listen to a terrible story?"

"Try me."

"Did you ever hear that there is at Venice a picture to which a most fearful tale is attached."

"Has the painting a name? I think I have a remembrance of such a story."

"The painter never saw the whole of his portrait, for such it is, till he had completed it, and as he removed the last covering, and looked face to face upon the "BRIDE OF SATAN," his reason left him, and he destroyed himself."

"I have heard or read the story, but my memory does not tell me where. Did not the church seize the picture, and secure it in a dark vault, so that human eye might never again behold it?"

"Such was the fact. Two hundred years have passed since the event took place, and it was spoken of rather as a traditionary fable than as a fact, yet the vault was mentioned where the unhallowed composition was kept."

"I have now a more distinct remembrance of the tale."

"Some strange vagary crossed my brain regarding this portrait. I cannot describe it, but its result was my determination to see the picture. My whole ardour was now excited to accomplish this end, and the first step was to discover the vault. This I did. Its entrance was in a half-ruined church, by day, the resort of beggars and vagrants, by night, silent as the tombs below it, having obtained the reputation of being haunted. In a dress borrowed from one of these fellows, I mingled in the lawless crowd, and by dint of ostensibly careless inquiry had the spot supposed to be above that vault pointed out to me. The same night, when I was certain that I should be uninterrupted, I proceeded to the ruins of the church of St. Giorgio, with a crow-bar, lantern, and spade. I had little difficulty in finding a trap-door some few inches beneath the surface, which I raised, but no steps or ladder invited my descent: all was dark. I lowered the lantern by a rope however, and soon found ground. Below me appeared to be a vault, about six or seven feet in height, and, in a few moments, I had descended into it. I retained the crow-bar, and proceeded a few yards, but saw no end to the cell, as far as my lantern could throw its rays."

"I wonder the mephitic air did not compel you to retreat, or, indeed, how it permitted you to go down."

This remark appeared to strike A——, who remained thoughtful for a moment, but soon continued—

"It did not much inconvenience me, although an unpleasant heat was certainly to be felt. I advanced a little farther, and saw a black or, at least, dark curtain hanging against a wall. My heart beat high, for I felt I had attained my purpose. I rushed towards it, seized it, it gave way in my hand, and the Bride of the Evil One glared upon me—but—but—that face—it was—it was—

"What?" said I, powerfully excited.

"By Heaven, *it was the face of Laura!*"

"And you——"

"I know not how long I gazed: there it was, fresh as if just from the easel, and the face—it was beautiful—hell was there, if ever seen by mortal. At length the spell was broken, day had begun to dawn, I rushed to the trap-door, and at one desperate bound, gained the soil above and fled. But that face has ever since haunted me—it mingles with my dreams—it is before me waking—and—and—(and his voice grew louder and shriller, till almost amounting to a scream) —it is there! there!"

I followed the direction of his finger, and certainly saw nothing but an old bust of Sir Matthew Hale, my *magnus Apollo*, which had stood in my room for months. But A —— would not look again, he snatched his hat, and bidding me a hurried good night, rushed from the apartment with averted eyes. I met him some time afterwards, when he informed me that from the night he had told me the story he had had no respite from the appearance of the spectre portrait; that previously to that evening he had occasionally lost sight of it, but expected never to be at peace again on this side the grave. I sent a physician to visit him, whom he refused to see, and I called several times myself with no better success. On repeating my visit for the last time, I found the door of his outer room unfastened; I took a friend's liberty to enter, and found the unfortunate artist resting his head upon the table, apparently unconscious of my approach. I waited some time in expectation of his moving, but at length becoming half alarmed, I called him by his name more than once, and received no reply. I raised him in my arms, a small bottle rolled from under him, labelled "laudanum." He was dead.

I made some inquiries shortly afterwards, and to my great surprise found that the story told me by the unfortunate painter must have been totally the formation of his own overheated brain; that he had actually never left England, and I was unable to discover any family of the name mentioned by him. I have, therefore, simply detailed the facts without comment. Of this alone I am certain, that a little tablet in St. Martin's church bears the name and the date of the death of the unhappy G—— A——, my client the artist.

DARREL'S AISLE.*

Fortè fuit juxtà tumulus, quo cornea summo
Virgulta, et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus.
ÆNEID, lib. iii. 23.

I.

TIME is not always what he seems;
His hand though stern, his step though sure,
He yet preserves Tradition's dreams,
Nay—lends them a tradition more.
I see before me Darrel's Aisle—
Its Gothic porch, and studded door;
Its dull old window, whence no smile
From sunbeam, hath dispell'd the shade
By outward alder-branches made,
Its cold and vapour fretted walls,
Whose dampness on the gazer falls:
Its massive monuments within:
Its stain upon the sculptur'd stone,
That peasants say is blood alone,
The red recording blood of Sin!
I see them still, the porch, the aisle,
The tomb, the blood, and deem the while,
Although swift change on change be wrought,
There never can be change to thought!

II.

Yet *I* am changed:—in joy, in strength,
In hope, in heart, and in desire;
Desponding Care hath quench'd at length
The embers of the former fire
That young Ambition nursed within,
And bade me still, and still aspire
Some meed of proud renown to win:—
I look not to the *future* now,
But bend with meditative brow
O'er dreary shadows of the past,
Where all is dim, though not o'ercast:—
Till every thought and every theme
Of Childhood's rosy-cinctured years
Hath grown into myself:—a dream
Too spiritualized for human tears!
O Spirit of the Past!—be mine!—
Behold, I gather for thy shrine
The choicest offerings boyhood knew
Of Fancy, and of Feeling's flowers:
Which have not lost their early hue,
Which still are odorous and true,
Though broken from their parent-bowers:
Which droop not, faint not, fall not:—see,
Sweet Spirit! what I cull for thee.

* See Notes to Rokeby, for the Legend of Littlecote Hall.

III.

Approach, Tradition!—give thy hand
Thou stern, old, melancholy seer;
By Darrel's tomb in thought we stand,
In thought dark Darrel's aspect near:
Approach, and whisper o'er thy tale,
It haply may awake a tear,
If Memory may aught prevail
Thy sleeping tenderness to thrill
With feeling unforgotten still!
Oh! if it be of broken vows,
That like the lonely forest boughs
Bewail 'midst each autumnal wind
The withered young leaves of their kind:
Or if it be of hopes departed,
Of Virtue pining broken-hearted,
Of Merit humbled, Meanness proud,
Or Genius starving in the crowd:
I would weep then, unsham'd to show
The weakness of a woman's woe!

IV.

'Tis none of these—the gloomy tale
That slumbers in your silent aisle;
Yet will it blanche the fair cheek pale,
And tame the lightest-hearted smile:
For there Tradition cloked in guilt,
And crown'd by Parricide the while:
Points sternly where those blood-drops spilt,
Cry heavenwards with as loud a tongue,
As when, his exil'd paths among,
Mankind's primeval murderer cried,
A conscience-smitten fratricide!
O Boyhood!—in thy early spring
That crimson tale went whispering
Of her, whose love was quench'd in dust
By one who mock'd its purer trust:
And ill-repaid its offerings sweet
With fierce and unrelenting heart,
And crush'd its pledge beneath his feet,
Mad actor of a monstrous part!
A sweet pledge nipped, ere deepening day
Had laughed its infancy away!

V.

Of her th' unknown:—yet haply fair
And young too as the smiling morn,
With craving looks of fondness there
Towards her lovely eldest born:
Oh! deem ye not her sick despair
Rose shrill as bittern's cry forlorn,
When dark-browed Darrel madly tore
The child of her he loved no more,
And dash'd it in the dancing flame:
Enough:—his victim hath no name,

No record of her beauty, none
Of what her fate, or how was won
Her heart, that unconsider'd boon,
Nor when she died, or late, or soon,
No record save her shame!

VI.

Here Darrel sleeps: if *he* can sleep,
Whose crime yet bears th' Avenger's seal,
Above whose head cold vapours weep,
And wakeful fiends on tiptoe steal
To watch beside their brother's tomb,
And 'mid their impious orgies reel!
Here Darrel sleeps: but Darrel's doom
Is still shriek'd forth when midnight throws
Her curtain o'er the Earth's repose,
By laughing fiends from wood and glen,
Where fir-trees wave, where stagnant fen
Or black morass with false fires gleam
O'er hill and dale, and tower and stream:
And years may go, as years have gone,
'Till Time his last stage lags upon;
And tears may fall, and sighs may break,
And hearts grow chill for Terror's sake;
And prayers may rise to Heaven again
To wipe from Darrel's tomb the stain,
But Time hath failed, and all is vain!

VII.

Sweet Spirit of the Past!—thy song
The vale of early hours along
Hath paus'd in one remember'd note!
As sweet as the melodious lay
That breaks amid the forest spray
From Philomela's throat!
And in that pause, upon that lay
Is borne the burthen of a day,
When Feeling's uncorrupted youth
Was fresh in hope, and fair in truth!
When Friendship sought thy rustic porch,
Thou dear, romantic Village Church!
When Emulation led along
A laughing and a happy throng,
When Thought partook no deeper dye
Than pastime's rosy chivalry,
And Pleasure danced before the eye
In unforgotten Ramsbury!

W. G. T.

Sept. 18*th*, 1835.

THOUGHTS ON THE POET TASSO.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

" Con la penna e con la spada
Nessun val quanto Torquato."

Of all the Italian poets, nay, of all poets, Tasso appears to me the most interesting; inasmuch as that genius, though it form the chief and most attractive charm in others, was in him but a bright jewel, blending with, but never outshining, the splendour of his bosom gems, *religion*, and *morality*. That divinity that breathed in the soul of Tasso, seemed to have touched, as with holy fire, every passion of his heart, making it like the genial spring, expand into the glowing promise of a future Eden.

Beyond the two characters, of a poet and a lover, Tasso has been too little appreciated: for when we contemplate the picture truth presents of this great man—when we see his humility in all that regards himself, his noble concedence of the palm to others, his generous forgiveness of enemies, and trusting confidence in friends, to which was added a perfect love of God, and submissive reliance on that all-wise Providence that led him on his way to heaven, while yet captive in a cell at Ferrara—when, I say, we contemplate these rare gifts of a rare virtue, do not the great poet and the adoring lover form but bright reflections of his sun of mind, and instead of crowning Tasso, make him to crown them.

Some of the pleasantest excursions my fancy ever took, were to the sunny regions of poetic Italy, to accompany the melancholy Tasso from the myrtle bowers of his boyhood, to the dark precincts of his tomb-like cell. With what delight have we tarried at Sorrento, to witness the baptism of the boy Torquato, in whose fairy lineaments the all-searching eye of maternal love could not read the glory of the future man. When, disdaining ease, he follows the fortunes of his wandering sire, how sweetly do we trace the golden promise of the poet, in that early dedication of genius to nature, in which he so beautifully commemorates his first parting with that first friend, his mother.

" Ma dal sen de la madre empia fortuna
Pargoletto divelse, ah di' que' baci
Ch' ella bagno di lagrime dolenti
Con sospir mi rimembra, e de gli ardenti
Preghi che sen portar l'aure fugaci,
Che i' non dovea giunger più volto à volto
Fra quelle braccia accolto
Con nodi cosi stretti, e si tenaci,
Lasso, e seguij con mal sicure piante
Qual' Ascanio, o Camilla il padre errante."

Amid the academic shades of Padua we next see him, with the

youthful Scipio Gonzaga,* about his own age, discoursing of abstruse points, or bending an humble and attentive ear to others, older than his dear associate in mental labour. Sometimes his fair and elevated brow relaxes of its philosophic character; and light, the light of heavenly poesy, puts to flight the logic of the law: and then his deep blue serious eye gathers into laughing sunshine; and anon into tears, that gush, like healthful springs, cherishing the heart that yields them.

Again, what magic scenes of splendor and of gaiety have I conjured up, in my moonlight rambles to Ferrara! Its lighted halls echoing the music of a thousand dulcet strings, its paradisian gardens, storied temples, delicious fountains, and winding walks of myrtle, and of orange trees, whose golden fruitage realizes the fable of the sweet Hesperides. There Tasso sate, and loved the rosy hours away: there made close fellowship with nature, and whispered to the musky breeze that stole his sighs, the name of Leonora. There we behold him, that "prince of song," sitting at the feet of his bright lady love, who was to him "a crystal-girded shrine,"† yet who, with all her beauty, rank, and learning, owes immortality to Tasso's song. Oh, idle boast of human pride! what are all the proud array, the pageant pomp of meretricious greatness, to simple unattended genius? The mighty duke, the regal Alphonso, with all the splendour of his state—his costly palaces, gay court, and kingly banquetings—how inferior to the homeless, fortuneless, and untitled Tasso! who thinks of the prince when Tasso appears? who listens to the ducal speaker, when the eloquent lips of the bard breathe upon the ear? Or who that could be Tasso, would be the Prince of Ferrara?

> Immortal genius! On thy buoyant wing,
> Thou springest upward to the stars of light,
> Transforming in thy flight the meanest thing
> Thy keen eye glances on, to something bright,
> And beautiful to fancy! thou canst fling
> Elysium o'er the desert, and make gloom
> Enamoured of her tears: who would not wear
> Thy radiant coronal, and argent plume,
> And count the kingly robe beyond compare,
> Inferior to the Tyrian of thy loom?
> Thou god-like attribute! celestial gift!
> Linking our human nature to divine,
> If, to the *great high priest* of all, we lift
> The soul be kindled at his holy shrine,
> And, like Italia's bard, awake the string
> To strains supernal spirits love to sing!

When escaping from his prison at Ferrara, Tasso flies "like another Bias,"‡ with what pleasure we renew our pilgrimage; and accompany the fugitive in his flight over rugged plain and mountain steep, sometimes following the dizzy path of the wild chamois, at others traversing the rocky vale, where cloistered walls invite the bard to rest!

* Afterwards cardinal; with this nobleman Tasso contracted that early friendship which ended but with his life.

† Byron's "Lament of Tasso."

‡ Tasso's words.

And when he reaches Rome, and all that classic city welcomes him; when princes, cardinals, and learned men go forth to greet him—with what pride we note this noble of nature's making, bearing his honours with so meek a grace, that envy's self lies captive at his feet: for he, though flattered and caressed by all, counts too little of his own desert, to wear the wreath of pride.

When, leaving Rome by stealth, lest partial friends should mar the wishes of his heart, he turns his eye to fair Sorrento, the city of his birth, within whose well-remembered and "time-honoured" walls resides his widowed sister, the dear companion of his by-gone years. Again we follow him over unknown paths, from early dawn to twilight, and in the shepherd's cot, perched high like eaglet's nest among the lonely mountains of Veletri, share in his homely meal. Next, reaching Gaieta, we enter the trim bark that bears him to Sorrento, where he acts that little drama of the heart affection planned to try a sister's love. Now, habited as shepherd might beseem, he enters Cornelia's dwelling: feigning well the story of a brother's danger, he sees his sister swoon; and touched with such sweet proof of her unchanged regard, throws off his peasant garb, and tells her all. And now with pleasant haste the board is spread, and Tasso sits him down between the widow and her orphans: and while all eyes look lovingly on him, and every hand is busy in his service, much wonders he how he could live so long in courts, apart from such dear ties; he will return no more to dwell with worldlings,

He asks not happiness *but longs for rest.*

And here it may be found. So reasons Tasso; as men will reason when after slumbering long, the heart awakes to early feelings, and finds the freshness of those spring-time hours dispel the visions of life's cheating dreams. Alas! too powerful love again invites him to the court of Alphonso; and Leonora's voice, like the charmed syren's, tempts him to his ruin. Once more we follow him, the wandering Tasso; and again behold him in the prince's power, the tenant of a cell at St. Anne's, the dwelling of the dreamy lunatic, his lofty spirit, like the captive bird, beating its silver wings against the wires of his cramped cage; till with disturbed and wildered thoughts his mind grows fanciful, and images to itself strange phantasies and mystic shapes, that haunt his cell,* scaring sweet rest and wholesome appetite. Look there! mute hangs his stringless harp, no longer tuned for listening beauty's ear. Thus he addresses it:

"Tu che ne vai in Pindo
Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,
Salutala in mio nome, e dille poi
Ch'io son dagl' anni e da fortuna oppresso."

Yet sometimes he will woo a happier mood; and sitting in the moonlight, deem an angel, stealing to his side, whispers of joys eternal.

* The methods that were made use of to cure Tasso of his *pretended* madness, nearly threw him into an absolute delirium. His imagination became so disturbed, that he fancied himself haunted by a spirit, that continually disordered his books and papers.

Hark! he speaks to it, his own "familiar spirit," as he calls it; and questions it of things invisible to mortal ken. Then, soothed by glimpses of a future heaven, he forgets the woes and wrongs of this dark earth; and soaring on the eagle wings of mind, he weaves into golden numbers the glowing thoughts that crowd upon him.

Sure never bard was more honoured by great souls, or more maligned by little ones, than Tasso. Yet his trials would, to the ambitious man, have been but as feathers in the scale, compared with that triumphant crown awarded to his genius by all the wise and the good of his time, both in his native Italy, and in other nations. The sprightly Frenchman, the grave Spaniard, and the ardent sons of Oriental skies, all hung alike enamoured over the pages of his famed Jerusalem,* and wandered untired through the Arcady of his pastoral Aminta.† From the gilded walls of the proud Vatican, to the deep solitudes of the wild Alps, Tasso's name was a sweet familiar sound to every ear. The young maids of Tuscany sang among their sylvan shades the love-songs of Tasso: the Venetian gondolier, as he rowed his fairy bark over the moonlight waters of the Adriatic, chaunted in chorus with his rude co-mates the stanzas of Tasso: and even the savage bandit, Sciarra,‡ at the name of Tasso, smoothed his rugged features into peace, and compelled his outlawed bands to let the poet pass in safety.

But oh! how grand, yet touching, and withal instructive, is the closing scene of his eventful life! When entering Rome for the last time, invited to receive the honour of a solemn crowning in the capitol, he is met by all the noble and the learned of that city of the cross, and told by holy lips, that "his merit would add more honour to the laurel he was going to receive, than that crown had given to those on whom it had hitherto been bestowed."§ Alas! he never lived to realize the hope his coming gave. Death snapped the tuneful chords of his sweet lyre before its crowning day; and flowers were strewed upon his bier, that had been gathered for his triumph. Triumph, did I say? *his triumph was in death.* "That was the crown he came to receive at Rome."‖ That the laurel, for whose deathless leaf, the Christian hero fights, and overcomes all that arms man against himself.

Methinks I see the dying bard—his look composed and sweet, his clear blue eye lit up with light from heaven, and his mild solemn voice blessing that blessing God, who, as he said, "was pleased at last to bring him safe into port, after so long a storm." It is the festival of St. Mark. The shrines are dressed with flowers of early spring; the altars glittering with their golden gifts, and sweet with

* "The success of his Jerusalem was most unexampled; it was translated into the Latin, French, Spanish, and even the Oriental languages, almost as soon as it appeared. No performance ever before raised its reputation to such a height in so short a period."

† The original of the Pastor Fido and Filli di Sciro.

‡ "A famous captain of banditti, who at that time infested the confines of the ecclesiastical states. This outlaw, hearing that Tasso was one of the company, sent a message to assure him that he might pass in safety."

§ Pope Clement's words to Tasso.

‖ Tasso's message when dying, to the pope.

frankincense. And now the pealing organ and the hymning voices waft melody around those holy walls,* where Tasso lies, and silvery bells, chiming at intervals from turrets grey, requiem his parting spirit. See! he clasps the symbol of his faith! his dying lips essay to kiss the cross: he speaks—but faint the music of his voice—"*In manus tuas Domine.*"†

So died this Christian poet: and so let all poets die, by living as Tasso lived. Let the scholar imitate his humility; let the wit practice his forbearance; let the lover of society carry into social life his holy virtues; and let the recluse visit his cell at Ferrara, and there learn how to keep green his human sympathies.

In short, let the youthful reader not merely consider Tasso as the poet of Italy, or the lover of Leonora, but as the Christian philosopher, and the practical moralist, whose life was a model which all men may study to advantage. To that model let the vain author, go and compare himself with the humble, self-abased Tasso; who thought nothing of his own works, when all the world applauded them. To that model let the rich man also go, and learn of Tasso to value wealth, only for the good it yields to others. And last, let him who pines in the shade of poverty, learn of Tasso, who was contented when he wanted for every thing; nor blush to leave behind him as poor a catalogue‡ of his worldly effects, as did that "prince of song," whose sole wealth was in abeyance, in the mines of eternity.

* The monastery of St. Onuphrius.

† Tasso's last words.

‡ "Amongst the MSS. in the Duke of Modena's library is an accurate inventory of Tasso's books and wardrobe, made by the poet himself, when confined in the hospital of St. Anna. It is in every respect a curiosity, and has never yet met the public eye. Tasso's library appears to have consisted of seventy-two volumes only, of all kinds. Amongst them were a New Testament, copies of most of the Greek poets and prose writers, Cicero's rhetoric, isolated volumes of Boccacio, Suissine, Rembo, Capoali, and Salviato, and in his own handwriting a volume of his own rhymes, an additional volume to the same, a volume of his letters, letters to the Duke of Urbino, a dialogue 'On avoiding the *Multitude*,' fifty Stanzas to the Pope, two other volumes of his own works, and some minor MSS., including '3 add. vols.' viz. 'the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd parts of my works.' Alas! what *penury* does the wardrobe of this heir to immortality exhibit! Four good shirts, and 5 'unfit for wear;' item, 3 good shirts in a box by themselves; 2 pair of *linnen* stockings, and 'one pair for wearing under boots;' 2 handkerchiefs, and 4 others in a box just named; 4 towels 'not worn out;' a dozen *silk* garters; 2 bonnets, 'the one *new*, and the other old.'"—*Morning Herald, Nov.* 1, 1833.

JOURNEY FROM GIRGENTI TO PALERMO.

CHAPTER I.

Alicata—Palma—Girgenti—Saint Albert and the Jews—Our party poisoned—Warm Baths of Sciacca—The Mysterious Castle—Curious Adventure—The Prisoners and the Castellano—Calatabellotta—Castel Veterano—Selenuntium—Marsala.

At Alicata, I received a letter from my friend, Count A———, who, with his lady and only son, a boy of about twelve years of age, were proceeding, as well as ourselves, to Palermo. We were to have left Catania together, but some unexpected occurrence having detained them, our journey in company had been given up. I was now agreeably surprised to find they would join us at Girgenti, with an English friend, Captain L———, provided we could manage to wait three or four days in that town, which had before been my intention, as it is impossible to examine the interesting antiquities in the neighbourhood in less. The company of a female friend, too, was an agreeable prospect for Mrs. B———, and the conclusion of our trip promised to be still more pleasant than the commencement.

The country between Alicata and Palma is highly beautiful, interspersed with corn fields, orange groves, vineyards, and orchards. The almond tree is here of great size; the hedges, for miles, often consist almost entirely of them, or occasionally varied with the carubba, the aloe, the fig, the palm, and the olive. Sicily was still beautiful as ever, but the life and energy of its inhabitants seemed fled. The peasantry were no longer cheerful and communicative, but discontented and reserved: they were worse clothed, and appeared worse fed, than what I recollected of them only nine years before. With such frightful celerity does a bad government plunge a people into an abyss of misery and ruin. The higher classes also participated in the general deterioration, although there was more ostentation, the women in particular dressing in a more expensive style; the superb silks of Italy, France, Palermo, and Catania, having succeeded to the humbler productions of the British loom, in which I remember to have seen ladies of rank appear at the parties in Messina. The Sicilians have also learnt from the English to attend more to female education; there are no longer instances of girls of respectable families unable to read or write. These are the only cases of amelioration I observed during my second visit, which form but a poor set off against the desolation and misery which pervade every angle of the country, oppressed by the presence of a foreign army, and groaning under the exactions of the Neapolitan minister of finance. Everywhere are to be seen families perishing for want, lands untilled, manufactories abandoned, empty ports, and crowded prisons. In the superb harbour of Messina, in which I have often numbered one hundred sail

of different vessels, I found, on my arrival this time, but half a dozen of the country craft, one English brig, and two Genoese polaccas.

The state of Sicily is such that, though a succession of exuberant harvests and vintages has filled the granaries and magazines, and bread, wine, and meat are lower than at any time within these last thirty years, the great body of the peasantry is almost starving, and obliged to support itself on beans, lupines, and chesnuts, whilst the corn is rotting in the hands of the proprietors, several of whom have caused their stores to be opened to the public; for which act of humanity, it can scarcely be called generosity, they have incurred the ill will of their suspicious and vindictive court. The consequence has been, that half the country has this year remained unsown, and that the general misery is daily increasing. The towns are many of them nearly dispeopled, and several of the finest palaces are fast going to ruin. The following beautiful lines of Lucan, descriptive of the state of Italy after the civil wars, are strictly applicable to the present condition of Sicily.

> At nunc semirutis pendant quod mœnia tectis,
> Urbibus Italiæ, lapsisque ingentia muris
> Saxa jacent, nulloque domus custode tenentur,
> Rarus et antiquis habitator in urbibus errat:
> Horrida quod dumis multosque inarata per annos
> Hesperia est, desuntque manus poscentibus arvis.
>
> PHARS. lib. i.

Palma is rather a neat town, abounding in good wine, bread, macaroni, and provisions of all sorts, at reasonable prices. It is of very modern origin, having been built towards the middle of the seventeenth century, by one of the family of Chiaramonte. The population is rated at eight thousand souls, perhaps a rather exaggerated calculation. There are some sulphur mines in the neighbourhood.

Leaving Palma, we did not continue to keep the road along the coast, but made a circuit inland, passing through the village of Camastro, and the towns of Naro and Comicati: the last is a fine and populous place, superbly posted on the side of a hill. Castro Filippe is situated near the river Naro, which some, and among them Cluverius, have mistaken for the Acgragas, the modern Drago. We found the Naro, which formerly bore the name of Hypsas, an insignificant and shallow rivulet, which, though it rained during the night, scarcely wetted the knees of our horses; but we forded it high up,—in the vicinity of Girgenti it is a somewhat more respectable stream. Favara, a town with six thousand inhabitants, lies prettily on the declivity of a hill, at the distance of about five miles from Girgenti. Our journey was this day long and fatiguing, and it was late before we arrived at the above city. We were received by Signore S———, the British consul, a gentleman of much antiquarian research and information. He possesses a small cabinet very tastily arranged, most of the articles of which have been procured from the ruins of Agrigentum, which are, without douht, the most important and interesting remains in Sicily.

Acgragas, corrupted by the Romans into Agrigentum, was founded

by a colony from Gela, B. C. 605, on Mount Acgragas, from which it was called. The lines of Virgil,—

> Arduus inde Acgragas ostentat maxima longe
> Mœnia, magnanimûm quondam generator equorum,

must be understood of the ancient city of Omphace, which occupied the site of the present Girgenti. It was built on the height, afterwards called Comicus, for Cocalus, king of the Sicani, by the celebrated Dædalus. It was the strongest fortification at the time in the island, and when it fell into the hands of the Greek colonists, became their citadel.

If Virgil can, in this instance, be vindicated from the charge of anachronism we must forgive him, and own that he sings by anticipation, when in the same passage he adds—

> Megarosque sinus, Tapsumque jacentem.

Nor can it be said that

> Adparet Camarina procul

alludes to the lake, which lays low, and can only be seen when very near. Acgragas soon became a vast city, containing, according to Diodorus, twenty thousand citizens, and one hundred and eighty thousand persons who did not enjoy that privilege. If this calculation did not, as usual, include the slaves, the computation of Diogenes Laertius, who gives eight hundred thousand souls, will not appear much too high; yet, although we admit that on an average six slaves may be allowed for each of the twenty thousand citizens, two will be sufficient per head for the remaining one hundred and eighty thousand, who can scarcely be supposed to have equalled the riches and luxuries of the citizens, and this will yield six hundred and forty thousand for the ancient population, a vast number, yet Agrigentum was inferior to Syracuse. It was built on five hills, the vestiges of which are still visible.

The Agrigentines seem to have possessed less love of liberty than other Greeks; their indolence and luxury rendered them effeminate, and more ready to submit to, than resist, a master. Phalaris usurped the supreme power little more than forty years after the foundation of the city. Alcamenes, Alcander, Theron, Thiutias, and others, follow in the disgraceful list. B. C. 406, Acgragas was taken by the Carthaginians under Hannibal and Himilco, the former of whom had, during the preceding year, razed to the ground the cities of Selmao and Himera. The disaster happening about the time of the winter solstice, Himilco spared most of the buildings to quarter his numerous army in them. The wretched inhabitants had previously, in one vast body, evacuated the ill-fated town, leaving only the infirm and aged behind, who were put to the sword by the infuriated conquerors. The fugitives were escorted to Gela by the Syracusans, who afterwards allotted them Leontini for a residence. Though it appears that the Agrigentines soon after returned to the city, it never recovered the blow. The Temple of Jupiter Olympius, the building of which was going on at the period of the siege, was never completed, the

finances of the state being, at no time in the sequel, adequate to the defraying of the enormous sums requisite to complete so magnificent a fabric.

Acgragas was thrice taken during the two prior Punic wars, twice by the Romans, and once by the Carthaginians. It fell, A. D. 825, into the hands of the Saracens, from whom it was recovered in 1086, by the heroic Count Roger.

I visited the ruins, in company with the intelligent Signore S———. As they have been so often described by preceding travellers, and I have myself given a detailed account of them in another place, I shall here pass them without further notice.

The port, which is one of the chief caricatori for grain in Sicily, is four miles from the city; the road is tolerably good, and the country rich in olive groves and corn fields. The harbour, which is defended by a mole, is dangerously open to the sciroc, or south-east wind, which threatens before long to choke it up by the quantity of sand it drives in, when violent. Girgenti is prettily situated, but its streets are narrow, steep, and rugged. Few of the edifices merit the attention of the stranger: there are some passable paintings in the churches, and the cathedral boasts some fine specimens of basso relievo, representing the story of Hippolytus. The population is estimated at about seven thousand.

Our friends, the count and countess, with Captain L———, kept their promise. As the town contains no suitable inn, the latter joined us at the consul's, the former took up their quarters with a friend. We now formed a very large party; the count's suite consisting of a cameriere and cameriera, a cook and footman, making, with L———'s and my own attendants, altogether seven domestics exclusive of the muleteers, who were four in number. It was arranged that we should take two lettigas, one for the countess and Mrs. B———, the other for the ladies' maid and the young count when he might get tired of riding; the rest of the company were to proceed on horseback.

We quitted Girgenti on the 19th, above five o'clock in the morning, in the following order; the count, his son, L——— and myself in front, the two lettigas with their conductors formed the next division, the baggage and mules attending it followed, whilst the servants brought up the rear, in all seventeen persons. We did not think it necessary to take campieri, esteeming ourselves a match for any force likely to attack us, although the women had been much alarmed at Girgenti by many marvellous accounts of the number and audacity of the banditti, owing to the disturbed state of the country.

Our cavalcade first halted a little after eight o'clock at Aragona, a small town situated on the declivity of a beautiful hill in the midst of a very romantic country; but the roads are, as usual, execrable, over ragged and chalky rocks. We breakfasted at this place, and reposed during the heat of the day at St. Angelo, eight miles farther on. Our path lay through a hilly but well planted district, abounding in refreshing rivulets, and, at intervals, with patches of the most verdant vegetation. The oleander, the St. John's bread, the almond, and the deep scarlet of the pomegranate, with other trees and shrubs, most of them in bloom, had a delightful and enchanting effect, perfuming

the air with their delicious odours, whilst they gratified the eye with their splended and various colours. From the heights we could count the towns and villages in the neighbourhood, Monte Allegro, Siculiana, La Cattolica and many others, and mark the course of the winding Platani as it rolled on to the sea, which was studded by passing vessels and numerous fishing-boats from the places on the coast. When we resumed our journey in the afternoon from St. Angelo, we did not keep the road along the shore, but turned towards the interior. At a short distance from that place we crossed the Platani, the ancient Halycus, which runs through a plain, naked and sterile in comparison with the rich valleys in its vicinity. It was the boundary between the Carthaginian and Syracusan territories; it has its source on the eastern side of Mount Quisquina; when increased by the waters of the Salso and the Torbo, it becomes one of the largest rivers in Sicily. After a tortuous course, it falls into the African sea above Girgenti. The fish of the Platani are held in great estimation: shad, eels, and chub are caught in great abundance.

A curious tale is related of this river. One day as St. Albert, the Carthusian, was walking on the bank of the stream, he saw some Jews, who had attempted to ford it, carried away by the rapidity of the current; as they were hurried down they implored the aid of the saint, conjuring him, in the name of his master, to save them. The holy man kindly promised to deliver them, on condition that they would embrace the Christian religion, to which they very eagerly consented. Upon which he walked to them on the water, but, fearing lest when rescued from the immediate danger they might fail to keep their word, he took especial care to instruct them in the faith and baptize them as they floated down the stream. After which he brought them to land by dividing the waters, thus renewing the miracle of the passage of the Red Sea.

It was our intention to have passed the night at Bivona, for which place we had letters, but finding the ladies fatigued, we halted at Alexandria, a small town lying on the face of a gentle hill which overlooks a fertile valley. We had reason to repent our determination, for though we had brought a supply of provisions from Girgenti, we had by no means laid in a very ample stock for so large a party, expecting to reach Bivona for supplies. As there was little or nothing to be got in this very wretched place, the servants were obliged to be content with very short commons. The fundaco at which we stopped was a most uncomfortable and dirty hovel; the people assembled in it seemed to regard us, and particularly our arms, with much discontent and suspicion. The syndic to whom the count sent for more commodious quarters was not within. In the mean time it grew dark, and a quarrel having taken place between some of the people and our domestics, a fight would have ensued; it appeared that our attendants, not finding all the assistance they expected, began to make a show of their weapons, at which the others took umbrage, and when asked for provisions, told the servants to find them with their pistols. Words followed words, and it would probably have soon come to blows if the noise had not brought us to the spot. Not without difficulty we prevented a fray; but our people could not succeed in getting anything

for their repast, except an immense caldron of fagiole, dried French beans, served up simply boiled, with a bottle of rancid oil poured over them by way of sauce. Whether it arose from the nature of the food, or, as we rather suspected, from an ill-disposed person having thrown something deleterious into the boiler, as many as partook of the above dish were seized, during the night, with violent cholics. So alarmed were they, that they dispatched one of their companions to the quarters which the syndic on his return had provided for us, to inform us that they were all poisoned. On our arrival at the fundaco, although seriously alarmed, I could scarcely refrain from laughter at the curious scene that presented itself. Here was one pacing about the room like a madman, there another rolling on the floor in an agony, a third swearing horribly, a fourth invoking all the saints in the calendar, some calling for a priest, others roaring for the doctor, which, in default of a better, I became myself. Having prepared a large quantity of hot water, I ordered the least afflicted to apply fomentations to the stomachs of the greater sufferers, and dosed the whole party liberally with tea and brandy-and-water. In the course of an hour, I had the satisfaction of seeing a visible alteration for the better in all my patients, and in the morning, although the effects of the night were visible in their faces, they were all in a condition to proceed, but some of them complained for several days afterwards.

A good breakfast at Bivona contributed not a little to restore our invalids. Eight miles from this place is Palazzo Adriano, one of the Albanian colonies before mentioned; it is situated in a plain, and reckons four thousand five hundred inhabitants. Owing to the adventure at Alexandria we thought it prudent to make a short day's journey, and stop at Chiusa, about twenty-one miles, for fear of fatiguing the convalescents and incurring the danger of a relapse. At Chiusa we were comfortably lodged in the town-house and found good wine, excellent poultry, and beef, of which, though not very tempting to the eye, the count's cook, one of the best I ever fell in with, made capital stews and several other most laudable dishes. Chiusa, according to Pirri, in his "Sicilia Sacra," was so called because built by the Count of Aderno in an inclosed place where they were accustomed to pasture horses. It is a neat, healthy town, at the foot of a charming hill, and contains a population of about four thousand souls.

We next morning proceeded to Basacchino, through a wild and mountainous country covered with the dwarf palm and lentiscus; the thistles are of an extraordinary size and height. The district is generally barren, but the eye occasionally reposes on a vineyard or a corn field. As we approached Sciacca, we observed the Castle of Luna, so famous in the history of the wars between the noble houses of Luna and Perollo, denominated "Le guerre di Sciacca." The town is defended by ancient walls, and is situated on a rocky eminence at the foot of Mount Calogero. It is a handsome town, containing some noble edifices. Among others is the mother church, which was built by Juliet de Hauteville. Sciacca is a royal city, with a population of ten thousand souls; it was anciently called Thermæ, from the excellence of its baths; there were two cities in Sicily so termed, one on the northern coast of the island, built from the ruins of Himera and

now called Termini; the other is that of which I am speaking. It was also called Thermæ Coloniæ, though Farzello says nothing is known of this colony as to its age, nation, or leader.

The baths are formed by springs which proceed from Mount Calogero, one of them, which is strongly impregnated with sulphur, is hot enough to boil an egg in the course of two minutes; it is said to be efficacious in all cutaneous and scorbutic disorders: paralytic patients also resort there. The fountain, called Aqua Santa, is lukewarm and a very powerful purgative. There is likewise a cold spring in great estimation. On digging to any considerable depth, salt water, also cold, makes its appearance. There are besides, celebrated vapour baths on Mount Calogero, much frequented by invalids in summer; some of them are deep natural caverns, others artificial excavations. I found the air on entering almost suffocating, but the unpleasant sensation ceased on the breaking out of a profuse perspiration. The ancients attributed these baths to Dædalus; the moderns give the honour of them to St. Calogero, both probably with equal truth. The thermometer stood at 124° in the vapour.

From Sciacca to Calatabellotta the road runs over a hilly, open tract of country, bare of wood and of less promising aspect than most parts of Sicily; the lower grounds, which grow a great deal of rice, are desolated by the malaria, and the higher are naked and waste. We crossed the Verdura, the ancient Isbarus, the waters of which reached no higher than the fetlocks of our animals. Calatabellotta is, perhaps without exception, the worst place of residence in the island; the difficulty of access is greater than even that at Mola or ancient Noto. The inhabitants holding but little intercourse with the valleys, are an uncouth and savage race; they evidently regarded us with distrust and ill-will.

Calatabellotta, which is elevated at least three thousand feet above the level of the sea, has succeeded to Triocala, the ruins of which lay a mile below, and have served the modern town with the materials of which it is built. We traced part of the circuit of the walls and observed the foundation of some considerable buildings, probably temples. We also noticed a hollow, which I take to have been originally the site of a theatre.

Triocala was a place of great strength; it was here that Trypho and Athenio fixed their head-quarters during the servile war in Sicily; the position justified their choice, as it enabled them to defend themselves for the space of four years against the formidable forces of the Roman republic.

We returned to Sciacca rather late, and found the ladies in some alarm at our protracted stay, as the people of Calatabellotta do not enjoy the best reputation.

We left Sciacca after a stay of three days. The hills in the neighbourhood continue bare of wood; there are some fine corn lands in the plain, but little had been sown from the cause I have before mentioned. In the vicinity of Garbo or Carabo, which falls into the sea five miles from Sciacca, are some rice grounds which, as usual, render the air very unwholesome.

Farther on we passed the Belici Destro, so called to distinguish it

from the Belici Sinistro; the former is the Crimisus, the latter the Hypsa of the ancients: we crossed it by a romantic bridge; its lofty banks are crowned with tall trees and beautiful shrubs, which pay a tribute of their leaves and flowers to this delightful stream as it glides onward to the deep. The charms of the scenery often induced us to stop or loiter, and it was rare, short as were the day's journeys we had fixed, that we did not arrive late at our resting-place for the night. It happened so now; it was nearly dark when we reached Campobello, twenty-four miles from Sciacca, although we had previously determined to sleep at Castelveterano. It was debated whether we should halt or proceed. On one side, the ladies were rather fatigued, and it had begun to rain, on the other, Campobello, though well deserving the name from the beauty and fertility of the plain in which it is situated, is a wretched and miserable place, where we were likely to fare as badly as at Alexandria, added to which, the air in its environs is pestilential. On these grounds, it was decided *nem. con.* to brave the dark night, the drizzling rain, and the rugged road, rather than the malaria. We continued our route without inconvenience or obstacle until we reached the small river Arena or Delia, when our lettighieri, who were also our guides, declared they could not find the ford, and that the stream was deeper than they expected to have found it. Although it is probable that we might have crossed it with perfect safety, and that the water would not have been higher than the knees of our horses, yet as there might have been hollows in the bed of the current, and as the women began to manifest signs of alarm at the idea of passing over in the dark, it was determined, rather than return, to ask lodgings for the night at an ancient castle which crowned a neighbouring eminence. This resolution was vehemently combated by the muleteers and also by the servants, who were told by the former that the place was haunted, and that we should repent our temerity if we entered its dangerous precincts; they became, in fact, so clamorous that we should retrace our steps to Campobello that we were obliged to give up the point to as many of the party as might please to return, but as we hinted that they need not take the trouble of rejoining us in the morning, there were none who chose, on mature consideration, to avail themselves of the permission accorded.

Having toiled up an ascent of three quarters of a mile, we at length arrived at the door of this formidable mansion. After knocking repeatedly, each time with increased length and force, we were about to retire in despair, when a man armed with a long gun appeared at a window and demanded our business. On our requesting an asylum, he at first declared it was impossible; that his master had given him positive orders not to admit strangers into the castle. On our renewing our instances, he strove hard to induce us to attempt the ford, for which, now we had the prospect of a roof before us, we were less inclined than ever. Hearing who we were, he at length unwillingly consented to receive us, and in a few minutes unbarred the massive iron-cased portals; as we entered he told us we should fare but ill, as he had nothing to offer us but the coarse food which served himself and family. This was no great disappointment, as we found his fare comprehended fowls and a kid, and since our adventure at Alexandria

we always took care to lay in a stock of cold provisions where they were to be found. Signore Giacinto, for such was the name of our host, told us, that he was castellano or keeper of the castle, which he had inhabited in that capacity for nearly thirty years; its owner was the well-known Duke of U———. A large fire having been lighted in the vast antique hall, we sat round it drying ourselves and conversing with Signore Giacinto, whom we could not prevail on to show us the apartments, pretending not to have the keys in his possession, when we were suddenly disturbed by discordant and doleful yells, which seemed to proceed from beneath. Being on the ground floor, this not a little surprised us, as we heard several voices at the same time, crying, "Misericordia, misericordia!" in a hollow, sepulchral tone. On our turning to Signore Giacinto, he appeared much confused, and telling us the noises proceeded from some "forzate," galley-slaves, under his custody, who were confined in the vaults below, hurried out of the room. His account appeared to satisfy no one but the Count, L——— and myself; the ladies turned pale, and the camereira was near fainting; as for the servants, I thought I should have been stunned by the roar of the Paternosters and Ave Marias that were ejaculated on all sides. It was unanimously agreed among them that they were the ghosts, who already began to make themselves heard, and that Don Giacinto was either the devil in *propriâ personâ*, or one of his best friends. On his return, he informed us that the disturbance had been occasioned by a burning faggot which had fallen from above among the prisoners, and caused them to believe that the edifice was in flames, and that they must inevitably perish in the conflagration. It happened, in fact, that these unfortunates were confined directly underneath the hall which we occupied, and that one of the vents which admitted a small portion of air from above was in a corner of the room. Don L———, the young count, had mistaken it for a well, and thrown in a piece of wood from the fire to ascertain the depth and hear the splash. The fate of these poor people excited my commiseration, but I found the castellano so little inclined to answer questions regarding them, that I was obliged to drop the subject. From what I learnt afterwards, I have reason to believe that they were not convicts, as Signore Giacinto would fain have persuaded us, but individuals partly victims of the private resentment of the Duke of U———, partly persons suspected of being concerned in the revolution of 1820, whom the government did not think it advisable to bring to trial, but for security or punishment detained in these unwholesome dungeons. Our cook soon put an excellent repast on the table, which we should have enjoyed more but for the recollection of the sufferers below, to whom we would willingly have lowered a part of our meal, but we found Don Giacinto, who never left us, inexorable on this head; he assured us that, barring only *light* and *air*, they wanted for nothing!

Don Giacinto had our animals ready before daylight in the morning, to our surprise and rather to our mortification: he positively refused to accept the slightest remuneration for either the accommodation or provisions he had afforded, assuring us that his master, though he might probably forgive him for receiving strangers in our circum-

stances, he would certainly never pardon him should it come to his ears that he had dishonoured him by turning his castle into a house of entertainment by the receipt of money.

Our mode of travelling was as follows:—our cavalcade was generally in motion by five o'clock, having taken a cup of coffee or breakfasted before we started, according to the distance of the first resting place. We pursued our journey at the rate of about three miles and a half an hour. L———, the count, and myself, occasionally leaving the party to ascend an eminence, or visit spots in the neighbourhood worthy of attention. Our morning's task was usually finished between ten and eleven o'clock, before the heat became oppressive. When we next stopped, we threw ourselves on our mattresses for an hour or two, and we invariably slept on them at night, except when received in private houses. We also took a light meal prepared by the cook overnight. At four P. M. we again set forward, and travelled till about eight, when we put up for the night, took supper, which was our principal meal, and retired to rest.

(To be continued.)

LA FÉE.

"A POLITICAL SONG."

Once on a time there lived a sprite,
Her name I must suppress,
And though but half a foot in height,
Her worth was not the less.
This fairy had a wand or switch,
A gentle tap or two with which
Gave perfect happiness.
Then tell us, fairy, bright and bland,
Do tell us where you hide your wand.

She also had a sapphire car,
'Twas drawn by butterflies,
And brighter than the fairest star,
That sparkles in the skies;
In this she roamed the country round,
And bid luxuriant crops abound,
And happiest prospects rise.
Then tell us, fairy, bright and bland,
Do tell us where you hide your wand.

Our fairy had a favourite king,
And on her pet confers
All that a fairy hand could bring;
This sovereign's ministers,
All honest men, who lived in peace,
Who watched the flock—not stole the fleece—
Were also gifts of her's.
Then tell us, fairy, bright and bland,
Do tell us where you hide your wand.

This sovereign had his judges too,
All tutored by the sprite,
Who taught their lordships what to do,
They pardoned with delight.
And all those turnings in the laws
That prop a poor, but honest cause,
These judges kept in sight.
Then tell us, fairy, bright and bland,
Do tell us where you hide your wand.

She touched the sovereign's crown, that he
Might see his subjects blessed,
And universal harmony
The fairy's power confessed.
And whilst the king was thus endeared,
No enemy from without appeared,
No foe within oppressed.
Then tell us, fairy, bright and bland,
Do tell us where you hide your wand.

Alas! to some delicious bower
This fairy now repairs,
For things are changed, not right but power,
The sovereign sceptre bears.
The nations all around us groan,
And *if* our lot, and ours alone,
Be happier than theirs,
Still tell us, fairy, bright and bland,
Do tell us where you hide your wand.

JOHN WARING.

TO A PORTRAIT OF S—— M——, Esq. M.P.

PART with thee?—never!—what my lot may be,
He (in whose hands is fate) alone can tell;
But if 'tis clouded by dark misery,
Or if joy round me throws its brightest spell,
In ev'ry change thou wilt be near me still,
Sharing in storm and sunshine good and ill,

Part with thee?—never!—for no charm of face,
The friendly smile, nor for the polish'd brow,
I value thee—(though both may lend a grace,
Even where ruthless Time has shed its snow;)
But for thy soul of truth and lib'ral mind,
By no dark, narrow prejudice confin'd.

Part with thee?—never!—let the cold ones sneer,
I shall not heed them—while I gaze on thee,
And know thy bliss is still the sad to cheer,
And doing good thy greatest luxury;
Thy direst foes in vain thy actions scan,
God's noblest work thou art—an honest man.

We insert this for the fervid honesty of its feeling.

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.[1]

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

SHORTLY after the illegal suspension of the Habeas Corpus, that I recorded in the last number, the portion of the navy stationed in the West Indies became actively employed in the conquest of those islands still in the possession of the French. Some fell almost without a struggle, others at much expense of life both of the military and naval forces. As every one who could find a publisher, has written a book on all these events, from the capture of the little spot Deseada to the subduing the magnificent Island of Gaudaloupe, and the glorious old stone-built city of Domingo, I may well be excused detailing the operations. Among other bellicose incidents that varied the dull monotony of my life, was the beating off a frigate equal in force to our own; though I believe that we were a little obliged to her for taking leave of us in a manner so abrupt, though we could not certainly complain of the want on her part of any attention for the short and busy hour that she stayed with us, for she assisted us to shift all our topmasts, and, as before she met us, we had nothing but old sails to display, she considerately decorated us with a profusion of ribands gaily fluttering about our lower masts, and the topmasts that were gracefully hanging over our sides.

We were too polite and well bred not to make some return for all these *petits soins*. As, between the tropics, the weather is generally very warm, we evinced a most laudable anxiety that she should be properly ventilated, so we assiduously began drilling holes through and through her hull; and I assure the reader, that we did it in a surpassingly workman-like manner. But, in the midst of this spirited exchange of courtesies, our Gallic friend remembered that he had, or might have, another *engagement*, so he took his leave; and, as he had given so many reasons to prevent our insisting to attend upon him, we parted, *en pleine mer*, leaving us excessively annoyed that we were prevented from accompanying him any farther.

In Captain Reud's despatches he stated, and stated truly, that we beat him off. Why he went, I could not understand; for, excepting in the shattered state of his hull, and more particularly in a sad confusion of his quarter gallery, with his two aftermost main-deck ports, he sailed off with his colours flying, and every sail drawing, even to his royals. But the French used to have their own method of managing these little matters.

But let us rapidly pass over these follies, and hasten to something more exquisitely foolish. And yet I cannot. I have to clear away many dull weeds, and tread down many noxious nettles, before I can reach the one fresh and thornless rose, that bloomed for a short space upon my heart, and the fragrance of which so intoxicated my senses,

[1] Continued from p. 305.

that, for a time, I was under the blessed delusion of believing myself happy.

I had now been two years and a half in the West Indies, and I was fast approaching my eighteenth year. At this period we had taken several English West Indiamen. There was a fearful, a soul-harrowing, yet a tender tale, connected with one of these recaptures. It should be told, for the honour of that sex, whom to honour is man's greatest glory; but not now—nor in this life. Yet it ought to be narrated; and I here record my vow, that if I live, and I have the heart to go through it, and my dear ——— will resolve me that one incubus of a doubt that has hung heavily on my heart for these five-and-twenty years, that that tale shall be told, that man may admire, and wonder, and weep.

In one of these retaken merchant vessels there was found, as the French prize-master, and now of course our prisoner, a mercurial little fellow of the name of Messurier. He was very proud of the glory of his nation, and still prouder of his own. As France possessed many historians, and Monsieur Adolphe Sigismund Messurier but one, and that one himself, of course he had the duty of at least three hundred sçavans thrown upon his own shoulders: he performed it nobly, and with an infinite relish. Now, when a person who is given to much talking is also given to much drinking, it generally happens, injurious as is the vice of the grog bottle, that the vice of the voluble tongue is still worse. When in his cups, he told us of the scores that he had slain, counting them off by threes and fives upon his fingers, his thumbs indicating captains, his forefingers first lieutenants, and so on with the various grades in our service, until the *aspirants*, or middies, were merely honoured by his little finger as their representative. We only laughed; and asked him, if he had been so destructive to the officers, how many men had fallen by the puissance of his arm. It seemed that these latter were too numerous and too ignoble to be counted; for that question was always answered with a *bah!* and a rapidly passing over the extended palm of his left hand with his open right one.

But when, one evening, he mentioned that he could pilot a frigate into the inland waters from whence swarmed the crowd of schooner-privateers that infested the islands, and by their swift sailing to windward, eluded our fastest ships, we laughed still, and I did something more; I reported this boast to Captain Reud.

"Then," exclaimed my valorous little Creole, "by all the virtues of a long eighteen, he shall take in his Majesty's frigate Eos."

Whenever he protested by a long eighteen, in the efficacy of whose powers he had the most implicit reliance, we might look upon the matter as performed.

The next morning, whilst Monsieur Messurier was solacing his aching head with his hands, oblivious of the events of the preceding evening, he was feelingly reminded of his consummate skill in pilotage. He then became most unnaturally modest, and denied all pretensions to the honour. Now Captain Reud had no idea that even an enemy should wrap up his talent in a napkin, or hide his light under a bushel, so he merely said to him, "You must take my ship in."

When the captain had made up his mind, the deed generally trod upon the heels of the resolve. Poor man! he was always in want of something to do, and thus he was too happy to do anything that offered excitement. Monsieur Messurier was in despair; he prayed and swore alternately, talked about sacrificing his life for the good of his country, and told us, in a manner that convinced us that he wished us to believe the absurdity, that honour was the breath of his nostrils. However, the captain was fully intent upon giving him the glorious opportunity of exclaiming with effect, *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*

Not knowing the strength of the stronghold that it was our intention to surprise, Captain Reud cruised about for a few days, until he had collected another frigate, a sloop of war, and two eighteen gun-brigs, the commanders of all being of course his juniors. Having made all necessary arrangements, one beautiful morning we found ourselves close off the iron-bound and rocky shores of the east end of St. Domingo. We ran along shore for a couple of hours, when we perceived an opening in the lofty piles of granite, that frowned over the blue ocean. This was the entrance into the harbour where lay our destined prizes.

Captain Reud, taking the responsibility into his hands, had determined to lead in. The charts were minutely examined, but they gave us no hope. The soundings laid down were so shallow, and the path so intricate, that, by them, we wondered much how even a privateer schooner could make the passage in safety. To a frigate drawing three-and-twenty feet of water, the attempt seemed only a precursor to destruction. We hove-to; the captains of the other vessels were signalled on board, and with them and our first lieutenant and master, a sort of council of war was held; and as every one present gave his voice against the attempt, our skipper's mind was made up directly. He resolved to go in, trusting to the chapter of accidents, to a gracious Providence, and Monsieur Messurier upon the foreyard, with a seamen with a pistol at each ear to scatter his brains the moment the ship struck. The weather was brilliant, the wind moderate and fair, when we bore up for the mouth of the passage. It was something at once ludicrous and painful to witness the agony of our pilot in spite of himself. Between oaths, protestations, and tremors, the perspiration of terror flowing down his face, mingled with his tears, he carried the ship with a precision that proved, at least in that matter, that he was no vain boaster.

But we had scarcely advanced a few hundred yards within the gorge, than I had eyes only for the sublimity of the scenery that opened itself in succession as we passed. The water was as smooth as the cheek, as bright as the smile, and as blue as the eye of our first love. Indeed, it was "*deeply*, beautifully blue," as Lord Byron saith—to that *deeply* we owed every thing. The channel was so narrow, that in many places there was not sufficient room to tack the ship, even if she could have turned within her own length, and, in two remarkable points, we had not sufficient width to have carried our studding sails. At one singularly romantic spot of this pass, the rocks far above our mast-heads leant over towards each other, and

the ancient forest trees that crowned the heights, mingled their feathery branches, and permitted us to get a sight of the vaulted blue above us only at intervals, between the interstices of the dark green foliage.

The seamen regarded their situation with wonder, not unmixed with awe. But the view was not the unvaried one of two gigantic walls festooned with flowers and crowned with trees. At intervals, we found the channel open into wide lagunes, with shelving and verdant shores, studded with white stone buildings, and well cultivated plantations, and then the passage would narrow again suddenly, and the masses of rock rose so high on each side of us, as almost to exclude the light of the day. The way was tortuous, but not abruptly so; and as we wound through it, ever and anon we came to some picturesque inlet, some cool grotto, so beautiful that its very beauty must have peopled it with nymphs, for none could look upon them, without feeling for a time like poets. At the entrance, the heaving water rose and fell with a heavy moaning against the eternal bases of the rocks, though the surface in mid channel was perfectly smooth; but as we advanced, this dull undulation gradually subsided, and its measured splash no longer echoed amongst the cliffs. The silence, as we proceeded, grew strange to us. An awe crept over us, like that which is felt upon the first entrance into a vast cathedral; and the gentle wind came to us noiselessly, and dying away at intervals, left the ship silently stealing on, impelled, for a space, by no visible means.

The hush throughout the ship was tomb-like, and the few words of command that from time to time broke upon the ear sounded hollow and unearthly from the reverberations of the overhanging precipices.

But quickly the scene would change; the jutting promontories and overtopping walls would recede, and a fairy spot encircled by forest-land would open upon us, studded with green little islands, glorious in all the beauties of an eternal spring, and crowded and crowned with flowers of every hue, and of a brilliancy the most intense. We proceeded in this delightful manner for more than twelve miles, yet no one had appeared in the least to notice our approach. Had the most trivial attempt at defence been made, we could not have proceeded a quarter of the distance; for I verily believe that we passed by points so overhanging, that a couple of pounds of gunpowder, properly applied and fired at the right moment, would have tumbled fragments of solid rock upon us, that would have crushed us to the bottom in an instant, to mention nothing of the several protruding corners of this singular pass, on which two or three guns could have raked an approaching vessel for half an hour with impunity; as I have before stated, that it would have been impossible in those straitened passages to have turned a broadside to bear on any impediment. On we came, and at last a noble bay, or rather salt-water lake opened upon us, with two wide rivers delivering their waters into the bottom of it. On our right lay the town of Aniama, with a fort upon a green mount overlooking the town, and rising much higher than our floating pennant.

Our unexpected *entrée*, like all other mistimed visits, caused the visited a terrible degree of confusion. Twelve or thirteen beautiful schooners had their sweeps out and all their sails set immediately.

We having anchored opposite the town about noon, the breeze fell away into almost a perfect calm, and off they went, making the best of their way up the rivers. There were several other craft lying off the town, into which the inhabitants were crowding with all their effects of any value, no doubt intending to go a little way up into the country also, to avoid the inconvenience of inopportune calls. The signal was made for our little squadron to get out their boats, chase, and capture.

We first of all brought out the heavily-laden craft that were still near the town, and anchored them under our guns. To the privateers that showed their heels, all the larger boats gave chase, and coming up with them one after another, they were finally all captured. Had they but acted in combination, I think they might have resisted the boats with success, but they seemed to have lost all presence of mind, in the confusion and astonishment into which our sudden appearance had thrown them.

Now all this was very pleasant to us, *Messieurs les concernés.* We calculated upon having the whole wealth of the French town, and the little French fleet, converted into lawful prize-money. The deeply-laden poop encumbered brigs and schooners, so ungracefully down by the stern, we imagined to be full of treasure. Visions of gold glittered before our mind's eye. We were about to recover the plunder of ages, for it must be confessed, that this same Aniama was no better than a haven for pirates. One of us was cruelly undeceived in one respect. As yet, we had met with no manner of resistance whatever —it was ten o'clock in the evening, the full moon giving us a very excellent imitation of daylight, when all the commanders who had dined with our yellow skipper came on deck, in the highest possible glee, delightedly rubbing their hands, and calculating each his share of the prize-money. All this hilarity was increased every now and then by some boats coming on board, and reporting to us, as commodore, another privateer or some fugitive merchant-man taken, and then immediately shoving off in chase of others.

"Well, gentlemen," said our skipper, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll send the marines on shore to-morrow, and take possession of the town. However, we will be very civil to the ladies;—we will, by Venus! As commanding officer, I'll permit of no rudeness."

"None whatever: who could think of frightening them? I suppose, Captain Reud, there could be no harm in going ashore and paying them a visit, just to alleviate their fears," was the reply of one of the commanders.

"Not to-night, not to-night. Depend upon it, all the best of the beauty, and the best of the wealth is safely stowed in this numerous fleet, safely anchored about us: we have them all safe. There might be some villains lurking about the town with their cane knives in their belts: let us have all clear, and day-light before us. Not that I think there is any pluck among them—they have not spirit enough left to throw a stone at a dog."

Hardly had these taunting words escaped his lips than "bang, crash," and a four-and-twenty pound shot came reeking through the waist-hammocks, for they had not yet been piped down, and covered us over with horse-hair, and an abominable composition called flock. The

ball took a slanting direction through the main and orlop decks, and came out just below the water-line, making instantly a leak that we could not affect to despise.

"Droll," said Reud, shaking the dust from his person.

"Very," said his well-dined echoes around him.

If this be jesting, thought I, the cream of the joke is to come yet.

"Beat to quarters, Mr. Percy." The lieutenants and more than half of the crew were away in the boats. The men were soon at their guns, and as they had been only slightly secured, they were ready to return the fire almost immediately. Upon looking up at the source of our annoyance, we found that it was a hopeless case. The height was so great and so immediately above us, that without heeling the frigate over, not a gun could be brought to bear. Another shot from the battery served to quicken our deliberations. There was no time to be lost.

Captain Reud sent the various commanders on board their respective vessels, with orders, that, as fast as any of their boats came in to send them to us immediately with their marines. For ourselves, all our boats were away except the gig. Into that I jumped, followed by the captain and six marines. Every man, except a quarter-master and a couple of look-outs, was piped down below, with strict orders that they were to stay there and not expose themselves, and the ship was left in charge of the gunner, whilst the carpenter and his crew were actively employed in plugging the shot-holes; for every ball that was fired came in somewhere upon the decks, and made its way through the ship's sides, low under the water.

However, annoying as this was, there were but two guns playing upon us which, though served with admirable precision, fired but slowly. We had not lain on our oars a quarter of an hour between the ship and the shore, a space of not more than forty yards, when we were joined by seven boats of various dimensions, crammed as full of jollies as they could possibly hold. We were on shore in a moment, and, without much care as to forming, we all scrambled up the hill as fast as we could. It was very steep indeed, but we were not fired upon by any small arms whatever, and the guns could not be sufficiently depressed from the embrasures to be made to bear upon us. They certainly must have perceived us, for the moon was shining with singular splendour; but they seemed to take no notice of our advance, but fired twice upon the frigate as we were climbing, or, rather, scrambling up.

This assault was an affair got up with so little premeditation, that Captain Reud had no other arms than his regulation sword, and his aide-de-camp, my redoubtable self, no other weapon of offence than a little crooked dirk, so considerately curved, that it would not answer the purpose of a dagger to stab with, and so blunt, that I am sure, though it might separate, it could not *cut* through a plum-pudding. Though I was approaching *pari passu* with my commander to a parapet, where there there was *no* "imminent deadly breach," I was so much ashamed of my side-arms, that I would not expose them to the night air.

Up we tumbled close under the low, turf-constructed battlement, and, as we were in the act of scrambling over it, we received a

straggling and ill-directed fire of musketry. One hurrah from our party, and we were into the fort in a moment, and that on the two flanks as well as in the front. For all the service that I could render, I might as well have charged, as a midshipman usually walks the deck, with my hands in my pockets. However, there we were, face to face with our opponents, on the planked floor of the fort, just as they were making up their minds to run away. But they did not go quite so soon as they ought. In jumping over the turfy mound, it must be supposed, as was really the case, that it took us an instant or two to recover our equilibrium and ascertain the surety of our footing, but that instant was a very annoying one; for the Frenchman directly opposed to Captain Reud, deliberately put his musket against the said captain's face, and though I, unarmed as I was, actually did strike up this musket as much as I was able, it had only the effect of making the bayonet at the end of it score a deep wound from the bridge of his nose to the top of his forehead, when the trigger was pulled, and the whole crown of Captain Reud's skull completely blown away. The shot turned him round like a weathercock; I naturally half turned also, giving the enemy the advantage of studying my profile, whilst I endeavoured to support my captain in my arms, and then the same man, being bent on mischief, thrust his bayonet right through the back of my neck, grazing the vertebra, and entering on the right and coming out on the left side. Having in this manner a sheath for his weapon, the blackguard left it there, and thus having trussed me as with a skewer, showed me his back and fled. The butt end of the musket falling to the ground, gave me a terrible wrench of the head, but relieved me at the same time of my incumbrance. That was the first time I ever *bled* for my country. Indeed, I bled much more than my poor captain. However, the gentlemen of the fort rushed out as we rushed in, and rolled head over heels down the other side of the hill. Three or four were killed on the platform, among which, at the time, I devoutly wished was the inflicter of my wound; some were shot as they ran down the inland side of the hill, and the fort was ours, with the loss of one man killed and, I think, six wounded. My hurt was very trifling: a piece of adhesive plaister on the two orifices was all the surgical assistance that I either had or required. But the case with poor Reud was very different. I detest giving a revolting description of wounds; I shall only say, that this was a most dreadful one. He lay for a month almost in a state of insensibility; and though he lived for some years with his head plated with silver, I know that he was never afterwards perfectly sane.

Walking about for a couple of days with a stiff neck, which was all the inconvenience I experienced, yet, did I assume no little upon my firmness in storming, and on my honourable scars. The next morning all the prizes were secured, the town formally taken possession of, and, whilst Captain Reud lay in the torpor of what was all but death, it was deliberated what we should do with our conquest. It was a matter of some difficulty to decide upon. At this period, the two factions of the blacks, Petion's and Christophe's, held the western parts of the fine island of St. Domingo. The Spaniards had large possessions in the centre of the island, and the French still held a sway over

the city of St. Domingo, and had a precarious footing in the eastern division, where we now were. The place was too insignificant to garrison for a permanent conquest for the English. Many of our officers, and all the men, wished very naturally to plunder it; but the captain of the other frigate, now the commander, would not listen to the proposal for a moment. However, we totally destroyed their small dockyard, burned three fine schooners on the stocks, demolished the fort that had been so pernicious to Captain Reud, and which commanded the town; and then, the officers, and small parties of the ship's company, were permitted to go on shore, and live at free quarters upon the inhabitants. Strict orders were given to respect life and limb, and the honour of the ladies; and these orders were generally well enforced. It was certainly a pleasant thing to go on shore and walk into any house that pleased you, call for what you wanted, be very protecting, and, after having eaten and drank to satiety, to depart without having to cast up the items of a bill. These brigands were treated much too leniently, for I verily believe, that, for a vast number of years, all the male population were born, bred, lived, and had died pirates. They were of all nations of the earth; and, I must say, that this blending of the various races, had produced a very handsome set of men, and very beautiful women. There were many English females among them, who had been captured in our merchant vessels, and had been forced into marriages with their lawless captors. They were, for the most part, like the Sabine women, reconciled to their lot, and loath to leave their lords, their mansions, and their children.

The governor of the place, a French colonel, was captured as he endeavoured to make his escape in one of the schooner privateers. We had him on board of our ship for some time, and he confessed that the place flourished only by means of what he was pleased to designate as free trading.

The prizes, deeply laden, left the port one after the other, and then the men-of-war brigs, afterwards the sloop of war, and, at length, our consort, the frigate. We now lay alone in these quiet waters, and there we remained for nearly three months. All this time our captain could hardly be said to be living. No one was allowed to come aft beyond the mizen-mast. We always spoke with hushed voices, and walked about stealthily upon tip-toe. The bells ceased to be struck, and every precaution was taken to preserve the most profound silence. But our amusements on shore were more than commensurate for our restraints on board. Most of the officers and men took upon themselves wives, *pro hac vice*—chalked, or rather painted their names upon the doors of their mansions, and made themselves completely at home.

At this time I had begun to look fierce if any one did not accede to me the rights and privileges of a man; and especially since I had received my bayonet wound: my vanity upon this score became insupportable. "Younker," was now a term of bitterness to me—on the word "lad" I looked with sovereign contempt—"boy," I had long done with. Heartily I prayed for a beard, but it came not, so, in order to supply the deficiency, I used to practise looking stern before

my dressing-glass. But all my efforts at an outward semblance of manliness were vain, my face was much too fair and feminine, though my stature, and the firmness of my frame, was just what I wished. I was not on board the vessel after the first week that she lay in the port of Aniama, nor did I rejoin her until she was in the very act of sailing out of it.

How am I to approach this subject, so romantic, so delicious, and so delicate! How can I record events, that, in proving to me that I had a heart, first destroyed its strength by the sweet delirium of ecstasy, and thus, having enfeebled, almost broke it! Before, the poetic ardour had often been upon me; but the fire was lighted up at the shrine of vanity, and I sung for applause; it was to be rekindled by love; but to burn with a concealed fury, to be whispered only to my own soul—a feeling too great for utterance—too intense for song, was to devour me. I experienced ecstasies that were not happiness; I learnt the bitter truth, that rapture is not bliss.

About a week after we had obtained a quiet settlement in the town, and very many of us a quiet settlement in the hearts, as well as in the houses of the beautiful Creoles, and half castes, I also went on shore, with Modesty walking steadily on my right hand, whilst Madam Temptation was wickedly ogling me on the left. I looked in on the establishments of several of my brother officers, and certainly admired the rapidity with which they had surrounded themselves with all manner of domestic comforts, including wives, and in some instances, with large families of children. There was much more than ready made love in these arrangements; any one may buy that for ready money; but a ready-made progeny, a ready-made household, and a ready-made wife, without one stiver of ready money, was the astonishment, but English sailors can do any thing.

Well, at No. 14, Rue Coquine, I accepted the purser's invitation to dinner at four, *en famille*. It seemed quite natural.

"My dove," said he, "you'll get us a bit of fish. Mr. Percy loves fish."

"Certainly, my love," said Mrs. Purser *pro tempore*, looking a battery of amiabilities.

"Allow me to introduce you to my sister-in-law, Ma'amselle D'Avalonge," said the purser, presenting a very well dressed young lady to me, with all the ease of a family-man.

The introduction took place immediately, and the lady and I found each other charming; indeed, we said so. After a few more compliments, and a very pretty song, accompanied by the guitar, from mademoiselle, I took my leave, promising to be punctual to my appointment. I was not punctual—I never saw their dear faces again.

I left the town, and strolled up into the interior, keeping, however, our small fleet in sight, and walking seaward. I found the environs well cultivated, and the houses in the various plantations solidly built, and of stone. From every habitation that I passed I had pressing invitations to enter and refresh myself. These I declined. At length I arrived at a beautiful wood, evidently under the care of man; for the different trees were so arranged, as to produce a romantic effect. The shade that the lofty mahogany trees afforded was very grateful,

for it was now a little after noon; and in this grove I paced slowly up and down, nursing my pride with all manner of conceits. Now wishing for some adventure, now fancying myself some king, now turning with pitying thoughts upon poor Reud, and then seeing the misery that we, in our honourable vocation, were daily causing, and the vice that we were daily acting, asking myself if there were any thing in life worth living for.

I well remember the crowding, the overbearing thoughts of that solitary and melancholy hour. It seemed to me as if I were compelled into a summing up of all my reflections, before I plunged into some unknown sea of mysterious events. After my mind had exhausted every object of contemplation that the scene around me had suggested, my thoughts travelled home—home! had I a home—had I any thing that loved me—any thing that, in the deep and soul-absorbing sense of the term, any thing that I loved? Should I ever obtain that object in existence, some one on whom to repose in affliction, rejoice with in happiness—a pillow for my head, and a resting-place for my heart. I felt that, whilst I hated none—and there were many to whom I was attached—my heart panted for some one on whom to expend its energies. I panted for an object which I could worship, and by whom I should be worshipped. I may almost say, that I prayed for it—it was granted, and immediately.

In the distance, and much below where I stood, I heard voices in violent altercation; among which the "vast heavings," "blow me tights," "a stopper over all," with other such nautical expletives, were predominant. I broke from my cover, and found myself immediately in a slope, before a very respectable habitation, nearly surrounded by boiling houses, and other outbuildings necessary to a sugar and coffee plantation. The group before me consisted of a small, energetic, old, and white haired Frenchman, neatly dressed in a complete suit of nankeen, with his broad-brimmed straw hat submissively in his hand, speaking all manner of fair and unintelligible French words to two Jacks, not of my ship, between which two, now pulled this way, now plucked that, was a timid and beautiful girl, of about fifteen years of age. There were several negroes, grinning and passive spectators of this scene. I understood it in a moment. So did my gentlemen in the tarpaulin hats. They were off to me in a less time than a top-gallant breeze takes to travel aft from the flying jib-boom, supposing the ship to be at single anchor.

I took out my pocket-book, wrote down their names, (most likely purser's ones,) and ordered them on board their vessel directly. They obeyed, or at least appeared to do so, and departed, casting many "a lingering, longing look behind," as some ninny of a rhymester has said, leaving me the triumphant master of the field—the paladin, who had rescued the fair, for which I received much clapping of hands from the dark visages, and an intense look of gratitude from the fair, pale creature, whom I had released from the very equivocal rudeness of her admirers. The thanks from Monsieur Manuel, the father, were neither silent nor few, and, when he found that I could converse in French, he exhausted the vocabulary of that copious language of all its expressions of gratitude. I hardly could perceive that I had ren-

dered any service at all: I had struck no blows, and had run no risk; I had merely spoken, and obedience followed. However, as I could not stem the torrent of his gratitude, I determined to divert its course, by yielding to his urgent entreaties to accompany him to his house, and recruit myself, after my perilous and heroic deed.

We were soon seated in the coolest room in his mansion, and every West Indian luxury was quickly produced to tempt my palate. In fifteen minutes he had acquainted me with his parentage, his possessions, and his history. He assured me, with gesticulations, and a few oaths, that he was not at all connected with the brigands that inhabited the town below—that he despised them, knew them all to be pirates, or abettors of pirates, revolutionists, and republicans—that he was at heart, yea, in heart and soul a royalist, and devotedly attached to the *vieux régime;* that the estate he now cultivated he had inherited from his father, who had been one of the few spared in the revolt of the blacks; that he had been educated at Paris, but, for the last five-and-thirty years, had hardly been off his own grounds—that he had no wife, had, indeed, never married, had no family at all, excepting Josephine, who sate beside me, who was his very dear and only child.

He did not add "a slave, and the daughter of a slave."

I now looked upon her stedfastly for the first time, and with the most intense emotion; but it was pity. I had been sufficiently long in the West Indies to know exactly the relation in which she stood to her father. However, he went on to relate how she had been born to him by a beautiful mulatto, for whom he had given a great sum, yet, at this avowal she startled not, moved not, blushed not. But hers was not the calmness of obduracy, but of innocence.

Strongly did I commiserate her, and gently strove to draw her into discourse. I found her profoundly, oh! how profoundly ignorant! She had no ideas beyond the estate in which she lived, and those that she had gathered from the gang of negroes that worked it. Her father had taught her nothing, but to play a few tunes by ear upon the guitar, and sing some old French songs. Yet she had been accustomed to all the observances of a lady—had slaves to wait on her, and was always elaborately, sometimes richly, dressed. Isolated as she had been, I soon discovered that she was a compound of enthusiasm, talent, and melancholy. She was little more than fifteen years old, yet that age, and in those tropical climates, answers fully to an European one-and-twenty. In form, she was a perfect woman, light, rounded, and extremely active; all her motions were as graceful, and as undulating, as the gently-swelling billow. If she moved quickly, she bounded, if slowly, she appeared to glide on effortless through space. She had taken her lessons of grace in the woods, and her gymnasium had been among the sportive billows of the ocean. It is but of little use my describing her face, for every one supposes, that in these affairs, the author draws at once, as largely as he can, upon his own imagination, and as he dares upon the credulity of his readers. Though a slave, she had but little of the black blood in her—in her complexion none. She was not fair, but her skin was very transparent, very pure, and of a dazzling and creamy sort of white-

ness. I have seen something like it on the delicate Chinese paintings of the secluded ladies of that very secluded empire, and should imagine it just such a permanent tint as the Roman Empress strove to procure by bathing every day in milk. Colour she had none, and thrilling must have been the emotion that could call it into her placid and pensive cheeks. Her features were not *chiselled*, and had any sculptor striven to imitate them on the purest marble, he would have discovered that chiselling would not do. They were at once formed and informed by the Deity. It is of no use talking about her luxurious and night-emulating hair, her lips, and those eyes, that seemed to contain, in their small compass, a whole sea of melancholy, in which love was struggling to support a half-drowned joy.

As I turned to converse with her she looked up to me confidingly. She seemed, as it were, incessantly to draw me to her with her large black eyes: they seemed to say to me, "Come nearer to me, that I may understand thee. Art thou not something distinct from the beings that I see around me—something that can teach me what I am, and will also give me something to venerate, to idolize, and to love?" As I continued to speak to her, her attention grew into a quiet rapture, yet still a sublime melancholy seemed to hold her feelings in a solemn thraldom.

My name, my rank, and my situation were soon disclosed to the father and daughter; and the former seeing how entranced we were with each other's company, like a prudent parent, left us to ourselves. My French was much purer and more grammatical than hers, hers much more fluent than mine. Yet, notwithstanding this deficiency on both sides, we understood each other perfectly, and we had not been two hours together alone, before I told her that I loved her for her very ignorance, and she had confessed to me that she loved me, because—because—the reader will never guess why—because I was so like the good spirit that walked gently through the forest, and gathered up the fever mists before they reached the dwellings of man.

I very naturally asked her if she had seen this being; she said, no, but knew him as well as if she had; for old Jumbila, a negress, had so often talked to her about him, that her idea of him was as familiar to her as the presence of her father.

"You have much to unlearn, my sweet one," thought I, "and I shall be but too happy in being your preceptor."

At sunset, Monsieur Manuel returned, led us into another apartment, where a not inelegant dinner was served up to us. Knowing the habits of my countrymen, we sate over some very superior claret, after Josephine had retired. I took this opportunity to reproach him, in the gentlest terms that I could use, with the dreadful ignorance in which he had suffered a creature so lovely and so superior to remain.

His reply was a grimace, a hoisting of his shoulders above his head, an opening of his hands and fingers to their utmost extent, and a most pathetic "*Que voulez-vous?*"

"I will tell you, friend Manuel," I answered, "for his wine had warmed me much, his daughter more; "I would have had her taught, at least, to read and write, that she had an immortal soul, a soul as precious to its Maker as it was to herself. I would have had her

taught to despise all such superstitious nonsense as obeaism, mist-spirits, and all the pernicious jargon of spells and fetishes. I would, my dear Manuel, have made her a fit companion for myself; for with such beauty and such a soul, I am convinced that she would realize female perfection, as nearly as poor humanity is permitted to do."

"*Que voulez-vous*," again met my ears; but it was attended with some attempt at justification of his very culpable remissness. He assured me, that according to the laws, social as well as judicial, a person of her class, were she possessed of all the attributes of an angel, could never be received into white society nor wed with any but a person of colour. The light of education, he asserted, would only the more show her own degradation: he said he felt for her, deeply felt for her, and that he shuddered at the idea of his own death, for in that event he felt assured that she would be sold with the rest of the negroes on the estate, and be treated in all respects as a slave—and she had been so delicately nurtured. She had indeed:—her long white fingers and velvetty hand bore sufficient testimony to this.

"But, can you not manumit her?" said I.

"Impossible. When the island was more settled and better governed than now, the legal obstructions thrown in the way of the act were almost insuperable: at present it is impossible. I have no doubt that our blood-thirsty enemies, the Spaniards, who are our nearest neighbours, immediately you English leave the town, as you have dismantled our forts, and carried away almost all the male population captive, will come and take possession of this place—not that I care a sous for the brigands whom you have just routed out. I shall have to submit to the Spanish authority, and their slave laws are still more imperative than ours, though they invariably treat their slaves better than any other nation. No, there is no hope for poor Josephine."

"Could you not send her to France?"

"*Sacre Dieu!* They guillotined all my relations, all my friends—all, all—and, my friend, I never made gold by taking a share in those long low schooners that you have kindly taken under your care. I have some boxes of doubloons stowed away, it is true. But, after all, I am attached to this place; I could not sell the estate for want of a purchaser; and I am surrounded by such an infernal set of rascals, that I never could embark myself with my hard cash without being murdered. No, we must do at Rome as the Romans do."

"A sweet specimen of a Roman you are," thought I, and I fell into a short reverie; but it was broken up most agreeably by seeing Josephine trip before the open jalousies with a basket of flowers in her hand. She paused for a moment before us, and looked kindly at her father and smilingly at me. It was the first joyous, really joyous smile that I had seen in her expressive countenance. It went right to my heart, and brought with it a train of the most rapturous feelings.

"God bless her heart; I do love her dearly!" said the old man. "I'll give you a convincing proof of it, my young friend, Percy. Ah!

hah—but you English have spoiled all—you have taken him with you."

"Who?"

"Why, Captain Durand. That large low black schooner was his. Yes, he would have treated her well, (said Monsieur le Père, musing,) and he offered to sign an agreement never to put her to field work or to have her flogged."

"Put whom to field work?—flog whom?" said I, all amazement.

"Josephine, to be sure: had you not taken him prisoner, I was going, next month, to sell her to him for two hundred doubloons."

"Now, may God confound you for an unholy, unnatural villain!" said I, springing up, and overturning the table and wine into the fatherly lap of Monsieur Manuel. "If you did not stand there, my host, I would, with my hand on your throat, force you on your knees to swear that—that—that you'll never sell poor, poor Josephine for a slave. Flog her!" said I, shuddering and the tears starting into my eyes—"I should as soon have thought of flogging an empress's eldest daughter."

"Be pacified, my son," said the old slave dealer, deliberately clearing himself of the debris of the dessert—"be pacified, my son."

The words, "my son," went with a strange and cheering sound into my very heart's core. The associations that they brought with it were blissful—I listened to him with calmness.

"Be pacified, my son," he continued, "and I will prove to you that I am doing every thing for the best. The old colonel, our late governor, would have given three times the money for her. I could not do better than make her over to a kind-hearted man, who would use her well, and who, I think, is fond of her. Not to part with her for a heavy sum would be fixing a stigma upon her;" and wretched as all this reasoning appeared to be, I was convinced that the man had really meant to have acted kindly by selling his own daughter. What a pernicious, d——ble, atrocious social system that must have been where such a state of things existed! Reader, this same feature of slavery still exists,—and in free and enlightened America.

(To be continued.)

AN ITALIAN EPIGRAM,

IN CONSEQUENCE OF LINES WRITTEN ON THE PLAGUE.

Chi potrà con più sapienza,
Della peste la spiacenza,
Metter meglio in evidenza
Che quel Tosco Poetone
Che ne fa descrizione
In *pestifero sermone.*

HOW TO WRITE A ROMANCE.

[*Mr. Arthur Ansard, standing at his table, selecting a steel pen from a card on which a dozen are ranged up, like soldiers on parade.*]

I MUST find a regular *graver* to write this chapter of horrors. No goose quill could afford me any assistance. Now then. Let me see—— *(Reads, and during his reading Barnstable comes in at the door behind him, unperceived.)* "At this most monstrously appalling sight, the hair of Piftlianteriscki raised slowly the velvet cap from off his head, as if it had been perched upon the rustling quills of some exasperated porcupine—(I think that's new)—his nostrils dilated to that extent that you might, with ease, have thrust a musket bullet into each—his mouth was opened so wide, so unnaturally wide, that the corners were rent asunder, and the blood slowly trickled down each side of his bristly chin—while each tooth loosened from its socket with individual fear.—Not a word could he utter, for his tongue, in its fright, clung with terror to his upper jaw, as tight as do the bellies of the fresh and slimy soles, paired together by some fishwoman; but if his tongue was paralysed, his heart was not—it throbbed against his ribs with a violence which threatened their dislocation from the sternum, and with a sound which reverberated through the dark, damp subterrene——." I think that will do. There's *force* there.

B. There is, with a vengeance. Why, what is all this?

A. My dear Barnstable, you here? I'm writing a romance for B——. It is to be supposed to be a translation.

B. The Germans will be infinitely obliged to you; but, my dear fellow, you appear to have fallen into the old school—that's no longer in vogue.

A. My orders are for the old school. O——r was most particular on that point. He says that there is a re-action—a great re-action.

B. What, on literature? Well, he knows as well as any man. I only wish to God there was in every thing else, and we could see the good old times again.

A. To confess the truth, I did intend to have finished this without saying a word to you. I wished to have surprised you.

B. So you have, my dear fellow, with the few lines I have heard. How the devil are you to get your fellow out of that state of asphyxia?

A. By degrees—slowly—very slowly—as they pretend that we lawyers go to heaven. But I'll tell you what I have done, just to give you an idea of my work. In the first place, I have a castle perched so high up in the air, that the eagles, even in their highest soar, appear but as wrens below.

B. That's all right.

A. And then it has subterraneous passages, to which the sewers of London are a mere song, and they all lead to a small cave at high

water mark on the sea beach, covered with brambles and bushes, and just large enough at its entrance to admit of a man squeezing himself in.

B. That's all right. You cannot be too much underground; in fact, the two first, and the best part of the third, volume, should be wholly in the bowels of the earth, and your hero and heroine should never *come to light* until the last chapter.

A Then they would never have been born till then, and how could I marry them? But still I have adhered pretty much to your idea; and, Barnstable, I have such a heroine—such a lover—she has never seen her sweetheart, yet she is most devotedly attached, and has suffered more for his sake than any mortal could endure.

B. Most heroines generally do.

A. I have had her into various dungeons for three or four years, on black bread and a broken pitcher of water—she has been starved to death—lain for months and months upon wet straw—had two brain fevers—five times has she risked violation, and always has picked up, or found in the belt of her infamous ravishers, a stiletto, which she has plunged into their hearts, and they have expired with or without a groan.

B. Excellent: and of course comes out each time as fresh, as sweet, as lovely, as pure, as charming, and as constant as ever.

A. Exactly; nothing can equal her infinite variety of adventure, and her imperishable beauty and unadhesive cleanliness of person; and, as for lives, she has more than a thousand cats. After nine months' confinement in a dungeon, four feet square, when it is opened for her release, the air is perfumed with the ambrosia which exhales from her sweet person.

B. Of course it does. The only question is, what ambrosia smells like. But let me know something about your hero.

A. He is a prince and a robber.

B. The two professions are not at all incompatible. Go on.

A. He is the chief of a band of robbers, and is here, there, and everywhere. He fills all Europe with terror, admiration, and love.

B. Very good.

A. His reasons for joining the robbers are, of course, a secret; (and upon my word they are equally a secret to myself;) but it is wonderful the implicit obedience of his men, and the many acts of generosity of which he is guilty. I make him give away a great deal more money than his whole band ever take, which is so far awkward, that the query may arise in what way he keeps them together, and supplies them with food and necessaries.

B. Of course with *I O U's* upon his princely domains.

A. I have some very grand scenes, amazingly effective; for instance, what do you think, at the moment after the holy mass has been performed in St. Peter's at Rome, just as the pope is about to put the sacred wafer into his mouth, and bless the whole world, I make him snatch the wafer out of the pope's hand, and get clear off with it.

B. What for, may I ask?

A. That is a secret which I do not reveal. The whole arrange-

ment of that part of the plot is admirable. The band of robbers are disguised as priests, and officiate, without being found out.

B. But isn't that rather sacrilegious?

A. No; it appears so to be, but he gives his reasons for his behaviour to the pope, and the pope is satisfied, and not only gives him his blessing, but shows him the greatest respect.

B. They must have been very weighty reasons.

A. And therefore they are not divulged.

B. That is to say, not until the end of the work.

A. They are never divulged at all; I leave a great deal to the reader's imagination—people are fond of conjecture. All they know is, that he boldly appears, and demands an audience. He is conducted in, the interview is private, after a sign made by our hero, and at which the pope almost leaps off his chair. After an hour he comes out again, and the pope bows him to the very door. Every one is astonished, and, of course, almost canonize him.

B. That's going it rather strong in a Catholic country. But, tell me, Ansard, what is your plot?

A. Plot! I have none.

B. No plot!

A. No plot, and all plot. I puzzle the reader with certain materials. I have castles and dungeons, corridors and creaking doors, good villains and bad villains. Chain armour and clank of armour, daggers for gentlemen, and stilettos for ladies. Dark forests and brushwood, drinking scenes, eating scenes, and sleeping scenes. Robbers and friars, purses of gold, and instruments of torture, an incarnate devil of a Jesuit, a handsome hero, and a lovely heroine. I jumble them all together, sometimes above, and sometimes underground, and I explain nothing at all.

B. Have you nothing supernatural?

A. O yes! I've a dog whose instinct is really supernatural, and I have two or three visions, which may be considered so, as they tell what never else could have been known. I decorate my caverns and dungeons with sweltering toads and slimy vipers, a constant dropping of water, with chains too ponderous to lift, but which the parties upon whom they are rivetted clang together as they walk up and down in their cells, and soliloquize. So much for my underground scenery. Above, I people the halls with pages and ostrich feathers, and knights in bright armour, a constant supply of generous wine, and goblets too heavy to lift, which the knights toss off at a draught, as they sit and listen to the minstrels' music.

B. Bravo, Ansard, bravo. It appears to me that you do not want assistance in this romance.

A. No, when I do I have always a holy and compassionate friar, who pulls a wonderful restorative, or healing balm, out of his bosom. The puffs of Solomon's Balm of Gilead are a fool to the real merits of my pharmacopœia contained in a small vial.

B. And pray what may be the title of this book of yours, for I have known it take more time to fix upon a title than to write the three volumes.

A. I call it *The Undiscovered Secret*, and very properly so too, for

it never is explained. But if you please, I will read you some passages from it. I think you will approve of them. For instance, now, let us take this, in the second volume. You must know, that Angelicanarinella, (for that is the name of my heroine,) is thrown into a dungeon not more than four feet square, but more than six hundred feet below the surface of the earth. The ways are so intricate, and the subterranean so vast, and the dungeons so numerous, that the base Ethiop, who has obeyed his master's orders, in confining her, has himself been lost in the labyrinth, and has not been able to discover what dungeon he put her in. For three days he has been looking for it, during which our heroine has been without food, and he is still searching and scratching his woolly head in despair, as he is to die by slow torture, if he does not reproduce her—for you observe, the chief who has thrown her into this dungeon is most desperately in love with her.

B. That of course; and that is the way to prove romantic love—you ill treat—but still she is certainly in a dilemma, as well as the Ethiop.

A. Granted; but she talks like the heroine of a romance. Listen. *(Ansard reads.)* "The beauteous and divinely-moulded form of the angelic Angelicanarinella pressed the dank and rotten straw, which had been thrown down by the scowling, thick-lipped Ethiop for her repose. She, for whom attendant maidens had smoothed the Sybaritic sheet of finest texture, under the elaborately carved and sumptuously gilt canopy, the silken curtains, and the tassels of the purest dust of gold."

B. Tassels of dust of gold! only figuratively, I suppose.

A. Nothing more. "Each particular straw of this dank, damp bed was elastic with delight, at bearing such angelic pressure; and, as our heroine cast her ineffably beaming eyes about the dark void, lighting up with their effulgent rays each little portion of the dungeon, as she glanced them from one part to another, she perceived that the many reptiles enclosed with her in this narrow tomb, were nestling to her side, their eyes fixed upon her in mute expressions of love and admiration. Her eclipsed orbs were each, for a moment, suffused with a bright and heavenly tear, and from the suffusion threw out a more brilliant light upon the feeling reptiles who paid this tribute to her undeserved sufferings. She put forth her beauteous hand, whose 'faint tracery,'—(I stole that from Cooper,)—whose faint tracery had so often given to others the idea that it was etherial, and not corporeal, and lifting with all the soft and tender handling of first love, a venerable toad, which smiled upon her, she placed the interesting animal so that it could crawl up and nestle in her bosom. 'Poor child of dank, of darkness, and of dripping,' exclaimed she, in her flute-like notes, 'who sheltereth thyself under the wet and mouldering wall, so neglected in thy form by thy mother Nature, repose awhile in peace where princes and nobles would envy thee, if they knew thy present lot. But that shall never be; these lips shall never breathe a tale which might endanger thy existence; fear not, therefore, their enmity, and as thou slowly creepest away thy little round of circumscribed existence, forget me not, but shed an occasional pearly tear to the me-

mory of the persecuted, the innocent Angelicanarinella!" What d'ye think of that?

B. Umph! a very warm picture certainly; however, it is natural. You know, a person of her consequence could never exist without a little *toadyism*.

A. I have a good many subterraneous soliloquies, which would have been lost for ever, if I did not bring them up.

B. That one you have just read is enough to make every body else bring up.

A. I rather plume myself upon it.

B. Yes, it is a feather in your cap, and will act as a feather in the throat of your readers.

A. Now I'll turn over the second volume, and read you another *morceau*, in which I assume the more playful vein. I have imitated one of our modern writers, who must be correct in her language, as she knows all about heroes and heroines. I must confess that I've cribbed a little.

B. Let's hear.

A. "The lovely Angelicanarinella *pottered* for some time about this fairy chamber, then 'wrote journal.' At last, she *threw herself down on the floor*, pulled out the miniature, *gulped* when she looked at it, and then *cried herself to sleep*.

B. Pottered and *gulped!* What language do you call that?

A. It's all right, my dear fellow. I understand that it is the refined slang of the modern boudoir, and only known to the initiated.

B. They had better keep it entirely to their boudoirs. I should advise you to leave it all out.

A. Well, I thought that one who was so very particular, must have been the standard of perfection herself.

B. That does not at all follow. Who has abused the Americans more than Mrs. Trollope, and yet———but I am charitable even to those who have no charity for others.

A. But what I wish to read to you is the way in which I have managed that my secret shall never be divulged. It is known only to four.

B. A secret known to four people! You must be quick then.

A. So I am, as you shall hear; they all meet in a dark gallery, but do not expect to meet any one but the hero, whom they intend to murder, each one having, unknown to the others, made an appointment with him for that purpose, on the pretence of telling him the great secret. Altogether the scene is well described, but it is long, so I'll come at once to the *dénouement*.

B. Pray do.

A. "Absenpresentini felt his way by the slimy wall, when the breath of another human being caught his ear: he paused, and held his own breath. 'No, no,' muttered the other, 'the *secret of blood and gold* shall remain with me alone. Let him come, and he shall find death.' In a second, the dagger of Absenpresentini was in the mutterer's bosom:—he fell without a groan. 'To me alone the secret of blood and gold, and with me it remains,' exclaimed Absenpresentini. 'It does remain with you,' cried Phosphorini, driving

his dagger into his back:—Absenpresentini fell without a groan, and Phosphorini, withdrawing his dagger, exclaimed, 'Who is now to tell the secret but me?' 'Not you,' cried Vortiskini, raising up his sword and striking at where the voice proceeded. The trusty steel cleft the head of the abandoned Phosphorini, who fell without a groan. 'Now will I retain the secret of blood and gold,' said Vortiskini, as he sheathed his sword. 'Thou shalt,' exclaimed the wily Jesuit, as he struck his stiletto to the heart of the robber, who fell without a groan. 'With me only does the secret now rest, by which our order might be disgraced; with me it dies,' and the Jesuit raised his hand. 'Thus to the glory and the honour of his society does Manfredini sacrifice his life.' He struck the keen-pointed instrument into his heart, and died without a groan. 'Stop,' cried our hero."

B. And I agree with your hero: stop, Ansard, or you'll kill me too —but not without a groan.

A. Don't you think it would act well?

B. Quite as well as it reads; pray is it all like this?

A. You shall judge for yourself. I have half killed myself with writing it, for I chew opium every night to obtain ideas. Now again—

B. Spare me, Ansard, spare me; my nerves are rather delicate; for the remainder I will take your word.

A. I wish my duns would do the same, even if it were only my washerwoman; but there's no more tick for me here, except this old watch of my father's, which serves to remind me of what I cannot obtain from others—time; but, however, there is a time for all things, and when the time comes that my romance is ready, my creditors will obtain the *ready*.

B. Your only excuse, Ansard.

A. I beg your pardon. The public require strong writing now-a-days. We have thousands who write well, and the public are nauseated with what is called *good writing*.

B. And so they want something bad, eh? Well, Ansard, you certainly can supply them.

A. My dear Barnstable, you must not disparage this style of writing—it is not bad—there is a great art in it. It may be termed writing intellectual and etherial. You observe, that it never allows probabilities or even possibilities to stand in its way. The dross of humanity is rejected: all the common wants and grosser feelings of our natures are disallowed. It is a novel which is all mind and passion. Corporeal attributes and necessities are thrown on one side, as they would destroy the charm of perfectability. Nothing can soil, or defile, or destroy my heroine; suffering adds lustre to her beauty, as pure gold is tried by fire: nothing can kill her, because she is all mind. As for my men, you will observe when you read my work—

B. When I do!

A. Which, of course, you will—that they also have their appetites in abeyance; they never want to eat, or drink, or sleep—are always at hand when required, without regard to time or space. Now there is a great beauty in this description of writing. The women adore it because they find their sex divested of those human necessities with-

out which they would indeed be angels: the mirror is held up to them, and they find themselves perfect—no wonder they are pleased. The other sex are also very glad to dwell upon female perfectability, which they can only find in a romance, although they have often dwelt upon it in their younger days.

B. There is some truth in these remarks. Every milliner's girl, who devours your pages in bed by the half-hour's light of tallow stolen for the purpose, imagines a strong similarity between herself and your Angelicanarinella, and every shopboy measuring tape or weighing yellow soap will find out attributes common to himself and to your hero.

A. Exactly. As long as you draw perfection in both sexes, you are certain to be read, because by so doing you flatter human nature and self-love, and transfer it to the individual who reads. Now a picture of real life—

B. Is like some of Wouvermans' best pictures, which will not be purchased by many, because his dogs in the fore-ground are doing exactly what all dogs will naturally do when they first are let out of their kennels.

A. Wouvermans should have known better, and made his dogs better mannered if he expected his pictures to be hung up in the parlour of refinement.

B. Very true.

A. Perhaps you would like to have another passage or two.

B. Excuse me: I will imagine it all. I only hope, Ansard, this employment will not interfere with your legal practice.

A. My dear Barnstable, it certainly will not, because my legal practice cannot be interfered with. I have been called to the bar, but find no employment in my calling. I have been sitting in my gown and wig for one year, and may probably sit a dozen more, before I have to rise to address their lordships. I have not yet had a guinea brief. My only chance is, to be sent out as judge to Sierra Leone, or perhaps to be made a Whig commissioner.

B. A Whig commissioner! You are indeed humble in your aspirations. I recollect the time, Ansard, when you dreamt of golden fame and aspired to the woolsack—when your ambition prompted you to midnight labour, and you showed an energy—

Ansard, (putting his hands up to his forehead, with his elbows on the table.) "What can I do, Barnstable? If I trust to briefs, my existence will be but brief—we all must live.

B. Live then, Ansard, as a novel, a romance writer, even as a writer of puffs to Warren's blacking—but do not condescend to do the work which has been done. Look at the report of the commissioners of the Municipal Corporation Bill, and compare it with the evidence before the House of Lords. No, no, write anything, but do not become a Whig commissioner. If H. B. wants a subject, let him represent the ex-chancellor as the *Sin* of Milton, and his multitudinous commissioners as the foul progeny which he has engendered.

THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

My greatest fault, it will be seen, is running into what my guide in writing this book, (viz. the young surgeon,) calls episodes, which he says is mixing one story up with another, and occasions me to make a new chapter for the conclusion of the account of the sick malefactor, to which I now proceed.

After I carried him into the ward again, he was very weak, and much affected about his woman; I therefore did all I could to comfort him, and in a little time, he fell again to sleep: just, however, before the watch was set upon the top of the prison, and the lights called "*out*," that is, the word given for all the prisoners in the different wards to retire to rest, and extinguish the lights, which happens every night at ten o'clock, the ordinary came again to see him, being unwilling to leave one so near death in his state of mind. He insisted on my waking him: when I had done so, he went up and seated himself beside the sick man, saying, "I am come once more to see how you are, and with a hope that you are in a better frame of mind to receive consolation than when I was last with you. Why will you not read those pages I have turned down for you in these books?" pointing to some which were lying on a bench; "you tell me you can, and have read many books in your time. Pray may I inquire what kind of works used to engage your attention?"

"Ay, I have read; but to tell you the truth," he replied, "I think I lost my time, for I could never see the use of books."

"No!" said the parson, "do they not inform and instruct the mind?"

"Instruct and inform!" reiterating the words. "What do you mean by that? Pray tell me, sir, what all the books are about?"

"That," answered the ordinary, "would be a difficult task to do in the time you have for hearing it; only ten hours—reflect on that; but I may answer your question, by stating generally, that all the books published treat either of the things and affairs of this world, or regard the state of man's existence in the other; a subject which cannot but interest you, who are just about to set off upon a journey thither."

"Books, indeed!" exclaimed he: "let me tell you, sir, if a man be industrious, and wishes to make haste and see as much as he can in this world, he will find no time for reading books, it's that very thing which makes so many ignoramuses; they will not read the great book—the world itself—from which you say all the little ones are made. If, sir, a man wants real downright knowledge, he must not hinder his time with your books; it's a short life that the oldest has, and he never saw a

[1] Continued from p. 335.

thousandth part of the schemes of man. I am younger than you, but I know more than you do, with all your wisdom. And about the world to come, as you was never there, all your's must be guesswork, like mine, and every other man's, say or think what we may. I have read the world itself here, not second-hand on paper, and now I shall see the other if people say true, and that will give me more information than the books you carry about to preach with. No, sir, I thank you, but your books, unless there's a reprieve in them, can be of no use to me."

"You are under a delusion," replied the ordinary; "how could you get it into your head that books are of no use?"

"Oh!" answered his opponent, "I do not say books are of no use—they are very well to amuse fools—those who are too idle or stupid to look into the real thing itself—the world."

The ordinary, finding that all his arguments were thrown away upon one brought up in so different a school from his own, gave him over as lost, and went home. "That's a decent old chap enough in his way," said the sick malefactor, as he left the ward; "there's not so much gammon on board of him as some of his cloth; but I like to give them all a turn when I gets across them." I said I was very glad to find that he did not tip the old gentleman any of his flash. "O!" cried he, "I know when to *cheese* that; God bless you, it's too rich to throw away upon *yokels*, though I suppose the *old beak* is down to a move or two, he must have picked something up here; however, I am glad he is gone." So saying, he turned on his pillow, and very shortly fell asleep, which was the effect, I have no doubt, of debility and fatigue, for he did not awake until five o'clock, when he heard the hammering occasioned by the erection of the scaffold upon which he was to suffer. It may be necessary to remark, that this hammering is not heard in the cells where the condemned generally are confined. "Bless me, how I have slept," said he; "is it so late as that?" leaning his ear to catch the sound of the hammer. "I shall never be able to walk there, and I suppose if I am carried, they will all say I went off with a *white feather* in my tail, though I never showed one yet. Jack, I shall depend upon you. I dare say they will let you go with me. Now can you fill me a pipe of tobacco, and I will have a whiff before any body comes?" I then filled him a pipe, which he smoked with much composure sitting up in bed. At half-past six an order came for his removal into the press-yard, where the yeomen and sheriffs attend; the one to demand, and the other to deliver up, the body for execution. I got him out of bed and dressed him, all which time he puffed away with his pipe; he then tried to walk a few yards, and was delighted to think that there was at least a chance of his being enabled to stand while the operation was preparing for his end. At seven I carried him into the condemned ward, and placed him upon a seat, where we both sate down to wait for the persons who generally attend to form the procession through the passages upon these occasions. "I dare say, Jack," with a steady tone of speech, he said, "that you think me very careless about this *topping-rig*, but you see how it is with me; I should never get well again if they were *to turn me up* this minute, and I am sure I should never be fit for anything again, but be a burden upon Sall; so to tell you the real truth, I am glad it has turned out as it is." Then looking at his clothes, he continued, "they can't say I go off a *needy-mizzler*, thanks to Sall for this *flesh-bag* and *toggery*; she said she would get them, and she's proved herself no *wrinkler*. I should like for you to look to her, though I don't want you to be *nutty* upon her, or to *dorse* it." I answered, "No fear of that, I am already engaged." As it approached the hour of eight, the men, with the sheriff and a party of friends, came into the ward, bound his arms and wrists, and asked him if he had any thing to say, or a wish to ex-

the suddenness of my deliverance from the gallows, that I had totally forgotten the two men who were condemned at the time, and for the same offence as I was: when, therefore, I saw them brought out to be tied up I was so unmanned that, as the signal was given me to draw back the bolt, I felt as if my arm was not under my own control. At the same moment, however, I heard, or thought I heard, a voice cry out from beneath the ground—*Fate commands it;* when the invisible power, which had before held back my arm, drew it violently the right way, and accomplished the death of the four men. It was fortunate for me that I had once been a resurrectionist, for I am convinced no man, who had not been previously accustomed to dead bodies, could go through the cutting down part of the business: I was compelled to take them in my arms, while my master cut the rope, and then on my shoulders convey them, one by one, into the interior of the prison.

However familiarized we may be with death, there will always be something peculiarly indescribably awful in it: whenever it is seen under new circumstances, it every time becomes as impressive as when it was beheld for the first time; particularly when, as in my case, one must fold it in the arms to remove the corpses from the beam. It would be more decent, by the way, if they were let down out of sight after their execution by a pulley. I had not, after this, any occasion to perform this part of the duty, for the old man died in a few weeks, and I was promoted to the first situation, in accordance with the sheriff's promise. Although my predecessor had been head man for many years, he felt to the last that it was awkward sort of work, and always carried a dram bottle in his pocket, to which he applied when his own spirits failed him. Upon the last occasion, when the men were turned off and pulled, he sate down under them, and brought out his bottle to reanimate himself, giving me a share, or I should never have gone through it; but notwithstanding all, I went home that morning very sick and ill. I ate nothing the whole day, and had, moreover, a dreaming, restless night, three or four times in my sleep seizing hold of my wife, and calling out, "He's going! he's going!" under the impression I was about to save the men from falling. I snatched and tore my wife's clothes so violently, that she got up and watched me for the remainder of the night.

Three days afterwards, when the session terminated, I was called upon to perform another duty, namely, to assist in privately and publicly flogging all the prisoners who were sentenced, during the session, to that punishment. At the time I am now referring to, when a celebrated recorder presided at the Old Bailey, catting-day was no joke: the old man latterly used to say, (for I frequently went into the court to hear the trials of those who were likely afterwards to come into my hands,) when he ordered a prisoner to be flogged, "Mind, when I say the prisoner is to be whipped, I don't mean a mere showing of the cat; I intend that he shall have a real substantial punishment, that is, a good sound flogging, one which he may not easily forget—remember that!" and then the old man would roll his tongue round his mouth with as much self-satisfaction as if he had done a deed of mercy or charity. At the time I am writing this, I have been thirty years an executioner, and have in town and country officiated at the execution of upwards of a thousand malefactors, and must necessarily, whether it be true or otherwise, have credit with the world for having my feelings rendered pretty callous; the public, however, are not always free from error, even in adopting the most general and received opinions; but be this as it may, I shall never forget the first day I went to Newgate to flog the culprits. I attended at eight o'clock in the morning at my master's lodgings, where I found him with ten new cats, four of which he handed to me, putting the other six into his own pocket; after some instructions we proceeded to the prison, where we learnt that there were thirteen for public, and twenty-seven

for private punishment. Among the former were five men above fifty years of age; one James Carrun, aged fifty-seven; George Clayton, aged sixty-four; and Moses Clarke, aged sixty-seven: this, it will be allowed by all, was bad enough in these civilized times. For my part, when I saw men with one foot in the grave stripped to be publicly whipped, it made me more sick than the executions; but this was nothing to that which was in reserve. After the thirteen had been punished, we went inside the prison to operate upon the twenty-seven: the first man brought out to be placed in the stocks had traced upon his back, in Indian ink, a representation of our Saviour upon the cross. "There," said a dandified alderman, "you see what the villain has been about, he thinks that will save him:" in vain did the man protest that the figure had been pricked upon his back fifteen years previously when he was at sea. "I'll teach you," said the turtle-eater, "to play us these tricks—give him a double number of stripes." While the man was undergoing his punishment, this humane citizen called out repeatedly, "Cut it out of his back! Cut it all out of his back."

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

I am, although old and supposed to be hardened in feeling, ashamed to state what followed; but, however, at the present period of my life I am a very altered man, and must pray for forgiveness. They brought me out a woman, Mary Rock, upwards of fifty years of age, to be stripped and flogged for stealing an umbrella, value three shillings; besides two young ones, Mary Loftus and Sarah Edwards, for stealing five pounds of soap and a shirt, both valued at five shillings, the one twenty-five, and the other twenty-six years of age; these, with several others, were all put into the stocks and whipped that day as severely as were the men. When this scene had passed away, thinking and pondering upon that fate which had so strangely dealt with me through life, it came across my mind that I might have flogged my own mother or sister for aught I knew; whereupon I swore never more to flog a female again, and I kept my word. Although the resolution endangered my stay in the situation, I was induced to make it, partly at the instance of my wife, who seeing how unhappy it had made me, told me it was the most wicked thing a man could be guilty of, and I believe she uttered the truth, when all things are taken into consideration. Very shortly afterwards I was head man; I then made the other take this disgraceful duty. On the subject of flogging, if I were now, after all I have seen and gone through, to give my opinion, I should say before any assembly, that it is a beastly, abominable kind of practice. I have seen many of the city authorities in my time who have taken such a pleasure in witnessing these scenes that they never missed an opportunity of being present, while many were so disgusted with it, that they did not attend a solitary case of punishment. It is my belief, that all who advocate the practice are possessed of some secret bad feelings which are gratified by this kind of excitement, and I regret that certain considerations, together with my own inability, prevents my further exposure of this practice. Independently of its wickedness and cruelty, it operates badly: it drives all manhood, pride, and spirit out of some men, leaving them, as it were, a carcass without a soul; they are never again fit for work or care how they subsist, crawling about upon the earth a nuisance and an encumbrance to their country. In other men it takes a more desperate turn, and sends them loose upon society like wild beasts, reckless of all consequences, caring not what becomes of them, and, consequently, are prepared to injure any of the other members of society. Such, in fact, are the men who do commit the desperate crimes stated in the Old Bailey Session Papers.

"The law that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
Little considers right, or mends the wrong."

I had not many hours been appointed to my situation of chief hangman before I had a visit from an undertaker, who came to inform me, that he and my predecessor had been upon very good terms, and used to transact business together to each other's advantage, adding, that he was in hopes I would enter into a similar contract, saying he knew several surgeons whom he could name that would continue to be our customers. This undertaker was a person who was a great deal employed by the poor and at workhouses to bury the dead: it was his practice to take as many corpses home as he could to his own house to prepare for interment, then substitute a weight equivalent to the body, and secure it down in the coffin, afterwards disposing of the body for dissection. The better to accomplish this, he found it necessary, in order to avoid suspicion, to employ an agent to whose house they might be removed and sold, without his being seen in the transaction. Considering these things as so many perquisites of office, I did not suffer the opportunity to pass me. This man also informed me, that I might, upon certain occasions, make a profit of the nooses, part of the rope with which any notorious criminal had been suspended. At first I could scarcely bring myself to believe that any person could be found so weak as to set a value upon such articles; I have, however, since learnt, that there is no hobby-horse so spare, but some fool will be found to mount, and willing to ride him to death. It is a fact upon which the world may rely, that I have had five guineas offered and paid me for the remnant of a rope after the execution of certain individuals: upon occasions of a great demand, of course, I could accommodate my sapient customers with any number, taking care to keep them all ready labelled with the malefactors' names upon them. One gentleman made a collection of nearly three hundred ropes used for malefactors during his own time; he might, however, as well have gone to a rope-maker's and purchased them all at once, as far as regards their genuineness.

A few days subsequently to my conversation with the undertaker, I had an interview with three surgeons, whom I agreed to supply with subjects for dissection at the schools. This was at a period when a dead body was worth twenty pounds; and I am now of opinion, that had I not exerted myself in procuring subjects for the demand as I did, the premium would have induced many, long ere the days of Burke, to commit murder, and deal in human life for the sole purpose of dissection.

There has always been a vulgar prejudice in this country against dissection of the body after death; this repugnance in the mind of the living either to consent that their own bodies or those of their friends should be so disposed of, has arisen without doubt from the law which condemned the murderer's body, after death, to the knife. To the punishment of hanging we add the ignominy of being dissected; saying in substance, to be anatomised after death is the *ne plus ultra* of penal punishment. Taking this view, as most others had done of the question, I at first, although I had been used to the trade, when the undertaker came to me, had some doubts whether I should be justified in my own conscience in disposing of any dead bodies to surgeons: these scruples were, however, removed by a conversation I had with a lecturer, who explained to me that it was but a weak and foolish prejudice which the rich men and the legislators of the country had caused. "Remove," said he, "this apprehension and concern whilst living for the body when dead, and dead bodies would not long be of a murderous value." Those classes which affect superior knowledge, and freedom from prejudice, are the least liberal, and possess less sense upon this point than the vulgar populace.

There appears to me to be but one way of putting this question equitably to rest for ever: the dissection of the human body benefits the

rich man more than the poor man, insomuch as life is more desirable to those who have the means of enjoying it, than to those who through poverty are constrained to endure privations and labour almost from the cradle to the grave. Besides, if we consider that the whole of the medical and surgical skill in the country is in a great measure acquired through the minute investigation of the construction, uses, and constituents of the various organs which are engaged in carrying on our existence; and that this talent or skill so acquired is at the command of the wealthy, while the poor are comparatively left to chance;—taking, I say, these advantages into consideration, it behoves the upper classes to make, at least, as great a sacrifice of feeling as the poor are called upon to surrender.

To effect the final settlement of this question, and at the same time provide the schools with a regular supply of subjects for dissection, I would propose that the number of bodies required by the profession be correctly ascertained, more especially as regards the annual supply for the anatomical schools in the metropolis, and also the average annual number of deaths within the bills of mortality; probably if the measure were confined to the capitals of the three kingdoms, viz. London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, it might answer all the ends required. Let us suppose in London (that within the bills) there are every year fifteen thousand deaths, and that there are one hundred and fifty bodies in demand for dissection; then one out of every hundred who departed this life would be required. It appears from recent returns, that for every five who die six are born, increasing the population of Great Britain one thousand each day, and that since the year 1780 to 1821 the mortality has been lessened from one in forty-five to one in fifty-eight. Notwithstanding the fears of Mr. Malthus, I shall declare these great blessings the result of our improvement in the knowledge of medicine, pathology, and physiology, all aided and advanced by the dissection of the human body. To insure a continuance of this advantage to the public without violating the feelings or the rights of any class, or interfering as little as possible with the prejudices of any falsely-educated and over-fastidious individual, let the legislature enact a law that every householder (or his successor when the master dies) shall, under the forfeiture of a heavy penalty, be compelled within twenty-four hours after the demise of any person residing upon his premises to give notice of the event, and register the same at an office to be established in each parish. The parishes to be called upon in proportion to their population to supply, upon every recurring number of deaths in succession, so many bodies for dissection, without regard to persons, property, or station. This measure would render the chances so remote, that the feelings of the most timid and nervous could scarcely be disturbed upon the subject, especially as none but the officer who keeps the books could tell on whom it fell, and this not until he announced the name, till the party was dead and unconscious of the claim made upon his remains. Under a law which could not be evaded, it is most probable every body would feel an interest in endeavouring to rally each other out of their absurd prejudices; in the end tending to induce voluntary devotion of the body to such purposes, and supersede the necessity for legislative constraint. It is an ultimate result by no means improbable, that the rich as well as the poor may, at no distant day, emulate each other, and consider it an honour to be assured that their dead and inanimate flesh will be made useful to the living.

My friend the surgeon says, if people would but consider and reflect that we are almost wholly composed of the aeriform fluids or gases under peculiar circumstances of unity, in conjunction with the principle of caloric; which, although we cannot understand as forming either the materialism of our bodies, on the principle of life, yet we are assured of the fact by the process of decomposition; and that the substances which cover the bones resolve themselves again into the same elements or

simple gases from which they had their origin, leaving only a small residuum of lime or other earthy matter to occupy the space hollowed out for a grave.

It matters not, after the spirit is detached (he says) from the body, whether we lie under the earth or upon it, the substance will fly off, and probably re-combine with like or the same natures, or in new combinations form other animate or inanimate substances, and this is all effected by the previous process of putrefaction or decomposition of the body. It would be thought that minds of nicety, and possessed of cleanly notions, would be anxious to get through the unpleasant process as speedily as possible when the subject presents itself to them, and this, all informed on the subject know, is promoted by dissection and division into parts, added to exposure to the atmospheric air. It is the interest of the living to bury the defunct as soon after dissolution as possible: the dead, if left entirely above ground, would the sooner be carried on the wings of the wind to re-supply the claims of nature, and (if in one state such a thought is worth encouraging whilst living) be the sooner resolved into our simple elements after our demise. Diogenes, the cynical philosopher, aware of this, consigned his carcass to the dogs. This was true delicacy of feeling for his remains. What mind possessed of correct ideas of genuine delicacy would covet to be hastily hurried into a grave, there to rot in the midst of heaps of corruption—corruption, too, of those who while living we passed in the street with a perfumed handkerchief applied to our noses. Faugh! we have civilized ourselves into idiotism, and are become refined asses. Only conceive one of our aldermen being in parliament, whose father was a nightman, affecting airs of refinement and delicacy, himself over-pampered, bloated, and plethoric, voting for corn-laws and starvation poor enactments, and Mr. Warburton's bill, which consigns the skeletons of those wretches who shall die in a workhouse to the knife, going every morning in his carriage to Mr. Abernethy for instructions how he may best with impunity eat at the next wardmote dinner an extra quart of turtle; and then conceive his making a will, setting apart a specific sum of money to be encased in a vault dug deep in the recesses of a well-secured cemetery, there to repose, and all his grossness to have the delicate privilege of undergoing a forty years' rotting. O what a refinement of the human mind!—luxurious reflection while living, to anticipate a half century in a state of decomposition in company with worms.

> Fierce death hath shaken thee down, and thou dost fit
> Thy bed within a pit.
> Night, endless night, hath got thee,
> To clutch and to englut thee;
> And rottenness confounds
> Thy limbs and their fat rounds:
> And thou art stuck there, stuck there in despite,
> Like a foul animal in a trap at night.

O what a sad republican rascal of a leveller is that same fellow, Death! even while I write this, I feel that I am not much better conditioned than those numbers I have stuffed into the unconscionable cormorant's maw. He is ever craving; taking both the criminal and the judge in their turn—the saint and the sinner, the king and the beggar—all blend (as the surgeon saith) after death and mix in air, their passage to which is through life and death; the first is bad enough, but the latter is the most revolting: the grave—it is a gloomy prospect! The anatomists and the fishes offer us a shorter course to the end than the tomb, especially if it be an hermetically sealed one, such as royalty and aristocratical pride are soldered in.

(To be continued.)

THE

METROPOLITAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1835.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Philosophy of Morals; an investigation by a new and extended Analysis of the Faculties and the Standards employed in the determination of Right and Wrong, illustrative of the principles of Theology, Jurisprudence, and General Politics. By ALEXANDER SMITH, M.A. 2 Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

The first half of the first volume of this work is occupied by endeavouring to discover whether the perception of right and wrong, as regards actions, be a mere intuitive physical sensation, like hunger, or the effect of a process of the reasoning faculties—whether, in a word, there be a sixth sense—that is, the moral sense. In doing this, the author has been compelled to tilt right and left, before and behind him, with all who have ever written upon the subject, some affirming too much, some too little. For ourselves, we see no occasion for the argument, for we conceive the reasoning faculties nothing more than the sentient ones, drawn together by the aid of memory. We know an action to be right or wrong, hurtful or beneficial, not instantaneously the first time we may have witnessed such action, but by comparing it with the remembrance of some other action, or many actions. The impulse to take that which we want, if it lies before us, we cannot know, in the first instance, to be a wrong one; nor shall we know it till we are taught it is so, by the consideration of many other actions—that is, by the union of many individual sensations, which union, we generally call reason. We certainly have a moral sense, not separate from, but concomitant with, our natural ones. Mr. Smith comes to the conclusion that reason is, and reason alone, a judge of moral distinctions, which is no more than affirming, under another term, what his opponents do not deny, and denying, what they in reality do not affirm. It is, after all, only an argument on definitions. Mr. Smith then proceeds, "I am fully aware that the whole hinge on which my argument turns is this, that there is something, be it what it will, *immutable* in moral *truth*. This I am forced to assume, prove it I cannot. Grant this—and all I contend for will follow,—deny this, and, indeed, the whole argument will fall to the ground." Ay, there's the rub! Grant this. What! that truth is truth. Yes, it will be immutable enough; but the great question is, what is this *moral truth*? It avails us nothing to as-

sert, that if we discover truth, it must be true. Give us one abstract truth as regards morality, which, being offered for the first time to the mind, we shall acknowledge it with as little hesitation as we do that two and two make four, and then we shall get on. But why does the talented author descend to beg the question, when we think a path so much more noble lies open before him? In another part of the book the learned author draws a parallel between geometrical and moral truths, and asserts that they are equally self-evident and irrefutable. This, we humbly conceive, is not so. All the dogmatical assertions about morals, as "the action which produces fit effects is obligatory," &c., still leave the first principle unproved—what is fit? It is no more than saying, if we could find the truths, that it is obligatory to use them. So far are moral axioms conventional, therefore not only not immutable, but very mutable indeed, that the act so generally abhorrent as homicide, is, after all, merely what the existing laws and feelings of the community, or of the individual, may make it. The killing of a man would not be criminal in the mind of the provoked and untutored savage—the duellist often thinks his slaying to be meritorious, the warrior always—yet, in all these perpetrations, the mischief is actually the same to the sufferer. We have only two things to hold by, the law of God, and the national law. These are quite sufficient to give us the discriminating moral perception. The first is certainly and unconditionally true; the second must be held to be true as regards logcal society, and together these give us sufficient of the moral sentiment, without seeking for that which does not exist out of the word of God—a fundamental, abstract, immutable, moral truth. After all, the word morality means only such a right direction of our conduct as shall be pleasing to God, and productive of the greatest possible degree of happiness to man. The Almighty has pointed out in the revelation, that he has so graciously vouchsafed to us, all the *essentials* to this—the variety and mutable accessories will always be as varying and mutable as the circumstances of man himself. After the reader has waded through the metaphysics of these volumes, which, the less he endeavours to comprehend, will be perhaps the better for him, he will find every thing smooth and pleasant before him. No man can read the latter portions without becoming wiser or better, excepting the principle of improvement be utterly obliterated by obstinacy or infidelity. The style of this work is extremely lucid, the author is never mistaken in the meaning which he wishes to convey, though he is often forced to confess he cannot carry his reasoning sufficiently far. This publication would be valuable for no other reason than that of its removing so many errors propagated by names that have become respectable, and even authorities, in ethics. We wish that time had been afforded us to read this work twice, and to have made a longer commentary upon it. But we can only say, if we have not acted up to our impression of what the work deserves, that our miscellany is not a review, but a magazine.

Rosamund Gray; Recollections of Christ's Hospital, &c. &c. By Charles Lamb, Author of the "Essays of Elia." Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

The most opulent among us would hail with heart-warm feelings of gratitude that person, who should discover to us that we possessed unknowingly a great and a secret treasure. If such would be the reward of him who could give us the possession of sordid gold, how ought we to honour the memory of the man, who, with the master key of the human mind in his hand, discloses to us the unsuspected wealth of our own bosoms? We never rose from the perusal of any of this author's works without feeling our characters elevated, and acknowledging some rich-

ness in the nature that we enjoy in common with the rest of our species, of which we were before unconscious. He furnishes us not only with new thoughts, but with new capabilities of thought. He points out to us not only that which is within our reach, and that is glorious to obtain, but tempts us on lovingly to go even beyond it. We are sure that Elia's much wisdom was taught him by the spirit of universal love. He sits down cheerfully to warm our hearts by the philanthropic and pure fire of his own, and we find, in the joyous and tender process, our minds enlightened also. We said to ourselves, retiring into our inmost study, for the first reading of Elia's work should always be alone, "Come, we will give up ourselves to the best feeling of our nature, for we hold another book of Lamb's," and we read "Rosamund Gray." As we expected, the intensity of our emotion, great as it was, was nothing to the new sources of light and joy the narrative opened to us, although in its nature deeply pathetic. The paths of affection and the kindly feelings lead us to a sweet consciousness of the innate nobility of the soul, and go far to prove its immortality. "The Recollections of Christ's Hospital," are just enough tinged with the *esprit du corps*, to make us at once smile at and love the earnestness with which he advocates the noble establishment that first ushered him through the awful portals of learning. They are remembrances full of the finest associations. "The Essays on the Tragedies of Shakspeare" are bold and subtle disquisitions. They place the actor on his proper level. We can conceive that few persons could exceed the possession of mental enjoyment that was the lot of "Elia," when bathing his spirit in the ethereal stream of Shakspeare's poetry. The poet and the commentator were kindred spirits. The former deserved no listener less spiritualized and exalted than the latter, the latter was well worthy to be soothed, exalted, and rapt, by such a poet as the former. However, we hope the time will never arrive that shall see Shakspeare's plays banished from the stage, mar them as it does. Let us give the "groundlings" all that they are capable of receiving. If Mr. A. never can personate Hamlet, or Mrs. B. Lady Macbeth, they can approximate, and that is, at least, one step towards the elevation of mind we wish to see the property of all classes who write themselves English. We think the Essay on "the genius of Hogarth" one of the most masterly of Charles Lamb's productions. He nobly vindicates the original and far-seeing painter from the imputation of being *low—low*, that word so often in the mouths of the emptiest of the creation. If intellect be the scale by which we measure man's loftiness, there are but few who will take precedence of Hogarth; they only are truly low, who, buried in the mire of selfishness, cannot appreciate the grandeur of thought. "Elia" has beautifully displayed to us the sublimity of some of those scenes, that my Lord Orford, Mr. Barry, and others of the well-dressed class, have pronounced as "so very low." We do not think that the various papers reprinted from the "Reflector" in this volume, enhance, though they do not deteriorate from, the author's reputation. The "Farce in Two Acts" is decidedly indifferent. The public taste is generally in the right. The audience showed much discrimination in damning it. There is in the farce no one character or incident to which we can ally even our humorous sympathies. The plot is unnatural, the characters are vapid, and the dialogue Joe-Millerized. Is it quite certain that Charles Lamb, the veritable, quaint, original Charles, the author of the "Essays of Elia" is the author of this farce? Is it not a Lamb of another flock? Some plagiary wolf in Lamb's clothing? Be it as it may, our admiration of "Elia" will not dazzle us into panegyric of that which me really find blameable. In conclusion, we must say that it will be long before we again meet with a look that we shall read with such a mingled web of emotion, in which pleasure, regret, and a thousand sweet and bitter feelings, are so intimately twisted together.

The Sea-Side Companion; or, Marine Natural History. By MARY ROBERTS, Author of "Domesticated Animals," "Conchologist's Companion," "Select Female Biography," &c. *With illustrative Wood Cuts*, by BAXTER. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

This is a book, the circulation of which cannot be too great. The mind is never so well disposed to proper and pious reflections as after the perusal of works of this description, especially when they are so ably written. Miss Roberts insinuates us, by the most pleasing means, into a great deal of the most important of the lore of natural history. If we might find a fault, we should say that reference is too often and too ostentatiously made to the Deity, at the close of almost every chapter. Some of these aspirations should be left to the involuntary workings of the reader's mind. For ourselves, we always wish sacred subjects to be held most sacred. The iteration of them in works purely of instruction, is often misplaced. Bring the mind, by gentle allusion, to the contemplation of the beneficence of the Deity in every page, nay, if possible, in every sentence, but do not let us be continually breaking out into elaborate rhapsody, making the August name too often a pivot for the turning of an harmonious period, in books that are not confessedly doctrinal. The merits of this work are very great, the accumulation of interesting facts bearing upon the subject ample, and the selection of the matter judicious. Miss Roberts must also be well imbued with classical learning, as she is continually referring to ancient authors. The work before us has our hearty recommendation.

Considerations respecting the Trade with China. By JOSEPH THOMPSON, late of the East India House. H. Allen and Co., Leadenhall Street.

The principal part of this book is occupied by a numismatic disquisition as regards England, the East Indies, and China, useful only to the scientific merchant and the money broker. When this question has been more than amply discussed, we come to the author's considerations on the trade with China. On this subject, as on the other, his experience enables him very fully to descant. The information the book contains upon the actual state of our mercantile interests with those intractable celestials, is but brief, but the hypothetical advantage from his plans, he insists upon, will not only be manifold but grand. The principal remedy for all the grievances, under which Europeans labour in their China trade, is the getting into our military possession from the Portuguese, Macao—establishing there a strong military and naval force to keep in order the terrestrial and celestial subjects of all nations, and pay the expense of this establishment, by laying a duty of ten per cent. upon every chest of opium, for which drug Macao is to be made the emporium. If Mr. Thompson wishes to involve this country into an actual war of *aggression* with China, he could not have devised a better means. We have before expressed ourselves to the effect, that China has given us sufficient cause for war—and, that terrible as war must always be, it is the only means of regenerating and civilizing that vast empire. We therefore say, with our author, let us get Macao if we can, only we differ materially with him as to the results of the policy of that act.

Sentiment not Principle; or, an Old Man's Legacy. 2 vols. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

Goodness seems to have a prescriptive right to be dull. No one will dispute this right, but against inflicting dullness upon others, we enter our caveat; and, principally, because we have the highest respect for goodness. The work before us is written with the best intentions; and, no doubt, by one of the best of persons. It inculcates piety, good will towards men, and the beauty of high moral conduct, and leaves the mind fully impressed with the high value of all these, and oppressed with intolerable *ennui*. The story, such as it is, is packed together by a pattern of pathos reading to a pattern of a family, a certain portion every evening of the "Old Man's Legacy." No doubt the author would be scandalized at having his stringed-up homilies designated as a novel; so even in the construction of the plan of his work, he has striven mightily to avoid any thing approaching to novelty. Well, from the "Old Man's Legacy" we learn, that having once been young, he marries a paragon of perfection—a perfect monster of morality. O that wife! Her interminable lectures upon the propriety of virtue and the virtue of propriety—the impropriety of vice, and viciousness of all impropriety. Then her looking at statues, and sighing for the mantua-maker to cover them. Even those stony personifications, who have their habiliments too low off their shoulders, have a higher corsage recommended to them. All that we can say is, that those who can discover impurity in cold marble, see much farther than most folks into the mysteries of that nice veil that shrouds innocence, and which we know once in paradise sanctified nakedness. Ultraism in every thing injures the cause to which it is attached; and were the ultra-proselyting pious permitted to fully follow out their own designs, much that is graceful and beautiful in life would be destroyed, the fine arts would droop, the sciences fall into disrepute, and the world retrograde several generations back into barbarism. There are many passages in these volumes, which, taken by themselves, are highly instructive, many that are amusing, and still more, such as would be no discredit to the most eloquent sermon. But these excellencies are misplaced. The moral to be inculcated is always too wearyingly insisted upon. We are too much lectured, when we expected something else. Notwithstanding the "Old Man's Legacy," "cakes and ale" will have their lovers; and good sentiments will be found, if not equal to, the sure precursors of, good principles.

Random Shots from a Rifleman. By J. KINCAID, late Captain in, and Author of "Adventures in, the Rifle Brigade." T. and W. Boone, New Bond Street.

This captain "in Adventures," as he terms himself in his title-page, is a right merrie companion, and has given the world a very amusing, in giving it a very graphic, book. It is a production anti-splenetic in a very high degree. Cheerful lads these riflemen must have been when not fighting, always larking, laughing, or loving. The narrative is composed in a very peculiar style. It is not witty, nor is it fairly humorous. Buoyancy would perhaps be the better term by which to designate it. Sometimes, indeed, it would seem flippant, were it not for the author's innate manliness. We rejoice to see the soldierly and frank praise given throughout to the Duke of Wellington. We should think Captain Kincaid, notwithstanding his modest disclaimer, no bad tactician himself. He has evidently seen much and most hazardous service, and seen it too

with the pleasant eye of a laughing philosopher. From slight, but effective sketches like these, the reader will gain more accurate information—information of which the memory is more deeply tenacious—of the manners, habits, and modes of various classes and countries, than from the most laboured productions. You cannot forget any one of the captain's cheerful stories, (shots he calls them, but they have none of the qualities of lead in them,) and in remembering them you also treasure up in your mind all the accessaries to them. Thus chronology, geography, and history, each leave their tribute behind with the remembrance of the story. Here and there the author slaps off his pieceat Priscian's head, and gives it a shrewd crack or two. But having seen so many worthy heads broken, and exposed his own so freely, he seems to have a prescriptive right to exercise his skill upon the venerable personification of grammar. Having enjoyed this volume so much ourselves, we now cheerfully turn it over to our readers, and they will find, in turning it over, that it is a very delightful affair; and if they stumble upon some few parts of which they cannot approve, the Scotch Chieftain's Prayer for instance, they must hurry past and pardon them for the general fine spirit, and amusing qualities of the work. The "Rifleman" will fire some more shots yet before death brings him down, and we are sure that, fire when he will, he will never miss the mark.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith, LL.D. *With a Commentary,* by the Author of "England and America." Charles Knight, Ludgate Hill.

To use a literary common-place, we hail the appearance of this first volume with delight. The first innovator upon an old system, the first reformer of a long-cherished abuse, if he reforms or innovates by the means of a book, must necessarily make that book a controversial one. Adam Smith's is eminently so; and this necessity has led him often into faults of arrangement, vagueness of meaning, and uncertain application of terms, which certainly require an able commentator to rectify. As far as we can judge from this first volume, we will say that such an able commentator Adam Smith has found in the present. The volume opens with an authentic account of the great political economist's life, his text is then given, and after each chapter follows the commentaries. The whole is well arranged, and the lucid manner in which the statements are made, entirely prevents any access of tedium. In political economy is, after all, to be found the very essence of morality. Had we no revelation, it ought to serve us in the place of religion. It is of that paramount importance, that it cannot be too widely studied. As a science, it is truly but in its infancy. It is, at present, overlaid by ignorance, and opposed by passion and prejudice. Almost every man, in arguing upon it, pleads only his individual case, or that of his caste. Till this science is properly understood, our laws cannot be strictly just, nor property secured upon a stable foundation. That we may be speedily able to establish correct first principles, and give an unchanging and adequate meaning to terms, we most earnestly desire. We think that the editor of this edition is well calculated to clear away much of the superincumbent rubbish under which the question is buried. We wish him success in his labours, and in the most friendly manner entreat him to use as much accuracy in his technical expressions as he can; for, upon one ill-understood term, a hundred baseless superstructures may be raised, that bring not only confusion in the intellects of the student, but also discredit upon this noblest of sciences.

The Modern Dunciad, Virgil in London, and other Poems. William Pickering, London.

To war with dullness is a task more easy than to overcome it; but it is the least easy of all to make it, in ridiculing it, a source of wit. The "Modern Dunciad" is satirical without humour. Its strain of vituperation is cutting, its sarcasm searching: but still it is mere vituperation. The philosophy of the maniac, who was astonished at the officer carrying a sword to kill those who would so soon die if left alone, might be well studied by writers of this class, who are so valorous in the slaughter of small wits. We must concede to the author of these poems much power as well as polish of versification, and a more than sufficient quantity of that venom, which, like aqua fortis, blackens whilst it burns. There are, through the satirical parts, no delicate touches, nothing that makes us wish to confess a brother in the lampooner, or when he praises, to find a friend in the panegyrist. His maledictory verses are but musical abuse, his eulogium a variation upon the words good, good, good. Besides, we find in these pages many things repulsive to correct taste. What moral purpose can be answered in ill-naturedly recording the obesity of Theodore Hook, or torturing the crookedness of Sir Lumley Skeffington in exhalations of bad jokes? Of the poems professedly satirical we like best "The Conversazione." Of the serious pieces that follow, we request the author to think seriously, if ever his "Dunciad" should reach another edition. Certainly that caustic poem will not be complete without there be a niche in it constructed to receive the author of "Immortality," "An Ode to the Nativity," and several very pious little hymns. We have found the notes the most amusing part of the work—the more amusing, as the author has shown by quotations that he has been thought worthy of abuse, which is something in these days of literary and worthless pretension.

The Prime Minister, a Poem, Political and Historical. By a Peer. Edward Churton, Holles Street.

We are heart and soul with this peer. We love his patriotism, we admire his spirit, we would rally round him, his order, and his king, were the nation driven by the monster of democracy to a crisis. With him, we despise the Whigs, and detest the Radicals. Our admiration of Peel and Wellington, our attachment to our sovereign and his family, and that constitution they have sworn to defend, is equal to his—in all things this anonymous peer is a man after our own hearts, and fervently do we wish that every other nobleman was imbued with his fine, and, in the best sense, free spirit. But why—but why did he write this poem? Surely he might have spared himself and those who venerate him so much, an infliction so severe.

The Fudges in England, being a Sequel to the Fudge Family in Paris. By Thomas Brown the Younger, Author of the "Twopenny Post Bag," &c. &c. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, Paternoster Row.

This publication is in every sense the antipodes of the one noticed above. Tommy's arch wit is irresistible in every thing—but argument. Of course, all right thinking men will laugh with him, and side with that which he

laughs at. The exquisite ridicule of which he is so complete a master, exists not in the things on which he hangs it, but in his own merry brain. These jocular poems are in every sense perfect creations. They are excessively droll, the more so, as they have so little reference to the things on which they are appended. Would that this *Younger* Brown, ere he loses his last grey hair, should just try, in order to show the versatility of his powers, to lampoon the Whigs. What a glorious Fudge Family would he not produce! However, as Thomas Brown has lately fudged to a tune so glorious as three hundred a-year, (certainly well deserved, if talent and genius can make desert,) we may exhaust our aspirations in vain, and must hail his humour, let it come in unison with whatever it may. Every one will distinguish between the cause into the service of which it is enlisted, and the high quality of the wit itself. Thomas has at length disposed of this particular Fudge Family very satisfactorily. The elderly Miss Fudge is married to a gentleman who has incurred all the author's wrath, and her expected fortune devolves on her niece, Kitty, who exchanges her blue predilections for those of a more tender nature, with a real *Irish jontleman*, with the real Irish name of Magan—so there's an end of that Fudge affair. Will nobody give us an insight into the manœuvres of a Whig Fudge Family? Of all the fudges that were ever fudged in this fudging world, radico-papistico-Whig fudgery is the most abominable. O for a *little more*——but we have said enough.

The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, Perpetual Curate of Curdridge Chapel, Hants. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

We would not have these poems confounded with that general mass of mediocrity that is issuing from the press in a stream so perpetual only to inundate the cheesemongers' shops. A few more publications such as these, and the general taste might again rally, and verse be read. There is about the poems before us, an originality, both in the thoughts and the expressions that prove well that all the muse's sources of charming us have not yet been exhausted. They are principally of lofty strain, and imbued with the most excellent sentiment. We should think the author to be an old man,—if we be right in our conjectures, we pronounce that he has most faultily "hid his candle under a bushel." Why we deem him aged, is that there seems vented forth in this little book in harmonious numbers treasured and favourite thoughts, for they are produced with that perfection that it would seem they must have been canvassed for years to reach. Again, there is a quaintness of style, to which he of many days is generally so prone, and of which he is so fond, and which to him we hold to be so graceful. Let our friends read this volume. They will find that, in our eulogium, we have neither deceived them, nor perhaps done justice to the author.

Ion, a Tragedy in Five Acts. By F. N. TALFOURD, Esq. For private Circulation.

Undoubtedly this tragedy should be made public property. Charles Lamb has proved, by his beautiful essays on the plays of Shakspeare, that the best arena for the grand conceptions of the poet, is not on the gaudily decorated boards of a playhouse, but in the natural theatre of the reader's mind. As Shakspeare's plays are deteriorated in the acting, it is not discreditable to Mr. Talfourd to say, that his "Ion" would not be

improved by representation. It will be found, upon due consideration, that every work, which in the least approaches to sublimity, chronicles, under forms more or less ambiguous, the mighty and never ceasing struggle between the principles of good and of evil. Surrounding these powers with their respective glories and terrors, keeping their personifications in all the vast indistinctness of grandeur, and, finally, winning all our aspirations to the virtuous agency, be it either triumphant or vanquished, are the great materials of both the epic and the regular tragedy. Of these the author of "Ion" has availed himself nobly. He has taken the abstract principle of good, and placed it in opposition to the power, and even the insolence of evil, which he has not only vanquished but converted. In effecting this he has called into action the best sympathies of our common nature, and embellished his scenes with some of the highest attributes of poetry. We repeat, that no scenic representation could do it justice—yet, to an audience only a little refined, we are confident it would afford, on the stage, a feast of the most intellectual description, and meet with the most decided success. We can feel with and love "Ion," notwithstanding the isolation of his character, and the idealism of his virtue. We are inclined to think that this tragedy would be more grand, and more complete, with the omission of the character of Cleanthe. Certainly she is a beautiful being, but she too much diverts the mind from the solemn action of the piece, and the severe unity of its design. Altogether, we think "Ion" a production that would do honour to any age, and we think that after the learned gentleman has been satisfied with the varieties of his political and legal successes, and the calmness of many years shall settle upon his mind, he will look back to the creation of "Ion" with more than feelings of unalloyed satisfaction.

The Sacred Classics; or, the Cabinet Library of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. B. CATTERMOLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A. John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly; Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court, &c. &c.

The twentieth number of this national work contains the following selections from the works of the Rev. John Horne, M.A., namely, "God's prescience of the sins of man," "the vanity of this mortal life," and "the Redeemer's dominion over the invisible world." There is also given a memoir of the author, by Mr. Taylor, favourably known as the author of the "Life of Cowper," and "Memoirs of Bishop Heber." Hitherto this publication has demanded and obtained our unqualified approbation. Our sincerity therefore cannot be doubted, nor our motives misrepresented, when we respectfully suggest to those who have the election of what shall appear in these classics, that they should, as much as possible, avoid every thing that might lead either to disputation or visionary doctrines. The article on "God's prescience of the sins of men" is polemical. The true Christian will never wish to limit the attributes of the Creator on the one hand, or take away responsibility from the created on the other. These mysteries had much better be left in the hands of Him only who can and will solve them in his own good time. The article of the "Redeemer's dominion over the invisible world" is also too speculative. The impious wish to know and to explain every thing was the rock on which the Papists first split. However, too much praise cannot be given to the portion, entitled, "The vanity of this mortal life." We confess, most willingly, that the other subjects are well handled; but why, in a work of such immense circulation, touch upon them at all?

Rainbow Sketches, in Prose and Verse. By JOHN FRANCIS, Author of "Sunshine," &c. &c. Joseph Thomas, 1, Finch Lane, Cornhill; C. Westley, 162, Piccadilly.

We have many reasons for wishing well to this little and elegantly produced publication, and, to secure our aspirations, we earnestly beg the ladies to take it under their especial protection. They will find it extremely elegant light reading, mixed up with just enough of the acid of satire to prevent its sweetness from being cloying. Indeed, Mr. Francis, in perpetrating his little severities, reminds us of a lady playing at snap-dragon, he makes a desperate dash amidst flame and fire, but immediately that his hand is withdrawn, after all his boldness, we find that he has extracted nothing but sweets. That we think well of his productions, we need only inform our readers, that several of them have appeared in the "Metropolitan," and his ballads of the boudoir, and of the drawing-room, have had so much success, as to beget a crowd of indifferent imitators. But why did our gentle John suffer such vile affairs to disgrace his elegant letter-press, as the lithographic abominations interspersed between his gilt-edged leaves? We should heartily wish for a rapid sale of his first edition, if it were only to see these miserable scratchings utterly extirpated in the second.

Observations on the Preservation of Sight, and on the Choice, Use, and Abuse of Spectacles, or Reading Glasses, &c. By John HARRISON CURTIS, Esq., M. R. I., Oculist and Aurist. H. Renshaw, 356, Strand.

If people, for their own good, will not read a big book, a true philanthropist, like Mr. Curtis, will ingeniously tempt them with a little one. Not that the large work has not met with unexampled success, but the less must, necessarily, from its low price, and popular form, come into the hands of thousands, whose means or opportunities will not enable them to procure the larger treatise. Indeed, the latter is more directed to the medical practitioner, whilst the former ought to be in the hands of almost every one. To lose or to injure one's sight, is drawing a veil over all the glories, and almost all of the comforts of this life. The author of this little treatise, warns us against all that may be injurious to that first of blessings, the eye-sight, and we must be mentally blind indeed, if after reading this, without some unforeseen casualty, we become physically so. The perusal of this work is particularly calculated for youth, and those having the control of youth; for that delicate organ, the eye, is often injured by inattention to early symptoms of disease, and often by adopting as remedies, what is often actually deleterious. Had we sufficient space, we should certainly quote the whole of the well-written preface of this publication. Mr. Curtis well expresses his honest indignation against the barbarous predilection, becoming so general, of having so rashly recourse to the operating knife. Indeed, we have seldom seen so much useful information so elegantly condensed in a space so small. The author has also much benefited society by the invention of his wire gauze spectacles, or rather sight preservers. This discovery was suggested to him by a source apparently the most unlikely to benefit science, the custom of the semi-barbarous Tartars, and the wholly barbarous Esquimaux. We would insist still longer on the merits of this little affair, were we not assured that it must work its way speedily into general circulation, and become, in some measure, a household work of reference, whenever the eyes are threatened with any ailment.

A Plain Treatise on the Family Game of Cribbage, or Six Card Cribbage, with Rules for Learners, the Laws of the Game, and copious Illustrations for Reference and Practice. By LUCIUS P. BOND, ESQ. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

We have a venerable maiden relative, who counts at least ten more years than there are holes in this family game, and who has been, since her fifteenth year, fifteening it with laudable assiduity; for as she could induce no one to take her hand, from that epoch to the present time, she is constantly holding it herself, and taking, though still unpaired, one for her nob, and two for her pair. To this lady, as in duty bound, we submitted Lucius's lucid treatise. Looking through it, she took her spectacles off repeatedly, and wiped them with a spotless cambric handkerchief—we thought, perchance, a tear of delight might have dimmed the glasses: no such thing—it was nothing but the diagrams and figures, that, by sympathy, caused that confusion in her sight, that was distracting her mind. She then flung down the book with a contemptuous jerk, that we are sure it did not deserve, and with no small degree of asperity, whilst the flush that she so often held in her hand was displayed in her countenance, she exclaimed, "That she would any day, or any night, in any way, or by any light, stake her tortoiseshell tabby against Mr. Bond's wig—for she is sure that he wears one—at twenty-one games, though she never read a word on the subject in her life." Now this is all the reward that men get for showing people how very scientific they are without knowing it—disdain and defiance. We don't agree with the old lady in her notions of the folly of writing books upon such subjects, but rather coincide with Averunculus, who told the nephew of the Emperor Galba, who laughed at him for taking lessons in the art of pairing his nails, that, "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well." If by reducing push-pin to a system, that venerable game could be improved, we see no valid objection to the attempt. However, the lovers of cribbage are much bound to Mr. Bond for the trouble he has taken in making his very elaborate calculations, and for his well-expressed digest of the rules of the game.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. *With Imaginative Illustrations, by* J. M. W. TURNER, ESQ. R.A. John M'Crone, St. James's Square.

This third volume is just what it ought to be. If we said that the illustrations were worthy of the poetry, we should not be believed. Yet, are we sure that they will fully satisfy the poetical mind. The engraving after Westall, by Graves, of Satan, horror-plumed, is certainly one of the best conceptions of that artist. The burin has well caught the expression of the pencil. For the vignette title-page, we have the fall of the rebel angels. We did not very heartily approve of Mr. Turner's two former illustrations. The one before us is beautifully imaginative, and the poet's idea is well followed out. This volume concludes the first epic of our language, the "Paradise Lost." In all the extrinsics of a book, these volumes leave us nothing to wish for. The letter-press is very clear and perfect, and the binding at once rich and chaste. It is also well edited, and the selection of the notes at the termination of every book the best that the language affords. We do not know of any edition at once so convenient for general use, and worthy to occupy a place on the literary shelf, in rank with the well-bound classics of all countries.

Tales of My Neighbourhood. By the Author of the "Collegians." 3 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

The author of these volumes can afford to have it said of him, that he has not succeeded so well in his own "Neighbourhood" as at College. It may be an invidious act, but the mind cannot resist the impulse to draw comparisons, and measure the strength of the author's last work by that of the preceding one. The little inferiority that we notice, may have proceeded, perhaps from the subjects, perhaps from that careless disdain so common to a successful writer. Measured by his own works, we find this decadence; by others, we should pronounce "My Neighbourhood" as of a very high order of fiction. These volumes contain a series of tales of great variety, and which embrace almost all the incentives to the different emotions which we are so fond of administering to our minds, from imaginary sources. The first tale is called the "Barber of Bantry," the first part of which is an amusing chronicle of the dynasty of "Tipsy Castle," a kind of more saddened Castle Rackrent. In all this we see Irish manners faithfully as well as wittily portrayed. The Barber comes and closes up the tale. His character is singular. He is a fine specimen of domestic romance, and his wife is rich in all those sterling qualities that affection tries and proves. However, the barber is a somnambulist without knowing it. This failing very well supplies the place of supernatural agency, and produces some very curious and startling events. The parts of the tale that call for pathos, are, indeed, finely written, and go home to the heart. The "Visit to the Great House," the tale next in order, is purely comical, and truly comic withal. It would form the basis of a good farce. In "A Night at Sea," we much admire all that does not relate to the yacht. The language of which the yacht-struck hero is so lavish, is not that of a seaman. The burlesque, perhaps, preponderates a *little* too much in some of the minor characters. But the story is a good story, and is rich with fine sentiments, and inculcates a beautiful moral. "Touch my honour touch my life," is a very fair exposé of the absurdity and immorality of duelling. It is pathetic and well developed. The letter of the bereaved wife to the remorse-stricken friend, is the strongest treatise against the barbarous practice that we have ever read. "Sir Dowling O'Hartigan" is an ancient legend, and very Irish. We certainly gloated over the idea of one witch borrowing a lake from another, for a week or so, and when she got it safely embedded in her own country, refusing to return it. But we cannot thus go on commenting and particularising every tale in the order it is printed. The whole publication is a *bonne bouche* for the lovers of elegantly narrated and graphic fiction. There may be, in these volumes, a little too much straining for originality, a feverish wish to create novel characters, and a too great tenacity of a good part, but these are but trivial drawbacks to the spirit, humour, and exciting interest that all these tales so redundantly display. We have no doubt but that they will be generally read, and afterwards remembered with that great pleasure, with which we love to recall striking incidents and humorous associations.

Every Englishman his own German Master; or, the Shortest and Easiest Introduction to a Knowledge of the German Language. By J. T. REINENDER. Richter and Co. 30, Soho Square.

We think this a well-digested book of instruction and worthy notice. The expositions are in English, and are lucid and ample. The work also contains very extensive vocabularies and dialogue.

The Diary of a Solitaire; or, Sketch of a Pedestrian Excursion through part of Switzerland. With a Prefatory Address, and Notes personal and general. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill; H. Sotheran, York.

The body of this book is like that of the swallow, the wings of which, on either side, constitute most of its apparent magnitude. Take away the addresses from one side of this Diary, and the notes from the other, and we shall have but a very little book indeed. However, amply winged as it is, its flight is neither very wide nor very high. It is written with a good feeling, and amusing. Pedestrian tours, when narrated, can hardly be otherwise than interesting. We do not expect that this work will obtain a circulation beyond the extent of the writer's acquaintance. It is certainly not likely to create a sensation; but we can safely say that the time will not be lost that is occupied in perusing it.

The Pleasures of Imagination, with other Poems, National and Lyric. By John M'Pherson. Anderson, Jun., Edinburgh; M'Leod, Glasgow; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

In this little volume we see one more of the many pretty painted bubbles, that a vivid imagination, moderate talents, and a feeling for the beautiful, produce, by a sudden effervescence, on the turbid stream of time. This will float its limited space down the current, burst, and be remembered no more, except in the regrets of the author at his ill success, and the little prevalent taste for poetical compositions. Though in these various poems, there is much, very much, on which the ruthless fang of criticism might righteously fasten, and justice not cry out, "Hold, enough;" yet we assure our readers that they contain many passages of beauty, and some of originality. We wish the author much more success than we fear he is likely to obtain. We ask him friendlily, is he not very unfortunate in his title, as provoking injudiciously a dangerous comparison?

The Translator's Guide; or, Exercises for Latin Prose Compositions, being Translations from Ancient Authors, and Extracts from Modern. Grant, Cambridge; Simpkin and Co.; Whittaker and Co.; Washbourne and Priestly, London; Reid and Co., Glasgow.

This useful affair, which has attained a second edition, is introduced by a very instructive and sensible preface. There could not have been a better selection, on which the tyro can exercise his talents and incipient erudition. We recommend it to general use. We have also received some other works from the same publisher, Mr. Grant, principally from the pen of Mr. Latham. This author has certainly, in these, his rudimental works, surprised us by the depth and variety of his learning, as much as by the boldness of the innovations he wishes to introduce. When these latter have excited a more general sensation, (if it ever be their lot so to do,) it may become incumbent on us to pronounce upon them. We certainly are reluctant to force them upon the public attention, as it would involve a lengthened, and perhaps not a very generally interesting, discussion.

The Works of William Cowper. Edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAWE, A. M., Rector of Burton, and Vicar of Biddenham, Author of the "Life of the Rev. Legh Richmond." *With an Essay on the Genius and Poetry of Cowper*, by the Rev. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A.M., Vicar of Harrow. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

The seventh volume of this ably edited and successful edition has, for its frontispiece, a well-engraved portrait of Cowper's mother, engraved by E. Finden. It is a quiet, pleasing face, without any thing remarkably striking about it. The vignette title-page is also by E. Finden, after a drawing by Harding, of the town of East Dereham, a very fine specimen of art. This volume is principally occupied by "The Task." It also contains the "Tyrocinium," and many of the author's minor and humorous poems. His melancholy, at times, could be exquisitely humorous. "John Gilpin" figures conspicuously among these. As this volume contains merely the text of Cowper, we cannot have possibly any thing to say, by way of commentary, on that which is so well-known and appreciated.

A Practical Treatise on Brewing, and on Storing of Beer, deduced from Forty Years' Experience. By WILLIAM BLACK. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

Really what its title imports it to be. We would trust to the directions so fully and so plainly given in this book, with more confidence than to one written with great scientific pretension. It is worth the while consulting by heads of families who brew their own beer. We believe that all the great London breweries have each their peculiar system and their secret. As their officials are above or beyond instruction, of course this book is nothing to them. But "the proof of the pudding," &c. We should much like to compare a pot of Barclay's best with some of Mr. Black's better. We think that we have a taste in these matters, though we cannot boast, like our author, of quite forty years' experience.

The Library of Romance. By LEITCH RITCHIE. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

The fifteenth volume of this very amusing publication, contains the tale of "Ernesto," a philosophical romance, by Mr. William Smith. We advertize the public, that this gentleman has, some time since, published two very excellent poems, entitled, "Guidone" and "Solitude," which have not excited, by any means, the attention that they deserved. The literature of the day is so prolific in metrical trash, that without some accompanying circumstances, foreign to the merits of the work, the best poetry is now overlaid by the superincumbent rubbish. We hope that this well-digested tale will bring the writer's poetry into notice. Even the prose before us is written with a well-tempered poetical feeling. It will well repay the reader the time that he may bestow upon it, even if he read it more than once.

Colburn's Modern Novelists. Vol. VIII. The Disowned. By EDWARD LYTTON BULWER. Richard Bentley, London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and J. Cumming, Dublin.

There are few bosoms among the educated classes that have not swelled with the various emotions this powerfully written novel so plentifully excites. The innate nobleness of soul of the hero, is at once so grand, and yet so practical, that we feel, while we admire it, that had we been placed in similar situations, we should hold ourselves mean did we not attempt to imitate it. We have only the first volume reprinted in this 8th number. The engravings that preface the work are good specimens of a very delicate burin. The selection that Mr. Colburn has hitherto made, is most judicious. We wish him every success.

Two Journeys through Italy and Switzerland. By WILLIAM THOMPSON, assistant Commissary General to the Forces. John M'Crone, St. James's Square.

This volume can certainly have no higher pretension than that of being a well written guide book. Yet is it one of the best of its kind. The author appears to possess considerable literary powers, yet seems, either from diffidence, or a wish to get over his ground rapidly, loath to display them. For absolute utility no book could be better conceived or more ably executed. Making those allowances for the differences that that stern innovator time must have made in the countries Mr. Thompson visited ten years back, we should think no traveller could have a better companion than this work.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. *To which are added, Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c. And Notes by various Hands.* 8 Vols. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This sixth volume boasts a frontispiece after that excellent artist, Stanfield, and engraved by Finden. It is a romantic view of Dove Dale. The vignette title-page is a portrait of the gravid doctor, from a bust of Nollekens. The volume is full of anecdote and highly-amusing conversational traits. In every other respect, as far as the getting of it up is concerned, it is quite equal to the best of its predecessors.

The Dublin Penny Journal. Conducted by PHILIP DIXON HARDY, M. R., &c. &c. Wakeman and Co., Dublin, &c.

We have received this publication for the year 1834-5, very neatly bound up. It may fairly compete with any specimen of the penny literature of the day. Many of the articles we have read, and found them amusing, instructive, and generally well selected. Some of the woodcuts are rather inferior—but, on the whole, they are sufficiently well done. We think an extensive circulation of a work like this is peculiarly fortunate for Ireland. We cannot help expressing our opinion, that the mass of her population are semi-barbarous, and the "finest *pisintry* on the face of God's earth," are benighted, bigoted, and ignorant, to a degree that can be satisfactory only to priestcraft, and traitorous agitation.

The Tragedies of Harold and Camoens. By H. St. G. Tucker, Esq. Parbury, Allen, and Co. Leadenhall Street.

There is some very respectable verse in these tragedies. They are composed in the best of feelings, and breathe the most unexceptionable sentiments; it is, therefore, much to be lamented that they are a little dull in the perusal. But there is no good under the sun without some alloy, the finest and purest springs have often a layer of mud at the bottom, and Mr. Tucker may be surely pardoned an occasional tedium, he may also console himself with the idea that his readers cannot sleep and yawn at the same time.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers, Esq. Illustrated by One Hundred and Twenty-eight Vignettes, from Designs by Stothard and Turner. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

This felicitously embellished edition has reached its sixth number, containing the close of the poem of "Columbiad," and a portion of that of "Italy." The vignettes are all after Stothard, and most exquisitely engraved. The engraving of the nun being immured, that is, actually walled up, is enough to make the heart ache to look upon it. The type and paper continue to be of the first order.

Sunday, a Poem. By the Author of the "Mechanic's Saturday Night." Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This is very good. In it certainly the higher attributes of poetry are wanting. We find nowhere the bold metaphor, and the finer abstractions of ideality. Here all is natural, sweet, and appealing directly to the unsophisticated associations we derive from the contemplation of the goodness of the Creator. It is very graphical, and though the pictures presented to us are always taken from this earth, yet the author has selected the fairest spots for his representations. The metre is polished, and the rhythm harmonious. The political tinge that appears here and there upon the work, is as offensive to our eye as mildew upon a beautiful Claude.

Minor Morals for Young People, illustrated in Tales and Travels. By John Bowring. Whittaker and Co., London.

That the ability displayed in these tales is sufficient to the ends proposed by the author, is their best praise. He certainly never rises, either in diction or sentiment, beyond a juvenile comprehension. This may read like a doubtful panegyric, but we mean it as a sincere one. The illustrations by George Cruikshank, though not in his best manner, are nevertheless good. We recommend this work to the attention of parents.

A Manual of Pntomology, from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmiester. By W. E. Shuckhard, M.E.S. Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street; Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

This scientific periodical is now taking double steps towards its completion, the numbers seven and eight being published together. We have but little to add to our former encomiums of this work. It is a desideratum to English science.

The Bride of Sienna. A Poem. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

Much praise or much censure would be equally unjust as applied to the author of this poem. The tale is romantic and pathetic in a high degree; it is pleasingly told, with some effect, and with very agreeable verse. It may well beguile the weariness of a leisure hour, and afford pensive contemplation for a much longer period. We trust that it will excite sufficient public attention to convince the author that he has not employed his talents on this subject wholly in vain.

Florigraphia Britannica; or Engravings and Descriptions of the Flowers, Plants, and Ferns of Great Britain. By RICHARD DEAKIN, F. R. C. S. E., and ROBERT MARNOCK, Curator of the Sheffield Botanical and Horticultural Gardens. George Ridge, Sheffield; Groombridge, London; Menzies, Edinburgh; Wakeman, Dublin.

We have received the first number of this publication, and pronounce that it commences well. The harvest before the editor is both rich and ample. The engravings, and every plant mentioned has one, are neatly performed, and well coloured. The information conveyed by the letter-press is full without redundancy. May it continue as it has begun! The price is extremely moderate, only one shilling for each number.

Some Considerations of the Political State of the Intermediate Countries between Persia and India, with Reference to the Project of Russia marching an Army through them. By E. STIRLING, Esq., Bengal Civil Service. Whittaker and Co., Ave-Maria Lane.

A brief but most interesting publication. It is written with reference to military strategy, and may, in no long period, become a most important text-book. We recommend it to the attention of military men, and to all who may have influence with the political associations of our government.

Little Arthur's History of England. 2 Vols. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This is a pleasing little epitome, written in the very best spirit, with considerable skill and some elegance. The language, by its simplicity, is well adapted to the capacities of the very young, and far more pleasing to the adult. We recommend this work to mothers and governesses.

Stammering Considered, with Reference to its Cure, by the Application of those Laws which regulate Utterance. By RICHARD CECIL. H. Renshaw, Strand.

This is a complete exposé of the arts of quackery on the subject. We recommend it to notice.

The Parterre. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

We have received the twelfth number of this periodical, and a very excellent number it is. The wood-cuts are particularly fine. It contains some pieces that entitle the work to take rank in the periodical literature of the day.

A History of British Fishes. By WILLIAM YARRELL, F.L.S. *Illustrated by Wood-cuts of all the Species, and numerous Vignettes.* John Van Vorst, 3, Paternoster Row.

As yet, we have only received the third number of the publication. It is a very interesting one, and contains, among other matter, a description of the well-known mackarel. The plates continue to be excellent. It is a praiseworthy undertaking.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Abbott's Fireside Piety, Part II. (Pastor's Daughter,) 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Anecdotes on the Church Catechism. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Hooker's Portion of the Soul. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
The Parables of the Lord Jesus. By the Rev. B. H. Draper. Second Series. 32mo. 2*s.*
Drew's Chronological Charts, illustrative of Ancient History and Geography. Imp. fol. 2*l.* 8*s.*
Key to Traver's French Exercises. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Catechism of Astronomy. By F. W. Simms. 18mo. 9*d.*
The Rev. T. H. Newman's Sermons, Vol. I. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Speculum Gregis. Fourth edit. oblong. 5*s.*
Curtis on the Sight. fc. 8vo. 1*s.*
Considerations respecting the Trade with China. By Joseph Thompson. post 8vo. 5*s.*
Illustrations of the Botany of the Himalayan Mountains. By T. Forbes Royle. Part VII. imp. 4to. 20*s.*
My Early Days. 3rd edit. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Tables of Discount, Net Proceeds, and per Centage Profits on Goods. By David Booth. 2nd edit. 8vo. 5*s.*
Parker's English Composition. 5th edit. 12mo. 3*s.*
Martin's History of British Colonies. Vol. I. 2nd edit. 8vo. 21*s.*
Instructions and Regulations for Field Battery Exercises, and Movements for the Royal Regiment of Artillery. 12mo. 4*s.*
Instructions and Regulations for the Exercises and Movements of the Royal Horse Artillery. 2nd edit. cr. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*
The Songs of La Coluna. By M. A. T., 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Natural History of Man, with a Map and illustrating Plates. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Tear's One Step Further in Stenography, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Encyclopædia Metropolitana, Second Division, Mixed Sciences. Vol. III. 4to. 75 Plates, 3*l.* 3*s.*
British and Foreign Dogs, from Original Drawings. By W. R. Smith. Part I. royal 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*; imp. 4to. 16*s.*; India proofs, 21*s.*
Popular Treatise on Diet and Regimen. By W. H. Robertson, M.D. 12mo. 6*s.*
Rosamund Gray; Recollections of Christ's Hospital, &c. By C. Lamb. post 8vo. 9*s.*
Lamb's Prose Works. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems. By R. C. Trench. fcp. 8vo. 5*s.*
Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan. By Emma Roberts. 3 vols. 8vo. 27*s.*
A Guide through the District of the Lakes in the North of England. By William Wordsworth. 5th edition, 12mo. 4*s.*
Address on the Recent Progress and Present State of Entomology. By J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. 8vo. 1*s.*
Remarks on the Trial of Robert Reid for the Murder of his Wife. By J. Fletcher, M.D. 8vo. 1*s.*
The Medical Student's Guide to Translation, &c. of Latin Prescriptions. By J. W. Underwood. 18mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Wisdom of God in Works of the Creation. fop. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
The Lords and the People. By W. H. C. Gray, Esq. post 8vo. 15s.
Brampston's Charity; an Exposition of First Corinthians, 13th Chapter. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
The Art of Being Happy. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Outlines of Botany; a Sketch of the Linnæan Arrangement of Plants. By R. B. Stewart, Esq. post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Original Letters, written in 1744 and 45. By Mrs. Lefevre. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
The Life of William Cobbett. 12mo. 7s.
Career of Don Carlos since the Death of Ferdinand VII. By the Baron de Los Valles. 8vo. 14s.
Manual of Auscultation and Percussion. By M. A. Raciborski. 12mo. 5s.
Minor Morals for Young People. By John Bowring, illustrated by George Cruikshank. Part II. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
Sermons. By the Rev. W. Allen, M.A., late of Peel, Lancashire. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.
The Merchant and Banker's Commercial Pocket Guide. 32mo. 2s.
Porter's (of Andover) Lectures on Homiletics and Preaching. Edited by the Rev. J. Jones, of Liverpool. post 8vo. 9s.
Two Journeys through Italy and Switzerland. By W. Thompson. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Abbott's Reader; a Series of Pieces in Prose and Verse. 18mo. 3s.
First Book of Geometry, including Plane and Solid Geometry. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Diary of a Solitaire; or, Sketch of an Excursion through part of Switzerland. 8vo. 5s.
The Manual of Family and Private Devotion. By J. Cochrane, A.M. post 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Lectures on Confirmation and the Lord's Supper. By the Rev. T. Griffiths, of Homerton. 12mo. 6s.
Granville Wykeham; an Historical Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer has just committed to the press the work to which he alluded in his last Publication "The Student," and on which he has been so long engaged; it is, we believe, entitled, "Athens; its Rise and Fall, with Views of the Arts and Sciences, the Literature and Commerce of the Athenian People."

Miss Landon has, we hear, nearly completed the printing of her new Poem, "The Vow of the Peacock," illustrating, it will be recollected, the beautiful Picture by Madame Lise, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Dr. Hogg's interesting Travels in the East, entitled a Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, &c. will appear early in the present month.

Mr. Chorley, whose lively Sketches of a Sea-port Town have been so much admired, has in the press a Series of Tales, the Scene of which is, we believe, chiefly laid in Italy.

Mr. Grimshawe's beautiful edition of Cowper is drawing near its conclusion. The Eighth Volume, which is now ready, contains a beautiful Portrait of the late Rev. Dr. Johnson, Cowper's kinsman, and a beautiful View of the Rustic Bridge at Weston.

The author of "Pictures of Private Life," Miss Stickney, will shortly present to the public a work of an original character, entitled "The Poetry of Life."

A Second Edition of Mr. Bulwer's new work, "The Student," will appear in a few days.

The Third Edition of that elegant little work, "The Language of Flowers," much improved, and revised by the Editor of the "Forget Me Not," has just appeared.

The Rev. Robert Montgomery has nearly ready for publication, a Fourth Edition, revised, of his powerfully conceived work, entitled "Satan, a Poem."

Mrs. Jameson has just committed to the press, a new Edition, being the Third, of her much admired work, "The Characteristics of Women."

The Second and concluding volume of M. de Tocquiville's interesting work, "Democracy in America," translated by his friend, Mr. Reeve, with a Map of the United States, is now ready.

A History of English Literature, Critical and Philosophical, by Mr. D'Israeli.

A new edition of the works of Sir John Suckling, with a Life of the Author, and Critical Remarks on his Writings and Genius. By the Rev. Alfred Suckling, LL.B.

Sunday; a Poem, by the Author of the "Mechanic's Saturday Night."

Researches on the Organization, Functions, and Diseases of Membranous Secreting Textures; with Original Plans, showing the Inflections and Continuity of Membranes. By Thomas Turner, M.R.C.S.L. &c. &c.

History of the Condition of Women in all Ages and Nations. By Mrs. Child, Author of "Child's Own Book," "Mother's Book," &c.

Early in the ensuing season may be expected "Practical Observations on Midwifery;" containing the Result of 16,414 Deliveries, occurring in the Dublin Lying-in-Hospital, during a Period of Seven Years, commencing November 1826. By Robert Collins, M.D. late Master of the Institution.

Graphics: a Manual of Drawing and Writing, for the Use of Schools and Families. By R. Peale.

Tables of Discount, Net Proceeds, per-centage Profits upon the Sale of Goods, on a New Plan of Arrangement. By David Booth, author of the "Interest Table," &c. 2d edition.

An interesting volume, entitled "Recollections of the Private Life of General Lafayette," is about to be published by Messrs. Galignani, of Paris. It is written by his friend and surgeon, M. H. Cloquett, who was furnished with the materials by the General himself. An English Edition, translated under the eye of the author, will be published in London on the same day the original will appear in Paris.

Among the novelties, for the forthcoming season, we have to announce a New work to be called the English Annual, two volumes of which have already appeared, but the whole of the Editions have been exported to America and the Continent. The volume, in consequence of certain facilities, which the proprietor exclusively enjoys, will be offered in a form considerably larger and cheaper than similar publications, and in all respects equal to them in its graphic and literary contents.

The Oriental Annual for 1836, by the Rev. H. Caunter, B.D., will exceed either of its predecessors, in the variety and beauty of the illustrations from the pencil of W. Daniell, Esq. R.A., as the great success of the last two years has encouraged the Proprietor to spare no expense to render it still more worthy of public patronage.

The interesting Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa of Nathaniel Isaacs, Esq., are nearly ready.

FINE ARTS.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery, a Series of Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Germany, and other Picturesque Portions of the European Continent. By CLARKSON STANFIELD, Esq. R. A. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

This third number contains, firstly, a view of "Porchester Castle." It is beautifully drawn and engraved, but is not naturally very striking. There are many historical associations connected with this ruin, that give it ample claims to be celebrated by a pencil so skilful as that of Stanfield's. The second view, that of the "Needles," is particularly happy and impressive; the distribution of the light and shade, and the flowing of the troubled sea, are beyond praise. The sky has rather a massive appearance, evidently the fault of the engraver. The next plate, "Stonehouse Bridge," Plymouth, will be immediately recognizable by every one who has visited that spot. It is a good production, though the features of the scenery are homely. The last engraving, the approach to "St. Malo," is a plate of the highest

merit, and is honourable both to the painter and the engraver. This number is a very superior one, and gives us an earnest of the excellence that is to come. The letter-press is very appropriate. It seems almost a sin against patriotism not to possess oneself of a work so peculiarly national.

A Series of Heads, after the Antique Illustrations of the Ideal Beauty of the Greeks, and designed as a Drawing Book for advanced Pupils, accompanied by descriptive Letter Press, drawn and executed on Stone, by BENJAMIN RICHARD GREEN. Rowney and Co. Rathbone Place.

A youthful "Hercules," in the British Museum, affords the first model for this finely executed number. It is extremely well shadowed, and smoothly grained. "Æsculapius," from the Louvre, is a fine personification of intelligent age. In the "Isis," from the Capitolini Museum, the returning light under the chin appears to us to be too broad, which gives the features a pinched up appearance. "Pluto, or Serapis," from the Vatican, is a splendid head, and extremely well lithographed. These heads must form very valuable studies for the portrait painter, whether in oils or miniature. It is such models as these that should be presented to the tyro, and not the crude, and often ill drawn faces that we generally see in drawing-books.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

As far as the hand of God can benefit us, we are, with reference to the harvest, a happy people. As to our external commerce, it is generally speaking, languishing. Owing to the injudicious measure adopted towards our slave colonies, there will be a great deficiency in the usual imports from the West Indies, many ships returning from thence but half laden, and some actually in ballast. The British Canadas also seem inclined to look out for a better market than that afforded to them by the mother country, to which they owe all their prosperity. The continental and northern nations are all striving to set up for themselves, and to put us aside. Russia will soon entirely monopolize the trade of the Levant, and our trade to the far east seems exceedingly precarious. This is a dismal picture, but much of its sombre colouring we owe to the liberal Whigs. At home there will always be, while the nation remains so populous, great domestic consumption, and an extensive inland trade. Our manufactures that supply the foreign market, are certainly doing a great deal of business at the least possible profits to the masters, and at starvation wages for the mechanics and labourers. We fear much that a great crisis is at hand. As to the shipping interest, it is in a deplorable state of decadence.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 27th of August.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 215.—Consols for Account, July —, 89 three-quarters.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 89 seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 99.—Exchequer Bills, 22s.—India Bonds, 7 p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian, Five per Cent., 85 three-quarters.—Columbian, (1824,) Six per Cent., 31 quarter.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent, 31 three-quarters.—Mexican, Six per Cent., 35 three-quarters.—Spanish, (1822,) Five per Cent., 40 half.

SHARES.

Real del Monte, unregistered, 24l. 25l.—British American Land, 6l. 10s.—Provincial Bank of Ireland, 48l. 5s., 48l.

THE MONEY MARKET.—During the month there have been the usual fluctuations. The above is the state of the funded securities on the 27th instant..

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JULY 28, TO AUGUST 21, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

July 28.—R. R. Williams and G. Chambers, St. Dunstan's Hill, wine merchants.—G. T. Brown, Mark Lane, sack manufacturer.—G. Tunstall, Worcester, hop merchant.—T. Ash, Birmingham, druggist. — S. Winchurs, Birmingham, brass founder.—W. H. S. Hartley, Upper Gloucester Place, Regent's Park, music seller.

July 31.—W. Elton, Basinghall Street, dealer in woollen cloths.—J. E. C. Bentley, Great Newport Street, Long Acre, picture dealer.—T. Emmett, Holborn Hill, pin maker.—W. Jones, Wigmore Street, Marylebone, carpenter.—F. Hirschfeld and G. Wilkinson, Windsor Terrace, City Road, wax chandlers.—J. Allan, Grove Street, Walworth common, brewer.—C. Selley, Cheltenham, innkeeper.—C. Starling, Knightwick, Worcestershire, miller.—R. W. Goodall, Birmingham, florist.—W. Wright, Rougham, Norfolk, horse dealer.—R. Hammond, Warwick, plumber.

Aug. 4.—G. Parker, Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire, boot and shoe maker.—J. Alred, Idle, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Stelfox, Manchester, shoe dealer.

Aug. 7.—B. Eagleton, Town Malling, Kent, tailor.—J. Greenwood, Halifax, Yorkshire, music seller.—W. H. Hughes, Portsmouth, fruit merchant.—T. Beard, Longhope, Gloucestershire, victualler.—T. Croston, Liverpool, painter.—H. Burdekin, Sheffield, table knife manufacturer.—P. Beck, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, grocer.—T. Frood, Plymouth, ironmonger.—J. Wyatt, Warminster, Wiltshire, cabinet maker.

Aug. 11.—W. E. Long, St. John's Wharf, Battersea, coal merchant. — E. C. Bessell, Edward Street, Portman Square, lodging-house keeper.—E. Ottey, Jun., Savage Gardens, Trinity Square, Tower Hill, wine merchant.—J. Linnett, Astrey, Warwickshire, schoolmaster.—R. Hunt, Kingston-upon-Hull, spirit merchant.—G. Hooper, Downton, Wiltshire, tanner.—J. Brooke, Lincoln, chemist.—W. Wallace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, chemist.—J. Schofield, Moorhouse, Lancashire, woollen manufacturer.—G. Blenkin, and W. Shackleton, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants.

Aug. 14.—R. Clements, Upper Berkeley Street, West, Connaught Square, bricklayer.—J. Cantellow, Brownlow Street, Holborn, plasterer.—R. Battley, South Shields, Durham, woollen draper.—S. Franceys, Liverpool, bookseller.—E. Taylor, Lower Place, near Rochdale, Lancashire, cotton spinner.

Aug. 18.—J. Hutton, Piccadilly, baker.—R. Fennings, Chancery Lane, law stationer.—W. Lewis, Liverpool, merchant.—M. Myers, St. Peter's Alley, Cornhill, fishmonger.—R. Peel, Halifax, card maker.—R. Rankin, Liverpool, joiner.—J. Slack, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship broker.—J. Brown, Corbridge, Northumberland, spirit merchant.—C. Ives, Hockwold-cum-Wilton, Norfolk, grocer.—J. Kearsley, Chorley, Lancashire, grocer.—D. Evans, Newport, Monmouthshire, tailor. — J. Hankes, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, corn dealer.

Aug. 21.—J. Bailey, Elm Street, Gray's Inn Lane, horse hair manufacturer.—M. A. Lewis, Norfolk Street, Strand, milliner.—C. Powell, St. Mary-at-Hill, wine merchant.—H. Molyneux, Penzance, Cornwall, linen draper.—W. Wade, Liverpool, grocer.—T. Adamson, Liverpool, commission agent.—W. E. Williamson, and E. B. Onsey, Salford, Lancashire, ale brewers.—W. Blacklock and G. Thompson, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, joiners.—H. Johnstone, Sheffield, coach maker.

NEW PATENTS.

SCOTLAND.

W. Newton, of the Office for Patents, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in preparing fibrous or textile plants, either indigenous or exotic, to be used in place of flax or hemp. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 3rd.

J. Hunter, of Leys Mill, Arbroath, Forfar, North Britain, Mechanic, for certain improvements in the art of cutting, or what is called facing and dressing, certain kinds of stone. April 6th.

J. Day, of York Terrace, Peckham, Surrey, Gentleman, for an improvement or improvements in the construction of railways. April 10th.

J. Stevenson, of Leith, Merchant, and J. Ruthven, of Edinburgh, Mechanician, for a method of cutting wood by certain improved instruments. April 16th.

J. Somerville, Clerk, Minister of Currie, Edinburgh, for certain improvements in the construction of guns or muskets and other such fire-arms. April 21st.

W. Bruce, Baker, in the City of Edinburgh, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for making ship and other biscuit or bread. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 22nd.

W. Morgan, of the Kent Road, Surrey, Esquire, for certain improvements in steam-engines. May 12th.

J. Aldous, of Clapton, Middlesex, Smith, for certain improvements on steam-engines. May 12th.

J. Slater, of Salford, Lancaster, Bleacher, for certain improvements in addition to certain improved machinery for bleaching linen and cotton goods. May 18th.

A. Dumoulin, of Leicester Square, Middlesex, Merchant, for certain improvement in gas apparatus. May 18th.

M. Poole, of the Patent Office, Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements on trusses or instruments for the cure of hernia or rupture. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 18th.

R. Whiteside, of Ayr, in the County of Ayr, Wine Merchant, for certain improvements in the wheels of steam-carriages, and in the machinery for propelling the same, also applicable to other purposes. May 18th.

J. Buchanan, of Ramsbottom, Lancaster, Millwright, for certain improvements in the construction of cylinder printing-machines used for printing calico and fabrics. May 18th.

W. S. Potter, of Verulam Buildings, Middlesex, ex-Merchant, for improvements in rendering fabrics water-proof. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 18th.

J. Boydell, of Dee Cottage, Flint, Land Agent and Surveyor, for an improvement in machinery or apparatus for moving or towing boats or other vessels. May 18th.

F. Humphrys, of York Road, in the Borough of Lambeth, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in marine steam-engines, which improvements are also applicable to steam-engines for other purposes. May 19th.

S. Slocum, of the New Road, St. Pancras, Middlesex, Engineer, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making nails. May 29th.

J. T. Beale, of No. 11, Church Lane, Whitechapel, Middlesex, Engineer, for a lamp applicable to the burning of substances not hitherto usually burned in such vessels or apparatus. June 5th.

W. Crofts, of New Radford, Nottingham, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for making bobbin net lace, for the purpose of producing, by the aid of such improvements, ornamented net or lace of various kinds. June 10th.

C. Schafhautl, of 77, Cannon Street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for an improvement in the mode of manufacturing malleable iron. June 10th.

ENGLISH.

W. Crofts, of New Radford, Nottingham, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in certain machinery for making figured or ornamented bobbin net, or what is commonly called ornamented bobbin net lace; part of which improvements are extensions of certain improvements for which letters patent have been granted to him, bearing date the 27th of May, 1834. June 26th, 6 months.

T. Walker, of Burslem, Stafford, Mechanic, for improvements in extinguishers to candles, and in the application of such extinguishers to candles and candlesticks. July 3rd, 2 months.

J. Kean, of Johnston, Renfrew, in the Kingdom of Scotland, Machine Maker and Engineer, for an improved throstle flyer, or a substitute for an ordinary flyer, employed in spinning cotton, flax, hemp, wool, silk, and other fibrous substances. July 3rd, 6 months.

H. Vint, of Lexden, in the Borough of Colchester, Essex, Esquire, for certain improvements in paddle wheels. July 9th, 6 months.

R. Coad, of Liverpool, Lancaster, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the means or apparatus for consuming smoke and economising fuel in furnaces, which improvements are particularly applicable to furnaces of steam-engines employed for navigation, and other purposes. July 10th, 6 months.

W. Busk, of Bankside, Surrey, Engineer, for certain improvements in propelling boats, ships, or other floating bodies. July 10th, 6 months.

J. Rogers, of Princes Court, Westminster, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in paddle wheels. July 10th, 6 months.

C. G. Kuppler, of Nuremburg, at the Polytechnical Institution, but now of Birmingham, for certain improvements in the construction of weighing machines and other machines used in ascertaining weight. July 11th, 2 months.

F. H. Maberly, of Bourn, Cambridge, Clerk, for a new method of propelling vessels. July 13th, 6 months.

J. C. Dyer, of Manchester, Lancaster, Machine Maker, and J. Smith, of Deanstone, Perth, North Britain, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in machinery used for winding upon spools, bobbins or barrels, slivers or rovings of cotton, wool, and other fibrous substances of the like nature. July 17th, 6 months.

W. Vickers, of Sheffield, York, Merchant, for improvements in machinery for preparing or shaping steel for the manufacture of files and rasps. July 17th, 2 months.

J. H. J. Poittevin, of Craven Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a powder which is applicable to the purposes of disinfecting night-soil and certain other matters, and facilitating the production of manure. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 17th, 6 months.

J. Dickinson, of Bedford Row, Holborn, Middlesex, Esquire, and W. L. Tyers, of Opsley Mill, in the Parish of King's Langley, Hertford, for certain improvements in the manufacture of paper. July 24th, 6 months.

T. Horne, of Aston, near Birmingham, Warwick, Brass Founder, for certain improvements in the manufacture of hinges. July 24th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1835.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
July					
23	51-80	Stat. 30,19	N.E.		Generally clear, except the morning.
24	50-81	30,17-30,15	N.E.		Generally clear.
25	54-79	30,12-30,11	N.E.		Generally clear.
26	53-79	Stat. 30,11	N.E.		Not a cloud during the day.
27	51-84	30,05-30,02	N.E.		Generally clear.
28	50-85	30,02-30,08	N.E. & S.W.		Many clouds, sunshine frequent.
29	52-82	Stat. 30,13	N. b. E. & W.		Generally clear.
30	50-84	30,11-30,04	N.W.		Clear.
31	51-74	Stat. 30,06			Generally clear.
Aug.					
1	45-84	30,07-30,00	S.W.		Generally clear.
2	49-75	29,96-29,93	E. & N.E.		Cloudy, except the evening.
3	53-71	29,95-29,99	E. b. N. & N.E.		Cloudy, frequent sunshine.
4	43-76	29,95-29,96	N. & N.E.		Generally clear.
5	44-78	Stat. 29,97	S.W. & W. b. S.		Clear till noon, a few drops of rain about 5 P.M.
6	58-76	29,97-29,96	W. b. S.	,0125	Morning and evening clear, overcast about noon.
7	60-75	29,94-29,91	W. b. S.	,025	Rain from 7 till A.M., afternoon clear.
8	47 72	30,17-30,22	W. b. N.		Clear.
9	44-76	Stat. 30,28	N. b. W. & E.		Clear, not a cloud all day.
10	46-83	30,25-30,20	S.W.		Clear all day.
11	52-85	30,08-29,94	E. b. S.		Except the evening, clear.
12	55-81½	29,88-29,94	S.W. & N.W.		Generally clear till the evening.
13	54-74	30,02-30,08	N. b. W. & N.E.		Generally cloudy except about noon.
14	48-72	30,13-30,14	N.E. & E. b. S.		Generally clear.
15	41-77	30,12-30,09	N.W. & E.		Generally clear.
16	57-76	30,09-30,11	W. b. N.		Cloudy, a few drops of rain about 3 P.M.
17	59-76	30,18-30,19	N.b.E. & N.W.		Morning overcast, a few drops of rain about noon; since generally clear.
18	53-76	30,22-30,18	N.E.		Clear. [frequently from 8 to 9.
19	52-79	30,13 30,07	N.E. & E.		Clear. Lightning in the E. and S. this evening
20	55-80	29,94-29,77	E.b N. & E.b.S.		Clear, except the evening. Lightning in W. and
21	53 80	29,63-29,55	S.E.		Generally cloudy. [a few drops of rain about 9 P.M.
22	58-77	29,55-29,61	S. b. W.		

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—August, 1835.

House of Lords, July 20.—The second reading of the Roman Catholic Marriages Bill was postponed on the motion of the Marquess of Clanricarde, until next Monday. His Lordship made some allusion to the case of Mr. M'Dermott, one of the Commissioners of Education in Ireland, which called forth a reply from the Bishop of Exeter.—The Seamen Enlistment Bill was read a second time.—The Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Post Office was brought up.

July 21.—The Royal Assent was given by Commission to several Bills.—The Municipal Corporations Reform Bill was brought up from the Commons, and read a first time, without calling forth any remarks. The second reading was fixed for Tuesday.—The Ecclesiastical Revenues Bill was committed *pro forma*, and on the motion of the Archbishop of Canterbury two clauses were added to the Bill. 1. To prevent the retrospective operation of the Bill; 2. To sanction the resumption of the patronage by the Crown, if it should deem it proper so to do. The further consideration of the Bill was postponed to Friday.

July 22.—Lords Ravensworth and Segrave presented several petitions against the Municipal Corporations Bill; the latter Noble Lord in particular, lamenting the attacks made by it on the freeman's rights.—The Seamen's Enlistment Bill went through a Committee.

July 23.—Some petitions were presented, after which their Lordships adjourned.

July 24.—Several petitions were presented against the Municipal Corporations Bill, by the Earl of Harewood and the Marquess of Salisbury. Petitions were presented in favour of the Bill by Lord Brougham.—The Certiorari Bill went through a Committee.—The report of the lapse of Benefices Bill was received.

July 27.—The Report of the Committee on the Certiorari Bill was brought up, and the third reading fixed for the 5th of August.—A great number of petitions for and against the Municipal Corporations Bill were presented.

July 28.—After the presentation of several petitions against the Municipal Corporations Bill, Lord Strangford presented one from Coventry praying to be heard by Counsel against the Bill.—It was agreed that two Counsel be heard for all the Corporations. The Bill was then read a second time without opposition, and Counsel ordered to be heard on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

July 29.—Numerous petitions were presented against the Municipal Corporations Bill.—The Report of the Select Committee to inquire into the disturbances in Ireland was presented, after which their Lordships adjourned.

July 30.—The second reading of the Roman Catholic Marriages (Ireland) Bill was postponed till Tuesday.—A great number of petitions were presented against the Municipal Corporations Bill.—Counsel were then called to the bar, to be heard against the Corporations Bill on behalf of sundry Corporations. Sir C. Wetherell and Mr. Knight appeared.

July 31.—Several petitions were presented against the Municipal Corporations Bill. The several Bills on the table of the House were advanced a stage.—Sir Charles Wetherell concluded his address at the bar, against the Municipal Corporations Bill.—Mr. Knight followed on the same side, until half-past eleven o'clock, when the House adjourned, it being arranged that Counsel be further heard at one o'clock on Saturday.

August 1.—Their Lordships met to-day at one o'clock.—Lord Melbourne moved the Order of the Day for hearing Counsel at the bar.—Mr. Knight appeared at the bar and resumed his argument against various clauses in the Corporation Bill.

August 3.—A great number of petitions were presented against the Municipal Corporations Bill, and some in its favour.—Viscount Melbourne moved that the House should go into Committee on the Bill, upon which the Earl of Carnarvon moved, as an amendment, that evidence be taken at the bar of this House in support of the allegations contained in several petitions presented against the Bill. This produced a very long and animated debate, at the conclusion of which the House divided, when the numbers were, for the amendment, 124, against it, 54, thus presenting a majority of 70 in favour of the Earl of Carnarvon's amendment. Proxies were not called. It was arranged that the House should meet on Tuesday at eleven o'clock, for the purpose of taking evidence in support of the petitions against it.

August 4.—Their Lordships were occupied from eleven till four o'clock in the examination of witnesses on the Corporations Reform Bill. At that hour they adjourned, according to agreement, for two hours, and at six o'clock again resumed the examination. The examination was continued till eleven o'clock, after which the House adjourned till Wednesday at one o'clock, to resume the examination of witnesses.

August 5.—The hearing of evidence at the bar against the Municipal Corporations Bill was resumed at one o'clock, and continued till half-past four o'clock, and then again adjourned.

August 6.—The examination of witnesses against the Municipal Corporations Bill was resumed, and continued. The corporations to which the evidence referred were those of Dover, Marlborough, Norwich, Rochester, Henley-upon-Thames, Havering-atte-Bower, and St. Alban's.

August 7.—The examination of witnesses in defence of the Corporations was continued, when evidence was adduced with respect to Bath, Sutton Coldfield, Arundel, Llanathelly, East Retford, and Boston, rescuing completely those Corporations from the calumnies by which they had been assailed, and in some instances proving the report of the Commissioners of Corporation Inquiry to be a mere tissue of falsehoods.—The Certiorari Bill and the Registry Bill (Chancery) were, on the motion of Lord Brougham, severally read a third time, and passed.—The House proceeded to the examination of the Town Clerk of Bedford. Evidence was taken in the cases of Poole, Bridgewater, Doncaster, Shrewsbury, and Rochester. Their Lordships then adjourned.

August 10.—A considerable number of petitions in favour of the Municipal Corporations Bill.—On presenting a petition from Paisley in favour of the Church of Scotland, the Earl of Aberdeen expressed the just indignation felt by all the friends of that Church on the selection of the Commissioners of Inquiry, to whom the duty is confided of inquiring into its present condition.

August 11.—On the motion of the Earl of Radnor the Limitation of Polls Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday.—The Marquess of Clanricarde moved the second reading of the Roman Catholic (Ireland) Marriages Bill, on which, after some debate, the House divided. For the motion, 16; against it, 42. The Bill therefore is lost.

August 12.—Several petitions were presented on the subject of the Corporations Reform Bill.—Lord Melbourne then moved that the House should go into Committee upon the Corporations Reform Bill.—The Duke of Newcastle proposed, as an amendment, "That the Bill be committed that day six months."—The Earl of Mansfield was willing to enter into Committee on the Bill, but only with the fullest understanding that he protested against very many of its provisions, which he should most strenuously oppose in Committee.—After a discussion of considerable length, the Duke of Newcastle withdrew his motion, and the Bill was committed *pro formâ*. The House having resumed, and the other orders of the day having been disposed of, their Lordships adjourned.

August 13.—Lord Morpeth presented the Irish Church Bill from the Commons. It was afterwards read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Thursday next. The Militia Staff Reduction Bill, also presented from the Commons, was read a first time.—Their Lordships then resolved into Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill. Lord Lyndhurst moved as an amendment the preservation of the inchoate rights of freemen. The motion led to considerable discussion. Their Lordships eventually divided on it. The numbers were—for the original clause, 37; for the amendment, 130; majority against Ministers, 93. Lord Lyndhurst then moved a new clause, to secure to freemen the right of voting, as was secured to them in the Reform Act, in respect of Members of Parliament. After a short discussion, the gallery was about to be cleared for a division; but Lord Melbourne, who had opposed the amendment, said, as the numbers had so preponderated against him on the former division, he would not trouble their Lordships to divide. The amendment was agreed to. Upon clause 4, the Duke of Wellington moved that the boundaries of boroughs should remain unaltered, which, with the subsequent addition, "until Parliament shall further determine," was acceded to. Clause 5 was postponed; clauses 6, 7, and 8 were agreed to. The House then resumed, and their Lordships adjourned.

August 14.—The Militia Staff Reduction Bill was read a second time *pro formâ* and ordered to be committed on Monday, when the debate will be taken.—The House was occupied for some time in receiving petitions on the subject of the Cor-

porations Reform Bill. Their Lordships then went into Committee upon the Bill. On the clause relating to the common council, Lord Lyndhurst moved an amendment that the persons eligible as members of the common council should consist of one-sixth of the whole number of rate-payers in every borough, being those who paid the highest rates. Upon a division the motion was carried by a majority of 120 to 39. Clauses 17 to 23, inclusive, were agreed to with some verbal amendments. The 24th being likely to excite discussion, the House resumed, and the Committee obtained leave to sit again on Monday. Their Lordships then adjourned.

House of Commons, July 9.—At the morning sitting of the Commons, the Tolls Manure Exemption Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Prisoners' Counsel Bill was read a third time, on a division of 43 against 36; two close divisions on clauses 2 and 3 took place, but they were carried, and the Bill passed, with an alteration in the 4th clause, limiting the right to be heard by counsel before magistrates to cases where they had summary jurisdiction.—At the evening sitting the House resolved itself into committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill, when the schedules came under consideration. An amendment of Mr. Grote, that thirty councillors be the number in the corporation of Bath, in lieu of forty-eight, was rejected on a division by 105 against 72. The first and second schedules having been disposed of, as also the two sections of schedule B and schedule C, Lord John Russell intimated his intention of bringing up the report on Tuesday.—Mr. Wallace brought forward his motion for inquiry into the management of the Post-office, but subsequently withdrew it at the suggestion of different Members, in order to wait until the Commissioners had completed their investigation.—The Assizes (Ireland) Bill was read a third time.—The Glasgow Universities Bill was read a first time.—An address to his Majesty, to confirm the Treasury Minute for the retiring pension of Mr. Seymour, the Sergeant-at-Arms, was carried by acclamation.

July 10.—The Medway Navigation Bill was withdrawn.—Mr. Duncombe presented a petition from Lieut.-Col. Bradley, of his Majesty's 2d West Indian Regiment, complaining of the conduct of Major Arthur. The Hon. Member gave notice of a Select Committee on the subject.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to Mr. T. Attwood, said that he would bring forward the Budget as soon as possible. —The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply on the Miscellaneous Estimates, when several sums were voted.—The second reading of the Election Expenses and Qualification Bill was carried after two divisions.—Mr. M. Phillips withdrew his motion for leave to bring in a Bill relating to the Penal Statutes against persons impugning the Trinity.

July 13.—Mr. Perrin gave notice of a motion for leave to bring in a Bill to regulate the Municipal Corporations of Ireland.—The Irish Church Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday next.—In reply to an observation from Mr. D. W. Harvey, Lord J. Russell said that he had it in command from his Majesty to state that his Majesty was willing to place at the disposal of Parliament the whole of his Majesty's interest in the rights, privileges, and patronage of the Irish Church.—The House then resolved itself into a Committee of Supply. An animated discussion took place on the grant for Irish education, which was carried, on a division, by a majority of 143 against 41.

July 14.—Lord Lowther moved for certain returns connected with the Post Office, which, after a discussion on the management of that department, were ordered.—On the motion of Lord J. Russell (*pro forma*) the House went into Committee upon the Municipal Corporations Bill, to which several new clauses were appended. The Bill, in its amended state, was then ordered to be printed.—Mr. Gisborne's motion for the re-appointment of a Select Committee to consider the claims of the Baron de Bode was rejected, on a division, by a majority of 177 against 59.—Mr. R. Wason's motion for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into certain allegations in petitions from Great Yarmouth, touching the manner of conducting the last election, was carried after a most animated debate, on a division, by 186 against 132.

July 15.—There being only 36 Members present at four o'clock, the Speaker declared the House to stand adjourned till to-morrow.

July 16.—In reply to inquiry, the Attorney-General said that he feared there would be no opportunity to proceed with the Imprisonment for Debt Bill until the Municipal Corporations Bill had passed that House.—Lord Morpeth presented further documents from the Commissioners on Education in Ireland.—Mr. Gladstone, Sir H. Hardinge, and Mr. Goulburn, complained of the deficiency of information hi-

therto presented as to the religious persuasion of the children attending the schools. —Mr. G. Berkeley moved the appointment of a Select Committee to ascertain what arrangements could be made for the admission of ladies to the debates. The motion was carried by a majority of 49: the ayes being 153, the noes 104.—Lord J. Russell moved that the Municipal Corporations Bill be again re-committed, he proposing that the Bill should be read a third time on Monday. With the view to this end (his Lordship said in reply to Sir R. Peel) he wished that new clauses might be moved on the third reading, and that amendments on clauses might be taken now.— The House then went into the Committee.—Mr. Borthwick moved to omit the word "male," it being provided "that every male person of full age, &c. was eligible to be a burgess and to vote." The Committee divided on it. The numbers were, for the clause in its original state, 135; for the amendment, 69; majority against the alteration, 66.—Mr. Praed's amendment to preserve the rights of freemen, as secured by the Reform Bill, called forth an animated discussion. On a division the numbers were, for the clause, 262; for the amendment, 234; majority, 28.—Several other divisions afterwards took place on proposed amendments, and all the clauses up to 48 were agreed to.

July 17.—The House resolved itself into Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill, and after the remaining clauses to be discussed had been got through, the report was received, and the third reading fixed for Monday, until which day the House adjourned.

July 20.—Mr. W. Patten stated that, in consequence of what had taken place respecting Orange Lodges in Ireland and the army, he had been directed by the Committee to move that they report on certain parts of the evidence, and that the minutes of the evidence should be laid on the table of the House. There were other portions of the evidence which were as yet unfit for publication.—Mr. Serjeant Jackson said that he was authorised to contradict the insinuation which had been thrown out, that the Duke of Cumberland had ever issued any warrants for the formation of Orange Lodges in the army, for in the only case in which his Royal Highness had been applied to he refused to sanction the application unless they could procure the consent of the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards. Mr. Jackson did not deny that certain warrants had been signed by his Royal Highness as Grand Master before Orange Lodges had been prohibited by the House, but he had never issued or caused them to be issued since; and if they had been circulated it was done without his consent and without his knowledge.—The Municipal Corporations Bill was read a third time and passed, after an animated debate, which terminated without a division.—On the order of the day for going into Committee on the Stafford Disfranchisement Bill, Mr. W. S. O'Brien moved, as an instruction, "That the privilege of sending two Members to Parliament be transferred from the borough of Stafford to the county of Cork." On a division the motion was rejected by a majority of 159 against 19.—Mr. E. Buller also moved "That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the bribery and corruption which have prevailed at elections for Representatives for the borough of Stafford, and to report the result of their inquiries to the House: that it be an instruction to the Committee that they do report, in the first place, the result of their inquiries as to bribery and corruption in the late election." On a division the motion was rejected by a majority of 98 against 19.—The House then went into Committee, but did not get through the preamble when the Chairman reported progress.

July 21.—The ballot was taken for the appointment of the Election Committee against the return for Hull.—Numerous petitions against the Irish Church Bill were presented.—On the Order of the Day for the House going into Committee on the Church of Ireland Bill, Sir R. Peel brought forward his motion for an instruction to the Committee to divide the Bill into two parts, in order that a separate consideration might be given to the question of tithes, and of the appropriation of the revenues of the Irish Church. The Right Hon. Baronet, in a most admirable speech, contended that if justice could prevail, his motion would be adopted.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted the motion, contending that the object of the Right Hon. Baronet was not to divide the Bill, but to divide the House; for that if the motion were sincere the success of it would not accomplish the Right Hon. Baronet's object, inasmuch as the principle of appropriation pervaded the whole Bill.—Dr. Lefroy spoke in favour of the motion.—Mr. Denison, Mr. G. F. Young, and Mr. French, spoke in opposition to the motion, and Mr. Walter in favour of it. —Sir R. Inglis then rose to address the House, but was interrupted by loud cries of "Divide." As the Hon. Baronet proceeded the confusion increased, and his

voice was lost in the tumult. Eventually the debate, on the motion of Mr. Hume, was adjourned.

July 22.—A motion of Mr. Hume, that Mr. Keith be taken into custody of the Serjeant at Arms, for his conduct in respect to the Ipswich election, was postponed till Friday. Mr. Sparrow was ordered to be called to the bar and discharged. The debate on the motion to the same effect on behalf of Mr. Clipperton was postponed till Friday. Mr. Wason spoke of the conduct of Clipperton as having been peculiarly culpable.—The Earl of Darlington considered that the opposition to the motion was characterised by vindictive feeling; the Member opposite ought not to be his own counsel.—Mr. Wason declared that he was not actuated by vindictive feeling; to say so was not true.—The adjourned debate on the Irish Church Bill was then resumed.—Mr. Hume opened the debate, supporting the Bill, and declaring that if it were not passed the Irish Church must not expect any more aid from Parliament.—Mr. Goulburn supported the proposition of Sir R. Peel, considering that the tithe question was the fit subject for legislation, and required some measure, but that the appropriation provisions ought to be separately considered.—Sir J. Graham, at considerable length, also supported the proposition of Sir R. Peel.—Lord Howick spoke decidedly in favour of the whole Bill, and against any separation of it; if the suggestion could be carried, he should be prepared to abandon the Bill. If the resistance could succeed, there would be passive resistance to the payment of rents. He should prefer the rejection of the whole Bill, rather than the separation.—On the motion of Mr. Brotherton, the debate was again adjourned.

July 23.—The Weights and Measures' Bill was considered in Committee. An amendment of Mr. Estcourt, that all the portion of the clause relative to the stamping of weights, and the regulation of the fees for stamping them, be omitted, was carried on a division, by a majority of 33 against 32. The House then resumed, and went *pro formâ* into Committee on the Election Expenses Bill, which was ordered to be printed with alterations, and read a third time on Wednesday next.—Mr. Sparrow, having appeared at the bar in custody, was admonished by the Speaker for his conduct in respect to the Ipswich election, and then discharged, on payment of the fees.—The question of the unstamped press was brought under the notice of the House by Mr. Robinson, who observed that the Government ought to put an end to the gross violation of the law which was every day committed in the metropolis.—The Attorney-General, in reply, stated that he had taken steps, and would continue to do so while the stamp duties existed, to see the law executed.—Mr. Hume gave notice that on Tuesday, the 30th of July, at which time he expected the evidence of the Select Committee upon Orange Lodges would be upon the table, he should call the attention of the House to the establishment of Orange Lodges in the army, and propose certain resolutions upon the subject. If the evidence were not published in time he should put off his motion.—The Attorney-General obtained leave to bring in a Bill to place Sheriffs of cities on the same footing with the Sheriffs of counties—that the same oaths should be required of both.—The debate on the Irish Church Bill was then again resumed. Mr. Ward spoke in favour of the Bill, and against the separation of it as proposed by Sir R. Peel.—Sir R. Bateson strongly opposed the Bill, and supported Sir R. Peel's proposition. He eulogised Sir J. Graham's speech as able, conclusive, and statesman-like.—Mr. Shiel and Lord Morpeth supported the Bill.—Mr. Serjeant Jackson resisted the Bill; as did Lord Stanley, who exposed the fallacy of the calculations of surplus, if the Protestant Establishment were to be maintained in Ireland.—Lord John Russell defended the Bill at some length, declaring that it had been brought forward most conscientiously, and after the fullest and most anxious consideration.—Mr. O'Connell concluded the debate, speaking strongly for the Bill. The House then divided. The numbers were—For Sir R. Peel's proposition, 282; against it, 319; majority in favour of Ministers, 37. The House then resolved into Committee on the Bill, afterwards reported progress, and then adjourned.

July 24.—The Attorney-General brought in a Bill to amend and explain the oaths taken by Sheriffs of cities, and counties of cities. The object of the Bill had reference to the case of one of the present Sheriffs of London. It was a read a first time, and the second reading ordered for Tuesday next.—Mr. Freshfield moved that Mr. Clipperton be called to the bar, in order to his being reprimanded by the Speaker, and discharged.—Lord John Russell suggested the propriety of deferring the motion until the evidence had been printed, and moved its postponement till Monday, which, on a division, was carried by a majority of 29.—The Attorney-General moved that the Imprisonment for Debt Abolition Bill be re-committed.

Mr. Law proposed its adjournment till Monday. On a division, the numbers were, for reading the order, 96; against it, 14. The House then went into Committee on the Bill. Many alterations were proposed, and several divisions took place. The report of the Bill, as amended, was ordered to be received on Monday, to which day the House adjourned.

July 27.—On the order of the day being moved for going into Committee on the Irish Church Bill, Mr. S. Crawford moved, as an amendment, an address to his Majesty, praying him to take into consideration the distress in Mayo, which he withdrew after a short discussion.—On the House resolving into Committee, the consideration of the clauses up to the 49th was then proceeded with, when the Chairman reported progress.

July 28.—The amendments of the Lords to the Merchant Seamen's Registration Bill were agreed to.—Captain G. Berkeley brought up the report of the Committee on the motion to admit ladies to hear the debates. The report was received with cheers, and ordered to be printed.—The report of the Hull election Committee was brought up, and Colonel Thompson, the sitting member, declared elected.

July 29.—Captain Boldero inquired whether there was truth in the representations that some British sailors had been shot by order of Don Carlos?—Lord Palmerston replied that the only information he had received was from the Commander of the "Ringdove," who stated that some marines having straggled away had been taken; that one had been shot in consequence of the order of Don Carlos respecting all foreigners in arms; and that the others had been marched into the country. These men had belonged to Commodore Henry's squadron, who assisted in the defence of Bilboa against Don Carlos.—The House then went into Committee on the Church of Ireland Bill.—Clauses 58 to 100 were forthwith adopted without discussion.—Mr. Shaw objected to clause 101, as he could not consent to abolish minister's money.—The Bill went through the Committee, Lord Morpeth afterwards moving that there be advanced 50,000*l.* from the Consolidated Fund to the Irish Church Commissioners, for the purpose of being used to promote general education.—Agreed to.—The House then resolved into Committee on the Church of Ireland Act, 3 and 4 Wm. IV., c. 100, sec. 19, relating to the 1,000,000*l.* advanced for the relief of the Clergy of Ireland, and to regulate the remaining portion of the disbursement.—The discussion then proceeded, and the motion was eventually agreed to.—The Chairman then reported progress.—The County Coroners' Bill, and the Polls at Elections Bill, severally passed through Committees without any material amendment, after which the House adjourned.

July 30.—At the evening sitting Mr. Clipperton was called to the bar, reprimanded and discharged.—The report of the Committee on the Irish Church Bill, embodying certain resolutions, was brought up and agreed to.—Lord F. Egerton reported to the House from the Yarmouth Committee, that a man named Prentice had refused to answer questions. He was ordered to attend the House on Friday.—The Attorney General said that he had, with the sanction of Government, prepared two charters, which he thought would satisfy the object of the House in a resolution to which they had come, and the gracious intentions of his Majesty. By the first charter the London University was established, not as a University, but as a College, under the name of "The London University College," with power to manage the affairs of the institution as they were now managed. By the second charter a Metropolitan University was established, with power of granting degrees to all who shall study there, or at institutions similar to the London University College.—Mr. M. O'Connell moved for a Committee on General Darling's conduct, which was opposed by the Ministers, but after some discusion, it was carried—the numbers being, for the motion, 57; against it, 49; majority, 8.

July 31.—The Committee on the Irish Tithe Bill for the insertion of additional clauses was postponed till Monday.—A Select Committee to consider the York Election was appointed on the motion of Lord John Russell.—The Bill relating to the revenues of the Established Church was read a third time.—Mr. Sergeant Perrin brought forward his motion for leave to bring in a Bill to provide for the better regulation of Corporations in Ireland. The Bill chiefly proposes to assimilate the law to the projected law for England, suggesting, however, a 5*l.* household franchise as requisite in Ireland, in many instances, to secure a constituency. After a short discussion, the motion was agreed to. The Bill was afterwards brought in and read a first time.—Lord Morpeth moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the prevention and speedy punishment of offences against the public peace in Ireland, which was agreed to.—The Music and Dancing License Bill went through a Committee.

The report of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill was agreed to, and the third reading fixed for Monday.—The Stafford Disfranchisement Bill was postponed for a fortnight.

August 3.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer entered into a detailed explanation of the terms of the loan contracted for on Monday, which he described as highly advantageous to the country.—The House then went into Committee on the Church of Ireland Bill. Several amendments were proposed and negatived, and the whole of the clause having been agreed to, the House resumed.—Lord John Russell obtained leave to bring in a Bill further to reduce the Militia Staffs in Great Britain and Ireland.—The Sheriffs' Regulation Bill, and the Limitations of the Polls at Elections Bill, were severally read a third time and passed.

August 4.—On the motion of Mr. G. Berkeley, that the report of the Committee for the admission of Ladies to the Gallery of that House be received, a division took place, when the numbers were—for the motion, 86—against it 89—majority against the motion, 3.—Mr. Hume brought forward his promised motion respecting Orange associations in the army.—Lord John Russell proposed the adjournment of the debate until Tuesday next, when he should suggest that those resolutions which contained general statements should be omitted.

August 5.—There being only 22 Members present at four o'clock, the House adjourned till Thursday.

August 6.—Lord F. Egerton, as Chairman, reported from the Committee on the Great Yarmouth Election, that E. H. Lushington Preston, Esq., J. E. Lalor, Esq., and —— Green, Esq., received notices, but declined to answer the questions put to them. The witnesses were called in and admonished by the Speaker.—Mr. Plumtre moved for the minutes of evidence at the trial by Court Martial of Captain Acheson, of the Royal Artillery, at Malta, in the year 1824. The House divided, when there appeared for the motion, 27; against it, 54.

August 7.—The Committee for inquiring into the case of General Darling having been appointed, on the motion of Mr. M. O'Connell, Lord John Russell brought forward his motion for restricting the Committee from entering into the circumstances connected with the Court-Martial upon Captain Robison. An amendment was proposed by Mr. M. O'Connell, to the effect that the Committee should have power to inquire into every thing, with the exception only of the finding and the sentence. A debate ensued, in which several Hon. Members took part. The House divided, when there appeared for the motion 89, for the amendment 86.—The Irish Church Bill was re-committed. On the million clause an amendment was proposed by Mr. Hume; three clauses were also proposed by Mr. B. Bingham. After considerable discussion, they were withdrawn. The remaining clauses of the Bill having been agreed to, the House resumed.—The second reading of the Militia Bill was agreed to, after some discussion, without a division.—The House adjourned at three o'clock.

August 10.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, when the Miscellaneous Estimates were proceeded with, and several grants were voted.—After some angry personal altercation, the discussion of the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill was postponed to Wednesday.—Mr. Hume moved the re-appointment of the Select Committee to inquire into Orange Lodges in the British army. This motion was resisted by Mr. Nicol and other Members, on account of the lateness of the hour.—Mr. Hume consented to postpone his motion for the re-appointment of the Committee until Tuesday.

August 11.—At the evening sitting, on the motion of Lord F. Egerton, W. Prentice was discharged out of custody, having answered the questions put to him by the Yarmouth Committee.—The reduction of the Militia Staff Bill passed through a Committee.—On the motion of Mr. Hume, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the institution and extent of Orange Lodges in Great Britain and the colonies.—The Order of the Day for resuming the adjourned debate on Orange Lodges in Ireland was then read.

August 12.—The Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill was read a second time, after a brief discussion.—The Prisons' Regulation Bill went through a Committee, after an ineffectual effort to get Bridewell exempted from its operation.—Lord Morpeth moved the third reading of the Irish Church Bill. The Bill was, after some discussion, read a third time and passed.—The Slave-owners' Compensation Bill passed through a Committee.—The Imprisonment for Debt Bill and the Tea Duties Bill were severally reported, and ordered to be read a third time on Thursday.

August 13.—At the evening sitting the Tea Duties Bill was read a third time,

virtue of the boasted British constitution, the unchosen, hereditary legislators of the land; vested with the legal power of firing upon, or hanging, (backed by an enormously expensive standing army, officered by their own relatives, but paid out of the labour of the many,) all who resist their exactions, together with the further power of annulling any law, not pleasing to themselves, attempted to be made by the other division of the legislature; whilst even that other division, though nominally chosen by the many, the many are, by the law of property qualification, compelled to choose from among the remaining portion of the falsely educated few, or property union; the many, the while, (except an attempt on the part of the highly paid relatives of the few, the clergy, to teach them the one lesson of submission to all this,) being left totally uninstructed, to the fatal influence of the ill-will-producing circumstances of a miserably unjust organization of the artificial social system; by the operation of which, the idle few, with their hosts of non-productive, that is, merely ostentatious or personal attendants; and multitudes of equally non-productive pampered animals, kept for show, and domestic ones, maintained for amusement; all live, in the most wasteful luxury, unenjoyed from its very excess, (for even the lap-dogs of the property union lack appetite,) on the hard labour of the industrious many, millions of whom are themselves insufficiently fed, and scarcely clothed or housed at all; and all of whom are most irrationally and ungratefully despised by those whose comforts, splendours, and luxuries, they live but to create."

Having quoted this execrable nonsense, we beg leave to ask Mrs. Loudon whether she is productive or non-productive, not whether she has not a brood of incipient radicals hanging at her knees, but whether she gains her bread by the sweat of her brow? Does she work as a charwoman, as a milliner, or in what capacity? for, without she can prove that she exists by manual labour, she is, in the politico-economical sense, unproductive. We believe, if the truth were really known, it would turn out, that her only employment is to sit in her room, and with her pen in her hand, inflated with foolishness and vanity, to mask diabolical opinions under the cloak of religion, and blaspheming in the name of that God whom she may well think indulgent in permitting her to finish her work of abomination. If such books as these be her labour, we tell her, that she is not only more unproductive of good than the highest and the most pampered noble in the land, but that had she the talent to work out her views, she would be as much her country's scourge, as she is our scorn.

Having given a specimen of her powers of libelling, we now show her acquirements in the seditious line.

"Great Britain has been compared to a ship at sea, short of provisions, and not allowed to touch at any port where provisions may be had. But her case is even worse than this, for though her crew are kept on short allowance, her wardroom officers are feasting sumptuously every day, while those very officers are they who will not allow her to touch at any port where plenty may be had, because the majority of them are pursers, and have themselves the selling of the short allowance to the crew—all the dearer for being short!

"The Saviour of mankind, in setting us an example that we should follow his steps, blessed a few small loaves, and by his divine mandate made them sufficient to feed five thousand people. The parliament of christian England follows this example—How?

"By cursing the bread of twenty-five millions of people, and changing, by their word, each poor labourer's portion, into half of that which his Creator has furnished him with the natural means of obtaining for himself."

But as the step from sedition to treason is so easy, Mrs. Loudon does not hesitate to make it, and to tell the people that the kingly office, for that is meant under the term "crown," is but an object of ignorant worship, yielded in ignorance.

"What is the pride of equipage, of title, of a crown itself, of all the baubles in pursuit of which crime is committed, but the ignorant worship, yielded in ignorance, to an ignorant and misjudging public opinion? Let, then, a more enlightened

public opinion teach pride to centre henceforward in virtue, and show men that honesty and disinterestedness, not wealth and power, are greatness; talents and learning, not title and equipage, splendour."

It is because this is the work of a female, that we are so unmeasured in our reprehension. It is because it is from the pen of one of the softer sex, who has thought proper to throw away her attributes, and to leap, like a political Moll Flaggon, into the arena of political gladiatorism, that we show her no mercy. This work has unsexed her. We can imagine a drunken, emaciated disciple of the tottle-of-the-whole legislator, spouting forth such nonsense as he reeled and held on by the door-posts of a gin palace—we could feel for, and pity the poor deluded wretch; but that a lady, an educated person, one that has moved in respectable society, and who might be supposed to feel, that a woman, like the violet, is only sweet in her privacy, in attending to her domestic duties, in rearing up her children to fear God, honour the king, and all who are put in authority under him, should dare to publish a work as treasonable as it is blasphemous, as blasphemous as it is false—that a lady should, in her petty ambition and vanity of semi-intellect, point out to fools and knaves that it is high time that anarchy should stalk forward, that the bloody banner of revolution should be unfurled, and that political licentiousness should be let loose, is to us a subject of indignation and disgust.

The Muse and Poetess, a Lesson from Nature. By EMILY D———. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

We really wish that nobody would send us poetry, for somehow or another, we have almost a horror of it lately. We have the credit of being very severe upon any thing in the shape of a rhyme. Whether it is our fault, or the fault of those who write it, we will leave the reader to judge. But if we dislike reviewing poetry in general, it is still more annoying to have to review the poetry of young ladies. As Candid says, "I am the most peaceable man in the world, and I have killed two men already," so we assert, "That we are the most gallant of all editors in the world, and yet we have smashed half a dozen pretty girls already." In the present instance, we will quote the commencement of one or two of the poems in this little book, and make no comments. The work opens with a summons from the Muse, as follows:

> "Who is it sits 'neath yonder tree?
> I hastily will go and see,
> With grace the lovely form's reclined,
> I to converse feel much inclined,
> She looks exceeding sweet and fair,
> Why 'tis the Muse, I do declare."

The Muse tells Emily D———

> "I've other things for you to *do*,
> Instead of setting there to *sew*."

The consequence is, that Emily D——— writes this little book, and Mr. Hatchard publishes it.

The sailor's wife opens as follows:

> "How peaceful am I in this dear little cot,
> From the world far away, by the world p'r'aps forgot,
> My husband, who loves me, is far from his home,
> No mortal is near me, yet I'm not alone."

Birth-day thoughts,

> " This is my birth-day, *so they say*,
> I'm twenty-three years old to-day."

We really thought that Emily D——— was many years younger.

Gleanings in Natural History, Third and last Series, to which are added, Notices of some of the Royal Parks and Residences. By EDWARD JESSE, ESQ., Surveyor of His Majesty's Parks, Palaces, &c. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

An assemblage of facts is the best, and ought to be the only groundwork for philosophy. In this view, the work before us is entitled to great credit. The volume opens with an amusing and instructive chapter on the sagacity of dogs—indeed, some of the anecdotes absolutely trench on the marvellous—but we hope, nay, we feel assured, that they are authentic—for a gentleman of Mr. Jesse's reputation and acuteness would not peril his work by inserting in it any thing that he did not know to be true, for he must be aware that his book will become one of reference, and any thing in it the least apocryphal, might be injurious to science. After touching upon various other topics connected with natural history, the author makes a kind of summary of the reflections that naturally arise upon what he has written, in an eloquent chapter on the economy of nature. The topographical parts of the volume, relating to Kew and Windsor, are highly interesting, and very curious. The narrative runs in an easy and flowing manner, and makes the work, independently of its intrinsic merits, delightful reading. There are few books lately which have in their perusal afforded us higher gratification. The only part of it that we object to, is to be found in the title-page, intimating that it is the *last* of the series. Mr. Jesse can neither exhaust nature, nor our desire to see him write of it.

The Works of William Cowper. Edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAWE, A. M., Rector of Burton, and Vicar of Biddenham, Author of the " Life of the Rev. Legh Richmond." *With an Essay on the Genius and Poetry of Cowper*, by the Rev. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A.M., Vicar of Harrow. Vol. VIII. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

This is the most interesting volume which has yet appeared. The plates are a portrait of the "Rev. John Johnson," the cousin of Cowper, and the " Rustic Bridge," both good; but we refer not to the plates, but the contents of the volume, in which we find the beautiful hymns of the author, and his translations from Guion and others. There is a holy breathing about the hymns which is very, very attractive; and surely poetry is never so lovely as when her eyes are raised to Heaven in gratitude and love. When it is considered how much moral good may be produced in this world by those who are entrusted with the " many talents" employing them in the cause of religion and virtue, we feel assured that the poet on his death-bed was cheered with the remembrance, that in his hymns he had done well as a faithful servant, and had assisted in raising the infant thoughts to the Fountain of all good, before whose awful judgment-seat he was so soon to appear.

A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption; comprehending an Inquiry into the Causes, Nature, Prevention, and Treatment of Tuberculous and Scrofulous Diseases in General. By JAMES CLARK, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster Row.

This is the most satisfactory work that it has ever been our good fortune to read on this appalling disorder. We see in it the glimmerings of hope, over that once desolate plain of despair, in which are annually buried so great a proportion of the best and the most beautiful of our species, the vast cemetery of consumption. It has been almost the general opinion, that, when tubercles had begun to form in the lungs, the patient was irrevocably doomed. Morbid anatomy, and post-mortem examinations, have proved that the tubercular cancer may even proceed to infiltration, and corrode away a portion of the lungs, and that then nature shall re-assert her powers, stop the corrosion, and cicatrize the orifice it had occasioned. We must discover the mysterious process by which nature frequently performs this, and assist her in the operation. It appears that the scrofulous or strumous habit is the one most prone, indeed, almost the only one, liable to deposit tubercular matter wherever there is a mucous membrane. It also appears that, on the general health, almost the only means of preventing or arresting consumption are to be found. To give a well-founded expectation, even if it cannot give always a cure, to the consumptive, is the great merit of this very skilful work. We are sure that it will convey consolation to thousands, and stimulate all the clever and unbigoted of the medical profession to follow up the lights Mr. Clark has given to the public. This is a medical book that all may read. From its pages the nervous will acquire strength, and the fanciful will never be led astray by its information into imaginary disorders. We think that, hitherto, sufficient attention has not been given to pulmonary disorders, in a country, too, in which so few escape them wholly, in some form, for an entire year. Consumption is the stationary plague of England, and eternal gratitude will be due to him who discovers some specific or improved treatment, that may make the disorder no longer dangerous. That this will be effected, at some period, we feel secure; and whoever may be the fortunate individual that shall achieve this great good, some of his laurels he must, in common fairness, allow to devolve on Dr. Clark. Dr. Marryat, a celebrated physician of the last century, had some singular and beneficial views on this complaint, to which our author has referred, and, by approving, done them due honour. Let every one take this consolation to his heart—that no cold or cough, however severe, will ever superinduce consumption, without a predisposition to that disease exist in the constitution; but they must not, on that account, neglect their colds, for one may die of those when consumption could not harm them.

The Life and Times of General Washington. By CYRUS R. EDMONDS. Thomas Tegg, 73, Cheapside.

We have received the first volume only of this biography, and are enabled to speak well of it as far as it goes. The work resolves itself into something like a history, but a history certainly bearing upon the subject matter, throwing the purely biographical portion in abeyance. However, it is altogether a very interesting book, and singularly and most commendably destitute of any thing like party spirit. We shall reserve ourselves, in order to speak more fully on the attributes of this work, till we receive the second and concluding volume.

The Noble Deeds of Woman. T. Hookham, Old Bond Street; Bailey and Co., Cornhill; Souter, St. Paul's Church Yard.

The authoress has herself achieved a noble deed in recording these noble deeds of the fair. With a graceful chivalry she has stood forward as the champion of her sex, and proved their high capabilities by their lofty acts. It is most rightly dedicated to the ladies of Great Britain and Ireland. These noble deeds are arranged under the heads of maternal, filial, sisterly, and conjugal affection, humanity, benevolence, integrity, fortitude, courage, and presence of mind, hospitality, self-control, gratitude, loyalty, eloquence, patriotism, and, lastly, contributions to science. The author might have added every other virtue that is practicable to human nature. We predict for this work an unexampled patronage. That every lady should possess a copy is but natural; that every gentleman should do so is but loyal. We do not say that all the noble or even the best deeds of women are recorded here: to do the first, were the whole earth covered with parchment, and every son of humanity upon it with a pen in his hand for the space of his natural life employed in the ennobling office, it would not half complete the task; for, from the humble peasant's wife, that hovers soothingly round the straw mattress of her sick partner, to the ermined queen that mourns near the tapestried couch of the royal patient, are not all the sex instigators to, or performers of, a succession of noble deeds? And the noblest—who can know them but those immediately benefited by them? Has not every private family in the kingdom a record of something great and self-sacrificing that none but a woman could perform? Yet the "noble deeds" chronicled in this volume make a noble book. We dismiss it to the honourable and the eager reception that it will every where find.

The Chairman and Speaker's Guide: being an Essay towards a Brief Digest of the Rules required for the orderly Conduct of a Debate: to which is prefixed, an Essay on Public Meetings. By Thomas Smith, Author of "Evolution," &c. Longman and Co. Paternoster Row.

We daily become a more speechifying nation. It is to be deplored certainly, but what help for it? Listening is certainly an operose and tedious employment; the less we have of it, the more time we shall have for speaking; and as the more we speak, and the more that speak, the less will be listened to, it is logically evident, that there is cause at work that must ultimately turn all but the absolutely dumb into orators—*ergo*, in order that we may be as little foolish as possible in the indulgence of this general mania, we must study Tom Smith's book. It is of a most convenient size to be slipped into the waistcoat pocket, and when a speaking gentleman goes to a meeting or a party, if he should happen to be out in his speech, he may slip himself in again by slyly slipping Smith out. Members of Parliament should never be without it. It is a very little book indeed, and a country gentleman, with the aid of his spectacles and a dictionary, might perhaps get through it in three months, and comprehend a little of it in six. After all Mr. Smith's rules, and they are good ones, are mastered, we will add one of our own, the adhesion to which would save many a blundering blockhead from confusion, and looking more than naturally foolish—it is this: "When you have nothing to say, don't attempt to say it." The very appropriate motto of this sensible treatise is, *order! order! order!*

Indian Sketches: taken during an Expedition to the Pawnee and other Tribes of the American Indians. By JOHN T. IRVING, Jun. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

The encroachment of the pale faces on the inheritance of the Indians having produced the disastrous consequences of forcing those that were nearest to the American frontier back on the wilder tribes, horrible and exterminating wars ensued; and in order as far as possible to remedy this, the United States sent into the back woods and over the prairies a pacificatory and somewhat numerous mission, well appointed with an abundance of presents. From this cause originated the animated volumes before us. They are most valuable on many accounts. They will be faithful records of races that are fast perishing from the face of the earth; races that seem to possess an indomitable spirit of vagrancy, and who, from their wild, untamable, and predatory habits, may well lay claim to be descended from the "mighty hunter." These volumes also afford a vast field for contemplation to those who delight in viewing man physically and physchologically under singular circumstances. Independently of this, there is a deep strain of beauty in the descriptive parts that is peculiarly captivating, and much excellent humour in the less serious ones. The various traits of individual character are highly amusing, and touched in with the hand of a master. The book is full of adventure, and has an exciting interest about it that fiction may sometimes equal but cannot surpass. We repeat, it is a good work, and let it be read.

Paracelsus. By ROBERT BROWNING. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

We suppose that the author did not wish his work to be very comprehensible. He has succeeded in throwing more than the beautiful mists of poetry around it. We understand it thus: that Paracelsus, the famous physician, quack, and rosicrusian, is made to embody those natural and irrepressible aspirations of the human mind, to seek and to obtain the *summum bonum*. He first pursues knowledge—and he fails; and then love—not the individual, but universal—and again fails. Twice he aspires—and twice he attains. The last effort is crowned by complete success or death. Probably the moral intended to be contained in this mystical production, is that success and death are identical. There are many touches of beauty, almost Shakesperian, in the work; but its general tone is homely, and its contents crude. It is a poem ambitiously unpopular.

Sonnets. Ry the Rev. CHARLES STRONG, A.M., formerly Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, author of "Sonnets from the most Celebrated Italian Poets, with Translations." John Murray, Albemarle Street.

These classically-constructed sonnets are the offspring of a highly-attempered yet chastened mind. Many of them may be esteemed as models for this kind of verse. Mr. Strong has done much to vindicate the capability of the English language of being perfectly equal to the construction of the sonnet, and to rescue from reproach the usually invidious epithet—"sonneteer."

The Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth. By EDWARD OSLER, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

We acknowledge this biography to be very good; it is a clear narrative of facts and an unvarnished tale, and we should have been inclined to dwell much more on its merits than we do now, had it not been that Mr. Osler must first exculpate himself from a charge preferred against him, whether true or not, we cannot say. We confess that the life of such a man as Lord Exmouth is public property, but still we consider that the surviving relations have an interest in his Memoirs which no one has a right to pirate, and which is admitted by the public as a security for the truth of what is written. We are told that the whole papers and correspondence of the late Lord Exmouth were placed in the hands of the Bishop of Hereford, and that the Biography is now being written by the worthy prelate. If so, why has Mr. Osler forestalled this work in progress by the one before us? We consider this as piracy and unfair in every sense of the word, if true—but whether pirated or not, the work is a good work, and Lord Exmouth's relatives have no reason to complain of what Mr. Osler has written, although they may be displeased with the *modus*.

Plantagenet. 3 vols. John M'Crone, St. James's Square.

This novel, or whatever the author may rejoice to have it called, is a work of singular power, yet of a most irregular construction. The principal character is a strange specimen of the civilized savage, half hero, half barbarian, fiercely and haughtily aristocratic in his bearing, but wildly democratic in his principles. It is well supported, but by no means a pleasing delineation. The work is strangely unequal, and reminds one of a fair province broken up by earthquakes into sublime mountains, horrid and repelling crags, barren wastes, with many a green spot of surpassing beauty intervening. We should say decidedly that the spirit of it is doubtful, and that the author has often placed himself on the very verge of probability. But, however we may object to its violence of tone or its ultra-radical tendency, it will, from the irresistible charm of its power, the intensity of its language, and the highly-wrought interest of its plot, be read and re-read with avidity. There is about it something Byronic —a shattered nobleness that, appealing to the loftier emotions, overpowers in the breast, for the moment, the strict moral sense, and we admire what we read, not because it is perfect or even abstractedly good, but because it is imposing and grand. This work will command many readers—and it deserves to be read.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. *With Imaginative Illustrations, by* J. M. W. TURNER, Esq. R.A. John M'Crone, St. James's Square.

This well-appointed edition has now attained its fourth volume, and is wholly occupied with the little-regarded poem of "Paradise Regained." The notes are copious and well-selected; and the frontispiece, a portrait of the great poet, by Cornelius Jansen, engraved by Edwards, is a very pleasing and highly-finished specimen of the fine arts. Turner's vignette title-page of the "Temptation on the mountain" is well-conceived and very skilfully designed. We are surprised that he should be able to compress so much in a space so small. We make no doubt but this will become the household edition of Milton wherever the English language is spoken.

Abolition of Pauperism, a Discovery in Internal National Polity. By the Author of "Old Bailey Experience." Steil, 20, Paternoster Row.

The author of this clever pamphlet holds out, in his title-page, a prospect of independence for every man, woman, and child, in the country, so as to cause an abrogation of the poor laws, and a concentrating of the benefits of all charities, while it removes the degradation inflicted on the recipients. The author has propounded all this to Lord Brougham, and what Lord Brougham thinks of the matter, this pamphlet sayeth not. The scheme is to turn the nation into one vast benefit society, in which the "tottle of the whole" of the empire shall subscribe, from twopence a week upwards, to five shillings, to the society. So much for the accumulating of the funds; now for the dispensing of them: when a man can no longer pay, he must declare upon the box and receive according to his previous subscription—the sum never to be less than eight shillings, nor more than twenty per week. We shall abstain from making any comment on this plan. All that we have to say is, that, as authorship is notoriously precarious, we are ready with our twopence.

Cyclopedia of Anatomy and Physiology. Edited by ROBERT TODD, M.D., Lecturer on Anatomy and Medicine at the Westminster School of Medicine. *Illustrated by numerous Engravings.*

We have received the first part of this very necessary work, and find amongst its contributors, names of the highest medical celebrity. Both the wood-cuts and the engravings of this number are excellent. When we consider the rapid improvement that the medical science is daily making, this work, to keep pace with the public wants, was imperatively called for, and the call has been most satisfactorily met. In our next notice we shall give a list of the very able contributors to this work, which will afford the world high assurance against the blunders of ignorance, the mistakes of prejudice, or the injurious pretensions of quacks.

Evolution, or the Power and Operation of Numbers, in the Statement, the Calculation, the Distribution, and the Arrangement of Quantities Linear, Superficial, and Solid. By THOMAS SMITH. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, Paternoster Row.

We approve of this book much. It is rational, in the highest sense of the word, and makes the contemplation of what is generally looked upon as a dry and crabbed science, a pleasing and even refreshing exercise of the mind. In it many difficulties are explained and some errors exploded. We really wish that we may be able to tempt good easy folks to read this work. It will give them an insight into the powers of their own minds, and prove to them what latent abilities they possess, till then unknown. The powers, the adaptation, and the coincidences of numbers are very curious. Mr. Smith has made fractions, duodecimals, the square and cube roots, much more easily of comprehension than the intricacies of whist, and in a manner almost as pleasant as playing a winning rubber. As you may lose at whist, and with his book you must gain, the book is, upon the whole, the more agreeable of the two.

The Sacred Classics; or, the Cabinet Library of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. B. CATTERMOLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A. John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly; Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court, &c. &c.

The twenty-first volume introduces the reader into the lofty regions of the sacred poetry that elevated the minds and warmed the hearts of our ancestors in the 17th century. There is laid before him the whole of Giles Fletcher's Christ's Victory and Triumph, with copious selections from Spenser, Davies, Milton, Quarles, &c. This volume contains a very able introduction from the pen of Mr. Cattermole, in which he points out the most legitimate and the highest direction of poetry—that of lifting our souls to the contemplation of the wondrous attributes and infinite benevolence of the Deity. The poetry itself, notwithstanding its occasional quaintness, which is with us often a recommendation, contains a mine of the most noble and the tenderest thoughts, which are not only aids but incentives to piety, to the love of God, and to goodwill towards all our fellow-creatures.

Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society. By EMMA ROBERTS, author of "Memoirs of the Royal Houses of York and Lancaster," "Oriental Scenes," &c. &c. 3 vols. Allan and Co. Leadenhall Street.

A book of very superior order. The writer has seen much, observed closely, and narrated most pleasingly. It is a book from which we could with difficulty tear ourselves, abounding, as it does, with vivacious anecdote, sound remark, and most valuable information. It treats of matters so various, that it is not in our power even to hint at them. The most thorough knowledge of India, that mere description can impart, will be found in these volumes. We assure our readers that these few words of commendation, inadequate as they are, are not used lightly. Miss Roberts has produced three volumes of sterling merit; which, if they cannot exactly be called history, afford the very best materials for producing it, doing, at the same time, herself great honour and the world essential service.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. *To which are added, Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c. And Notes by various Hands.* 8 Vols. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This seventh volume sustains the high character of this conveniently-sized, and beautifully-illustrated edition. The frontispiece is a view of the "Walls of Chester," by that clever artist, Stanfield, finely engraved by E. Finden, and the vignette title-page a portrait of Johnson, and his substantial shadow, Boswell, enjoying an amicable confabulation in the doctor's sitting-room in Bolt Court. The plate is interesting and well done. As no pains have been spared in making this edition worthy of Johnson, and acceptable to the public, we trust that the public will show a due sense of the favour done them by speedily absorbing the whole edition.

National Songs, and Vagaries in Verse. By J. W. Lake, Esq. Bennis, Paris; Rivington, Waterloo Place.

Mr. Lake, like an unreclaimed hawk, flies at every thing. The epic is not too lofty, tragedy too grave, the monody too sombre, farce too light, or the *jeu de mots* too sportive for him, for this volume partakes of all those compositions in an epitomized form. To continue the simile of the hawk, his flights are at times very lofty, though never very low—he often strikes his quarry, and quite as often misses it, but even his misses are good stoops. His puns contain three distinct kinds of excellences—one class of them are excellent because they are intrinsically good, another class are excellent in right of their position, but the great portion of them are *most* excellent, through the sublimity of their atrocity. Sometimes he will pun you a word into two languages and three meanings—*ex. gra.* L.'or.e, which the reader may either construe as lore, (learning,) l'or, (gold,) or (lower,) for it will make a sort of sense with all. To conclude, for an hour's amusement, the book may be successfully taken up.

Gil Blas de la Jeunesse à l'usage des Ecoles. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

This is a valuable addition to our school books. The French idiom is much better acquired by the style of "Gil Blas," than that of the "Telemaque" of Fénelon, and we therefore wish it every success. We must, however, inquire of Mr. Whittaker, how *and where* the book was printed? We have the name of a Mr. Vogel, High Street, Camberwell, to the end of the preface; but if we are to judge by the incorrectness of the *linings*, the paper, and the type, we should say either that Mr. Vogel is a very bad printer, or what strikes us more forcibly as being the truth, that this book was not printed in this country, but has been imported from abroad. We have already suffered too much from the piratical attempts of those who can afford to undersell when they steal the copyright. We trust that we are mistaken, and that Mr. Whittaker has not turned traitor to the fraternity, but has only employed a printer who is no credit to the art.

Remarks on the Character ascribed by Colonel Napier to the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval. Second Edition, with a Postscript, in Reply to Colonel Napier's Counter Remarks. By DUDLEY M. PERCEVAL, ESQ. James Fraser, Regent Street.

One of Gay's Fables commences with these lines,

> "They who in quarrels interpose
> Will often wipe a bloody nose."

From the commencement of this literary warfare we have never offered our opinion—we have plenty of quarrels of our own, and are not Quixotic. In most of these quarrels there is a black, as well as a white side to the shield. We decide that both parties are equally right, or what comes to just the same thing, equally wrong, and we recommend them to withdraw a juror.

Jamaica as it was, as it is, and as it may be; comprising interesting Topics for Absent Proprietors, Merchants, and Valuable Hints to Persons intending to Emigrate to that Island; also an Authentic Narrative of the Insurrection in 1831, *with a Faithful Detail of the Manners, Customs, and Habits of the Colonists, with a Description of the Country, &c.* By a retired MILITARY OFFICER. Hurst, 65, St. Paul's Church Yard.

This is a long title to a very short book, but good as it is short. We fear we may look upon the West India colonies as lost to all good purposes. We have paid twenty millions, not for our whistle, but for a sectarian whine. It cannot now be helped. The appeal to black consciences, either here or in the other islands, would be equally useless. One class will not work, the other will not cease to instigate them in persevering in their idleness. We wish every one to read this work dispassionately. It contains no special pleading, no oratorical flourishes, no appeals either to passion or prejudice; but facts—and such *facts*. We do not think that a single emancipatist ever rightly knew what a negro was. Outwardly he may be, as a learned and pious divine has said, "God's image carved in ebony." We will not make so free with the Deity. But, mentally, what has he ever proved himself? Did ever an emancipatist trust a negro? attempt to fathom his intellectual capabilities? to ascertain his prevailing notions? What they really are, despite of ages of religion and instruction, a perusal of this work will show. They are not fit to be, and perhaps never will be fit to be, their own masters, let the white man do what he will for him.

The Land of Vision; or, Glimpses into the Past, Present, and the Future. J. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

This is a very singular, and a very bold work. We are told, most emphatically, by the Scriptures, that Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the imagination to conceive, the rewards which are allotted to the good. The author, however, has a different opinion, and he imagines himself able to give us a very good insight into the sublime mysteries and pleasures prepared for us in heaven. In making the attempt he has proved the truth of the saying in the Scriptures, for all his joys of heaven are nothing but earth purified, and those who are in it evidently still cling to earthly things. His failure is no disgrace; he can only be accused of presumption; neither does it in our opinion much depreciate from the real merit of the work, which is considerable. Generally speaking, the writing is very beautiful; and although it is impossible to help smiling at such a very respectable old gentleman as Moses, giving an account to Noah of his *first love*, still the narrative is very beautifully penned. There is a little of every thing in this work, and in almost every point discussed there is much good sense; the fault is, that although very clever, proceeding from the pen or mouth of man, it is not that perfection which we should expect from an angel of so high a rank as Ithuriel. Still there is a charm about the book, and we have read it with pleasure; the associations are agreeable, and no one can read it without being improved, not only by the writing, but from that communion with his own thoughts which must naturally arise from the nature of the subject. We hope that the author will write again, and if he does, that he will be satisfied with putting his ideas into the mouths of men, and not go up to heaven again before his time.

Code of Universal Naval Signals. By CRANMORE PHILLIPPS, R.N. Longman and Co. Paternoster Row.

We have examined this little book, having dabbled a little in this way ourselves, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be the nucleus of what the author would attempt, to wit, a universal code. The apparatus is attended with very little expense, and from the flags being diversified in their forms, will always be made out with much more facility than others. As they are at present published in the English language only, they of course are not yet available as a universal code; but when the author has added to them the necessary column, containing the meaning of the sentences and words in French, Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese, they will then become what he intends them to be, and we trust that they will meet with the patronage and success which they deserve. We may here remark, that another code of signals by Sir J. Malcolm, of very superior merit, has also been submitted to us, and they appear to us to be much better adapted to our navy than those at present in use, which are complicated and expensive. Mr. Phillipps's are equally adapted to the merchant service, and certainly are a great improvement in many points upon those which are at present in use.

Colburn's Modern Novelists. Vol. IX. The Disowned. By EDWARD LYTTON BULWER. Richard Bentley, London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and J. Cumming, Dublin.

This volume completes the impassioned and well-written novel of the Disowned. It is embellished with a frontispiece well representing the scene where "the Disowned" breaks in upon the excited and credulous father. The vignette title-page is also a striking incident properly displayed, though we think that the narrowness of the footpath upon which the intruding aristocrat found his death is not sufficiently marked. Well inclined as we are to do just honour to Mr. Bulwer's talents, we shall not weary the reader by a repetition of panegyric that all the world allows to be merited. This edition does justice, in its getting up, to the able writer who occupies this part of it.

A History and Description of the Different Varieties of the Pansy, or Heart's-Ease, now in Cultivation in the British Gardens. Illustrated with Twenty-four coloured Figures of the Choicest Sorts. By J. SINCLAIR and J. FREEMAN. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

We have received the first number of this cheap and elegant work, containing a coloured plate and description of the "Allen's John Bull," and a noble Pansy it is. Every thing necessary to be known of either a scientific or practical nature of this flower is amply and clearly displayed in this number. We wish the work success.

The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

A very good selection of popular morceaux, ranging through a great variety of subjects. We can safely recommend it.

Catechism of Foreign Exchanges, and the Effects of an Abasement of Bullion. By JOHN TAYLOR, Author of "Junius Identified." Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

In a commercial country like ours, this book ought to be in every body's hands. The landholder should study it most particularly, as in it his interests are very ably advocated, and his position most lucidly explained. The merchant will always take care of himself; self-preservation is the constant lesson of his life—himself and his capital are always transferrable, but the landlord is a fixture—he must sit down passively, and endure all reverses, for he has yet to learn, that the amount of his rents depends almost wholly on our foreign trade; and this learning he will find in the meritorious and modest little work before us.

The Linwoods, or Sixty Years since in America. Edward Churton, Holles Street.

We have a vivid recollection of Hope Leslie, as one of the most pleasing tales of fiction that we ever read, and finding that this work was written by the same authoress, we took it up with an anticipation of being pleased, and we have not been disappointed. This is a beautifully pure novel in language and sentiment, with much interest, and with characters admirably drawn—one of those works which it is a pleasure to have in one's library, to hand down for the perusal of a friend. We presume Miss Sedgwick is an American—whether she be so or English, either country may be proud of her.

Le Nouveau Testament de notre Seigneur Jésus Christ. Edition stéréotypée, revue et corrigée avec soin. John Reid, Glasgow; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Whittaker and Co. London.

To English youth of both sexes, and particularly to that portion of them who are likely to visit foreign parts, we recommend this very handsome though diminutive edition of the New Testament in the French language. We see no great impropriety in those who are learning French taking it with them to church or using it at their devotions. As it is the thought, not the language, that is acceptable to the Divine Being, there can be no sin in thus insensibly acquiring the knowledge of a foreign tongue, even though the rest of the congregation are praying in English.

Constitutional Magazine. Published by Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

We have received the first numbers of this well-concocted periodical, and we assure the reader that we have no intention either to descant upon it ill-naturedly, or to damn it with faint praise. The former would be an injustice, the latter an insincerity of which we are too proud to be guilty. We think that the class of readers, to whom it is particularly addressed, will find it excellent, though the extremes of party will be invidious enough to condemn its *juste milieu* tone. We trust, that crowded as is the periodical highway, there will be still room enough left upon it for an individual of such sound *constitutional principles* to jostle successfully forward.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers, Esq. Part VII. Illustrated by One Hundred and Twenty-eight Vignettes, from Designs by Stothard and Turner. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

This elegant work sustains its well-merited popularity. It must be a satisfaction to the venerable and much-esteemed poet to witness the increased circulation of his beautiful writings. We are given to understand that the sale is enormous, and we rejoice at it, not only for the sake of the publisher, but because such works cannot be too widely circulated.

The Eclectic Gazette, or Register of the Arts, Sciences, and Literature; to be continued every alternate Wednesday. B. Steil, Paternoster Row.

We have received the first two numbers of this cheap periodical, which for many reasons has found favour in our sight, among the most prominent of which are its excellent moral tone, judicious selection of subjects, and, above all, its very modest but greatly expressive motto, "Full gladly would we teach, and gladly learn." In these times of impudent infidelity and ill-disguised sedition, antidotes like the one before us will be welcomed by every well-wisher of his country.

A Manual of Entomology, Nos. IX. and X. from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmiester. By W. E. SHUCKHARD, M.E.S. Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street; Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

This little work rises in reputation. The clearness of the type, and the elegant delicacy of the plates, leave us nothing more to wish. The remarks upon the larvæ in these numbers are excellent.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Smith's Wealth of Nations, Vol. II. fcp. 5*s.*
Twenty Sermons. By the Rev. Hugh White, A.M. 4th edition, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Young Minister's Guide. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Young Minister's Companion. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Rogers's Law and Practice of Elections. Fourth edit. 12mo. 20*s.*
The American Annual Register, 1831-1832. Second edit. 8vo. 21*s.*
Hansard's Debates. Third series, Vol. XXVIII. (being Vol. III. Session 1835,) 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* boards, 1*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* half-bound.
Blair's Tutor's Key. 18mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
The Conquest of Florida. By Theodore Irving, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Todd's Student's Manual. 12mo. 6*s.*
Jesse's Gleanings. Vol. I. Third edit. post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Lambert's Cricketer's Guide. New edit. 18mo. 1*s.*
Pullen's Vindication of the Church of England. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Ford's Essay on the Key in Music. 8vo. 3*s.*
Dr. Beattie's Switzerland. Vol. II. 4to. 20*s.*
The Marys; or, Beauties of Female Holiness. By R. Philip. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Reed's Narrative of Six Months' Residence in a Convent. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
The Invalid's Hymn Book. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Slavery in America. By William Jay; edited by Dr. Morrison. 12mo. 4*s.*
Visible History—England. By C. Williams. 12mo. 3*s.*
The British Constitution; its Origin and History. 16mo. 3*s.*
Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion. 3 vols. 22*s.* 6*d.*
Treatise on Meteorological Phenomena. By G. Hutchison. 8vo. 16*s.*

The Shrubbery. By the Compiler of "Fruits and Flowers," &c. 32mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Charles Ross; or, Truth and Fiction. 18mo. 3*s.*
Analytical Dictionary of the English Language. By D. Booth. 4to. 2*l.* 5*s.*
Magendie's Formulary of New Remedies, with an Appendix. By Dr. C. W. Gregory. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Whitehead's Short Hand Improved. 18mo. 4*s.*
Progressive German Reader, for Schools. By J. G. Tiarks and O. Schmidt. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Earth. By Robert Mudie. Royal 18mo. coloured plates, 5*s.*
Account of New Zealand, and of the Formation, &c. of the Church Missionary Society's Mission in the Northern Island. By the Rev. W. Yate. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Linwoods; or, "Sixty Years since" in America. By Miss Sedgwick. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Notes from various Commentators, adapted to White's Diatessaron. By the Rev. F. Wickham. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Report of a Committee of the Manchester Statistical Society, on the State of Education in 1834. 8vo. 1*s.*
The Christian Ministry and the Establishment of Christianity: Two Discourses. By the Rev. J. C. Crosthwaite, M.A. 8vo. 6*s.*
Leach's Selections from Gregory and Celsus. New edit. 18mo. 4*s.*
Translation of ditto. 18mo. 4*s.*
Introduction to the Study of Practical Medicine. By John Macrobin, M.D. 8vo. 5*s.*
The History of the Condition of Women in various Ages and Nations. By Mrs. D. L. Child. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Webb's Farmer's Guide. Third edit. 12mo. 4*s.*
Martinet's Pathology. By Dr. Quain. Fourth edit. 18mo. 7*s.*
Memoirs of the Life of John Mytton, Esq. By Nimrod. 8vo. With 12 coloured plates, 21*s.*
New London Dispensatory. Second edition. By Dr. T. Cox and Dr. Gregory. 8vo. 14*s.*
Manual of Select Medical Bibliography. By Dr. John Forbes. Royal 8vo. 15*s.*
Dictionary of Terms used in Medicine. By R. D. Hoblyn, M.A. 12mo. 9*s.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A novelty in embellished works is about to appear, entiled "The Book of Gems," to consist of specimens of the Poets from Chaucer to Prior, each poet illustrated by Engravings from the works of the most distinguished painters, and each accompanied by a Biography of the Poet. The volume will contain Fifty-Three of these exquisite Engravings, all by the first artists, and all from original paintings. It will thus present the combined attractions of poetry, painting, and engraving, whilst affording specimens of every variety of excellence in these several departments. The work is intended for publication on the 1st of November.

Miss Landon's new Poem, "The Vow of the Peacock," will be published on the 5th instant, with a Portrait of the talented authoress, the first that has appeared, beautifully engraved by Mr. Finden.

Mr. Grattan, who has so long been silent in that department of literature in which he has been so successful as one of the most popular novelists, has it seems at length resumed his pen, and committed to the press a new historical novel, of the time of Elizabeth. The scene is laid, we understand, in Germany, and the principal characters are, a celebrated Archbishop of Cologne, a no less celebrated beauty of that period, and a Duchess of Saxe Cobourg, of the Princess Victoria's family.

Mr. James, author of "The Gipsy," has nearly ready a work descriptive of the Educational Institutions of Germany, the details of which were obtained by much personal application and inspection, during the recent residence of the distinguished author on the continent.

The Translation of Schlegel's valuable Lectures, "On the Philosophy of History," by James Burton Robertson, Esq., with a Life of the Author, is now completed, and will be published in a few days.

Mr. Chorley's new series of Tales, on which he has been for some time past engaged, will appear early in the present month.

Miss Stichney's interesting new work, "The Poetry of Life," will be ready for publication in the ensuing week.

Dr. Hogg's "Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem," comprising the valuable results of his researches and observations, is now ready, embellished with a Picturesque View of Balbec and Damascus.

The concluding Volume of Mr. Grimshawe's beautiful edition of Cowper is now ready, the embellishments are, a Sea View of "Mundsley," in Norfolk, a watering place, visited by Cowper during his illness, "and "Weston Hall," the seat of Sir John Throgmorton, and the scene of many of his happy hours, while residing in that neighbourhood. This beautiful Edition, now completed, will doubtless be in great demand, as the first and only Complete Edition of this admirable Poet's "Life, Letters, and Poems," extant.

In the press, and shortly will be published, an interesting little work, entitled, "What is Phrenology? its Evidence and Principles familiarly Considered, by the Author of "Five Minutes' Advice on the Teeth."

"The Child's Own History of France, embellished with portraits of the kings from Pharamond to the present time, by W. Law Gane," will be ready about the middle of next month.

The Student's Manual, designed to aid in forming and strengthening the Intellectual and Moral Character and Habits of the Student. By the Rev. John Todd.

Schleirmacher's Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato, translated from the German. By Wm. Dobson, M.A. Cambridge.

A History of British Quadrupeds. By Thomas Bell, Esq., Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at Guy's Hospital.

A new Annual, called Baxter's Agricultural and Horticultural Annual, for 1836, with the valuable discoveries and improvements in Farming, Gardening, and Rural Economy, during the past year.

What is Phrenology? its Evidence and Principles familiarly considered. By the Author of "Five Minutes' Advice on the Teeth."

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual. Edited by the Rev. W. Ellis.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book for 1836: with Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.

A Memoir of the Rev. Wm. Carey, D.D., more than forty years Missionary in India, Professor of Oriental Languages, &c. By the Rev. Eustace Carey.

FINE ARTS.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Scriptures. From finished Drawings made by STANFIELD, TURNER, *&c. With Descriptions of the Plates,* by the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B.D. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In this number we have "Damascus," "Jacob's Well near Sechem," "Jerusalem and the Temple," and the "Broken Statue of Memnon at Thebes," all admirably engraved and full of poetry. This work has been an undertaking attended with great expense, but which nevertheless will, we have no doubt, fully reward the enterprise of the publisher. It is indeed a work for which we ought to feel grateful to Mr. Murray. It is impossible to examine the plates without the mind falling into serious contemplation and holy breathings. Every view recals the most interesting parts of the Scriptures, and we pause and think, we trust, with benefit to ourselves. May God prosper it, for every copy which is sold will make a better man.

Switzerland. By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. &c. Illustrated by a Series of Views, taken expressly for this Work, by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. Part XIV. George Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

It is almost supererogatory to mention this beautiful work. The sale has been so enormous, that if it were not to acknowledge that we have received the number, we should leave it unnoticed, for we can be of no service to it. The plates of this

number consist of the "Cathedral of Sion in Valais," "Bellenzona," "Castle of the Bishop of Sion," and "Friberg." The last is a most beautiful specimen of light and fairy engraving.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery, a Series of Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Germany, and other Picturesque Portions of the European Continent. By CLARKSON STANFIELD, Esq. R. A. Part IV. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

"Portsmouth Harbour," "The Semaphore," "Arched Rock at the Nicolles Passage," and "Havre de Grace," are the four plates in this number. Like every thing which has been touched by Stanfield, they are excellent; particularly the "Arched Rock by Moonlight." The time will come when early impressions of this national work will be as valuable as they will be scarce.

Royal Submarine Exhibition, No. 209, Regent Street.

We have visited this exhibition, and find it on various accounts well deserving a visit. The piece of ordnance recovered from the Royal George is a glorious instrument of destruction. Independently of the treasures recovered from the deep, the diving apparatus is shown to the visitors. Around the room there are views of the Royal George in her various states, from all the pride and power of war, to the submerged and shell-laden wreck. We repeat, that a half hour cannot be better employed than in visiting this very interesting and unique exhibition.

A Panoramic View of the Capture and Taming of Wild Elephants on the Island of Ceylon. By WILLIAM DANIELL, R.A.

This is certainly a splendid piece of art, and remarkable not only as such, but on account of the very curious process it so beautifully exemplifies. It is exhibited at the room of the Society of Painters in Water Colours in Pall Mall East. The panorama is of an oval form, which rather detracts from the complete illusion, as the horizon is, and will remain, perfectly circular; at least, until we see what the approaching comet may do. We think that the foreground is scarcely vividly enough thrown in. For the rest of the painting, it is extremely good, and just what we should expect from an artist so able as Mr. Daniels.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

IT would appear that great wealth, or the great masses of paper or coin that represent it, make now the staple marketable commodity over all the civilized world. Transactions in money and in the funds usurp the precedence over all other mercantile operations. The Royal Exchange is becoming daily more and more a money market, and the merchant in *bonâ fide* merchandise is pushed aside by the bill-broker and the capitalist, who works his capital in the shape of money only. As far as we can learn, there has been no great alteration in our foreign commerce since the last month. In manufactured goods, notwithstanding our heavy taxes, we are still able, generally speaking, to undersell the rest of the world, but to do so, are obliged to grind the English operative to the very dust. It seems, from the appearances of events, that we shall soon no longer enjoy our privileged and lucrative trade with Portugal. The Portuguese were always a grateful race and much attached to those nations, their superiors in every thing, and if any one country has done them most essential service, to that country they are sure to be most devoted. We know what we have to expect from the new commercial treaty of Donna Maria, especially if the conducting of the negociation should fall to the lot of Lord Palmerston. Even Poulet Thompson begins to see the disadvantages of the reciprocity treaties, in which the advantages are all on one side. Our colonial trade is languishing, especially that part of it derivable from the West Indies—we have not yet seen the worst of it. With the East, every thing is still on trial. As to our inland trade, there is difficulty every where, but as yet nowhere despondency.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 28th of September.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, shut — Consols for Account, Oct. 14, 91 three-eighths.—Three per Cent., Reduced, shut.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, shut.— Exchequer Bills, 18s. 20s. —India Bonds, 4s. 6d.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian, Five per Cent., 87 half, 88.— Columbian, (1824,) Six per Cent., 33 half, 34.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 51 quarter, half.—Mexican, Six per Cent., 37 half, 38 half.—Spanish, (1822,) Five per Cent., 45.

SHARES.

Real del Monte, unregistered, 24l. 25l.—British American Land, 6l. 10s.—Provincial Bank of Ireland, 48l. 5s., 48l.

THE MONEY MARKET.—The fluctuations in the funds have been by no means commensurate with the political disturbances. Our own securities have been tolerably firm. The drain upon the market was scarcely felt in paying up the instalment on the new loan. The most uncertain securities have been the Spanish. All sorts of tricks have been resorted to by the bulls and bears. The above is the state of the market on the 28th instant.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM AUGUST 25, TO SEPTEMBER 18, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 25.—S. Cox, Hendon, and Brunswick Street, Stamford Street, horse dealer—G. Phibbs, Blenheim Street, Bond Street, wine merchant.—T. Deane, Park Place, Greenwich, lodging-house keeper.—J. Fell, Glossop, Derbyshire, grocer.—J. T. Thring, Warminster, Wiltshire, scrivener.—J. Mushen, Birmingham, innkeeper.—G. Sowerby, Hibalastowe, Lincolnshire, carpenter.—J. Lees, Bilston, Staffordshire, grocer.—M. Turner, Haigh, Lancashire, bleacher.—J. Rhodes, Huddersfield, clothier.

Aug. 28.—W. Matthews, Bushey, Herts, timber merchant.—B. Chesterman, Blackmore Street, Drury Lane, licensed victualler.—T. Morgan, Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, grocer. —W. H. Cox, Cheltenham, printer.—J. Jackson, Burslem, Staffordshire, earthenware manufacturer.—W. T. Wren, Chichester, brewer. —G. Fisher, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Gracie, Preston, Lancashire, draper.—J. Travis, Manchester, drysalter.

Sept. 1.—S. Evans, Castle Street, Leicester Square, licensed victualler.—H. Kerr, Mulgrave Place, Woolwich, tailor.—E. Jones, Hemel Hempstead, saddler.—T. Matthews, Busby, Hertfordshire, carpenter.—W. Wakeman, Plymouth, Roman cement manufacturer.—A. Craig, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, cabinet maker.— H. Dodd, Ambleside, Westmoreland, innkeeper.—G. W. Sawyer, Brighton, builder.— H. Brittain, Kingston-upon-Hull, innkeeper.— W. Mathews, Staverton, Devonshire, miller.— J. and J. Power, Atherstone, Warwickshire, hat manufacturers.—J. Laylor, Manchester, brush maker.

Sept. 4.—T. Pulvertoft, Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, gentleman.—J. Raven, Suffolk Lane, Cannon Street, wholesale grocer.—G. Heather and Co., St. Ann's Place, Limehouse, mahogany merchants.—T. Turberville, Worcester, grocer and hop mercbant.—J. A. Smith, Bilston, Staffordshire, grocer.—W. Hindell, Brayton, Yorkshire, victualler.

Sept. 8.—J. Brown, Southampton, jeweller. —T. Molyneux, Falmouth, linen draper.—J. Henderson, Great Surrey Street, Blackfriars, master mariner.—J. and J. A. Webster, Wadsley, Yorkshire, paper manufacturers.

Sept. 11.—G. Heywood, St. Martin's Lane, chemist.—J. Angold, John Street, Tottenham Court Road, timber merchant.—T. W. Brighton, Cheltenham, draper.—G. Macey, Rose Street, Newgate Market, commission cattle salesman.—J. Willett, Brandon, Suffolk, grocer.—J. Mountain, Sculcoates, Yorkshire, common brewer.—R. Kilsby, Donhead St. Andrews, Wilts, victualler.—J. Nokes, Hinckley, Leicestershire, hosier.—C. Redman, Herne Bay, Kent, builder.—J. Keyse, Abersychan, Monmouthshire, grocer.—I. J. Weatherley, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.

Sept. 15.—I. Pemberton, Worcester, brushmaker.—H. S. Mason, and H. M. Kettlewell, Surrey Wharf, Addington Square, Camberwell, iron merchants.—H. Breakwell, Throgmorton Street, tailor.—W. Hough, Manchester, builder.—J. Postlethwaite, Liverpool, draper.— W. Hodgens, Liverpool, merchant.—G. Bishton, Sedgley, Staffordshire, ironmaster.—Joseph, John, and Joseph Maybury, jun. Bilston, Staffordshire, iron masters.

Sept. 18.—H. Wright, Norwich, wine merchant.—T. Knight, Gilbert Street, Oxford Street, corn chandler.—W. Bailey, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, currier.—S. Roberts, Farringdon Street, floor cloth manufacturer.—W. J. Potter, Little Compton Street, Soho, victualler.—W. Ayling, Great Portland Street, Marylebone, chemist.—J. Seaber, Newmarket, Suffolk, scrivener.—J. Wrigley, Manchester, fustian manufacturer.—R. Hides, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, grocer. — S. Hider, Brighton, builder.

NEW PATENTS.

H. B. Chaussenot, of Leicester Square, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for an improved construction of the lamps or apparatus used for burning gas, for producing a better combustion of the gas. July 28th, 6 months.

S. R. Anderson, of Cornhill, in the City of London, Esq., for improvements in band and power looms. July 28th, 6 months.

R. and A. Charlton, of Manchester, Lancaster, Calenderers and Finishers, for

certain improvements in the machinery used for stiffening and finishing woven or manufactured goods. July 28th, 6 months.

W. Crofts, of New Radford, Nottingham, Machine Maker, for certain improvements for certain machinery for making figured or ornamental bobbin net, or which is commonly called ornamental bobbin net lace, and which improvements are in part in extension of part of the improvements for which letters patent were granted to him on the 23rd day of December, 1834. July 30th, 6 months.

W. Mason, of Brecknock Terrace, Camden Town, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of fire arms and artillery. August 6th, 6 months.

W. Mason, of Brecknock Terrace, Camden Town, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of steam-engine cylinders, pistons, bearings, pumps, and cocks. August 6th, 6 months.

S. Faulkner, of Manchester, Lancaster, Cotton Spinner, for an improvement in the construction of a machine for carding cotton and other fibrous substances. August 6th, 2 months.

J. C. Douglas, of Great Ormond Street, Middlesex, Esq., for certain improvements in ventilating subterraneous and other places, and in constructing an apparatus or apparatuses in which combustion is carried on, and also in applying certain fluids to various useful purposes, and in constructing an apparatus or vessel for the appropriation of such fluids. August 10th, 6 months.

E. Jones, of Birmingham, Warwick, Builder and Brickmaker, for certain improvements in machinery for moulding bricks, tiles, and other articles made of brick earth. August 10th, 6 months.

S. W. Nicholl, of Eltham, near Canterbury, Kent, Gentleman, for certain improvements in rendering condensing steam-engines portable and applicable as a means of general transport on rail and other roads. August 10th, 6 months.

L. Herbert, of Paternoster Row, in the City of London, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in flour mills. August 10th, 6 months.

W. E. Wright, of Regent Street, in the City of Westminster, Gentleman, for an improved box for holding coals. August 12th, 6 months.

J. Day, of York Terrace, Peckham, Surrey, Gentleman, for an improved wheel for carriages of different descriptions. August 14th, 6 months.

R. Sheppard, of Newport Pagnell, Buckingham, Carpenter and Builder, for improvements in tiles for covering of roofs. August 17th, 2 months.

T. R. Shute, of Watford, Hertford, Silk Throwster, for improvements in spinning and doubling organzine silk. August 17th, 6 months.

F. Bowman, of Great Alie Street, Middlesex, Sugar Refiner, for an improvement in the process of renewing the virtues of animal charcoal when exhausted or impaired. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 17th, 6 months.

H. Phillips, of Exeter, Chemist, for certain improvements in purifying gas for the purpose of illumination. August 17th, 6 months.

W. Banks, of Spring Hill Terrace, near Birmingham, Warwick, Manufacturer, for a certain improvement in machinery, pens, and presses, for ruling and pressing paper. August 17th, 2 months.

H. Pinkus, late of Pennsylvania, in the United States of America, but now of 76, Oxford Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in inland transit, which improvements are applicable to, and may be combined with, an improved method of, or combination of method and apparatus for, communicating and transmitting or extending motive power, by means whereof carriages or wagons may be propelled on railways or roads, and vessels may be propelled on canals, for which improved methods, &c. letters patent were granted to the said Henry Pinkus, dated the 1st day of March, 1834. August 17th, 6 months.

E. Galloway, of Wellington Terrace, Waterloo Road, Surrey, for certain improvements in paddle-wheels for propelling vessels. August 18th, 6 months.

W. Johnson, of the Horsley Iron Works, in the Parish of Tipton, Stafford, Gentleman, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in the construction of boots and shoes. August 22nd, 6 months.

W. Lucy, of Birmingham, Warwick, Miller, for certain improvements in steam-engines. August 24th, 6 months.

T. Schwartz, Technologist, formerly of Stockholm, but now of Bradford Street, Birmingham, Warwick, for a practical application or practical applications of known principles to produce mechanical power. August 24th, 6 months.

C. Appleby, of Sheffield, York, Merchant, for certain improvements in manufacturing files. August 25th, 6 months.

J. L. Higgins, of Oxford Street, Middlesex, Esquire, for certain improvements in the construction of, and in working, vessels for navigation. August 26th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1835.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Aug.					
23	52-73	29,68-29,72	S.W.		Generally clear, except the morn. few drops of rain.
24	58-73	29,68-29,53	S.E. & S.W.		Generally cloudy, except in the afternoon.
25	48-69	29,53-29,59	N.W.		General overcast. Thunder at 4 P.M.
26	51-63	29,61-29,62	N.W.	,15	Generally cloudy.
27	49-70	29,66-29,83	W. & E.b. N.		Generally clear, except the morning.
28	50-70	29,91-29,99	E. b. N.		Generally clear, except the morning.
29	48-72	29,99-29,97	E. b. N. & E.		Generally clear.
30	42-79	29,98 Stat.	E. b. N. & S.E.		Generally clear.
31	42-70	30,01-29,99	N.b.E.&E.b.N		Generally clear.
Sept.					
1	46-73	30,05-30,06	E. b. S.		Generally clear.
2	42-72	30,06-30,11	S.E. & E. b. S.		Generally clear.
3	40-73	30,05-29,91	E.b.N.&E.b.S.		Generally clear.
4	50-76	29,79-29,80	S.W.	,225	General overcast. Rain in the morn. and even.
5	57-74	29,82-30,01	N. & N.W.	,025	Generally clear, except the morn. a shower of rain.
6	51-73	30,01-30,05	S.E.		Generally overcast, except the morning.
7	53-73	30,02-29,91	S. & S.E.		Generally clear, except the morning and even.
8	45-69	29,77-29,57	S. & W. b. S.		General overcast, and showers of rain in aftern.
9	48-60	29,64-29,68	W. & N.W.	,325	Generally clear, except in the afternoon, rain.
10	44-64	29,45-29,34	W. b. S.	,125	Clear, except the morning, raining.
11	45-58	29,30-29,60	W. & W. b. S.	,15	General overcast. [otherwise clear.
12	45-60	29,30-29,40	S.E. & W.b.N.	,05	Morning overcast, and heavy showers of rain,
13	40-62	29,48-29,07	W.bS.&W.bN	,275	General overcast, except the morning and even-
14	44-66	29,78-29,87	S.W.		Generally cloudy. [ing clear—lightning in the E.
15	53-66	29,84-29,73	S.W.		General overcast.
16	45-61	29,73-29,72	S.W.	,125	Generally clear, except in the afternoon.
17	40-60	29,68-29,73	S. & E.	,025	Generally cloudy, showers of rain in the aftern.
18	37-62	29,73-29,64	S.E.	,025	Raining generally from 4 till 11 P.M. otherwise
19	40-64	29,50-29,60	S.E.	,075	Generally clear, except the morning. [clear.
20	54-63	29,58-29,74	S.W.	,55	Heavy showers of rain in morn., otherwise clear.
21	51-57	29,81-29,75	S. b. E. & E.	,075	Began to rain at 9 A.M., continued till ½ p. 6 P.M.
22	52-69	29,59-29,54	S.	,3	Raining generally from 5 till 11 P.M.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

THE YAGUARUNDI.—This beautiful species of *felina*, known to naturalists only by the description given of it by Azara, in his travels in South America, has been brought for the first time to this country, and arrived last week in the Louisa Bailey, from Guiana. It belonged to Mrs. Alboua, and has been presented by her to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Its general form and character strongly resemble those of the puma, but having the limbs more slender in proportion to its size, the head more pointed, the strength of the jaws and teeth proportionably less, and the tail one third of the animal's own length. The colour is a deep grey, produced by each hair being ringed alternately with black and white. It is an inhabitant of the deep recesses of the forests of Paraguay and Guiana, climbing trees readily, and preying upon monkeys and small birds; but will boldly attack large quadrupeds. Its possession will form a valuable addition to our knowledge of the history of this genus of animal.

Silk-Worms.—A memoir has been presented to the French Institute, on the leaves of the Maclura aurantiaca, which might probably replace those of the mulberry, for the food of silk-worms, in climates which are pernicious to the latter. They bear the spring frosts extremely well at Geneva, Paris, Turin, and Strasbourg, where they have been cultivated for five or six years, and the tree comes originally from North America, where it grows on the banks of the Missouri, in the country of the Natchez.

The Submarine Vessel.—The experiment with this machine took place at St. Ouen, as proposed. The vessel was repeatedly sunk to the depth of ten or twelve feet, and re-appeared on the surface at different points. M. Godde de Liancourt got into it, and remained there a quarter of an hour. He stated, that he did not experience the least inconvenience, or any difficulty of respiration, during his voyage under water. An official report upon the subject is about to be submitted to the French government.

Fossil Geology.—The celebrated Alexander von Humboldt is once more in Paris, and, at the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, on the 17th of August, called the attention of the members to the prints of footsteps, belonging to a quadruped, in the variegated sandstone, or *bunts sandstein* of Hildburghausen. It is an animal of the Plantigrada division, which traversed the rock while soft, and in various directions. A stone containing these impressions, from ten to twelve feet long, and three to four wide, has been sent to the collection of mineralogy at Berlin, of which the Baron submitted a beautiful drawing. There are four or five species of smaller impressions, which cross those of the larger quadruped at right angles, and are remarkable for the unequal dimensions of the fore and hind feet, and all have five toes. The rock is covered with them as with a net work, and here and there sinuous, serpular concretions, perhaps of the plants on which the animal walked, perhaps some accidental effect of drying. The great importance of this discovery lies in the place occupied by this sand-stone in the chronological series of rocks.

Chichester.—Considerable interest has been excited within the last few days among the antiquaries of this city, by some excavations, made under the direction of Mr. King, in the Friary Park, in which he has been very successful. The opening of a very large Roman earthwork or tumulus is in progress; this earthwork is also in the park, on which mound the keep of the castle built by Earl Roger, of Montgomery, was constructed, where the strong foundations under the turf are still to be seen; this Earl was nephew to the Conqueror. After this family had quitted the domicile, it fell into the possession of the Earl of Arundel, when the fourth Earl granted it to the fraternity of Grey Friars, A.D. 1233; only a part of the Priory Chapel now remains, which is converted into the Town Hall.—Mr. King has traced the foundations, and has discovered the nave and transepts which complete the building in the form of a cross. On the removal of the rubbish that covered the south transept, several fragments of ancient grandeur were found, such as Samian pottery, painted glass, Norman tiles, with beautiful devices on them, several abbey tokens in thin brass, with several skeletons of the fraternity; they all had their arms crossed over the body, and on one, who was probably a prior, was found a chalice and patten of pewter. On the top of the tumulus, a little under the surface, were found two cannon balls, weighing thirty pounds each, which were fired against this place when the city was besieged by the arms of Cromwell.

Geology.—A bed of amber has been discovered in the Park at Berlin, about four feet below the surface of the ground, under the former bed of a ditch (moat) two feet deep. There is a stratum of sand, which is traversed by a conglomerate of hardened vegetable coal. In it are found larger pieces of that carbonised wood, in which the vegetable texture is plainly discernible; though externally, as the corners are completely rounded off, they appear more like fossil boulders (*Geschiebe.*) In and near them are pieces of amber, in no inconsiderable quantity; most of which are of the size of a bean, but some are from four to five inches in diameter. The surface of some is smooth, of others rough; some are transparent, some opake; the colours are of all shades, of brown, red, honey yellow, yellowish white, and straw colour: and their specific gravity appears to be less than that of the Prussian amber.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—September, 1835.

House of Lords, August 17.—A great number of petitions were presented on the subject of the Corporations Reform Bill. The House then went into Committee on the Bill. Lord Lyndhurst proposed, in an admirable address upon the subject of qualification, two amendments—the first, that three-fourths of the town council should be elected in the manner prescribed by the Bill, and that the remaining fourth should be elected to form a body of capital burgesses or aldermen, (or by whatever name they might be called,) and for life; the second to the effect that all the present officers should continue to hold office during their lives. Upon a division, the first amendment was carried by a majority of 126 to 39. The second was then agreed to without a division. The clauses up to the 33d were agreed to, and, the House having resumed, their Lordships adjourned.

August 18.—The Scotch Exchequer Bill, the Irish Municipal Reform Bill, and the Scotch Bail Bill, were brought up from the Commons, and severally read a first time.—The Tea Duties Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Bill for substituting, in certain cases, a form of declaration for an oath, was read a second time, on the motion of the Duke of Richmond.—In Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill, Lord Lyndhurst had some amendments to propose which were consequential on the amendments the House adopted the night before; they had reference to the 96th clause. He proposed to strike out the words which limited their duration of office to the 1st of May, 1836. The amendment was agreed to. —On clause 36 being read, which provides for the division of boroughs into wards by Commissioners appointed by the Crown, Lord Ellenborough moved that this clause be omitted altogether, for the purpose of substituting the amendment he should propose, to the effect that the division into wards be effected by the county magistrates. After some discussion the amendment was agreed to without a division.—The clauses from 42 to 52 were read summarily, and after a conversation across the table they were postponed. The succeeding clauses of the Bill were postponed until the Chairman arrived at clause 65, which affects the licensing of public-houses. Lord Wharncliffe moved the total exclusion of the clause. After a brief discussion, the amendment was agreed to without a division.—On clause 67 Lord Lyndhurst proposed to let the first section of the clause pass, and to change the words, 1st of January, 1836, in the second, to the 1st of August, 1836. The amendment was agreed to.—Clauses 68 to 72 were struck out of the Bill.—Clauses 73 to 76 were ordered to stand part of the Bill; the latter with a proviso added thereto, on the motion of Lord Ellenborough, to the effect, that in reference to the rights of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, no majority of the local trustees could have power to transfer any right appertaining to these bodies without the consent of the Chancellors, Vice-Chancellors, and Masters of the several Colleges. —Several amendments of minor importance having been agreed to, the House resumed, and the Bill as amended was ordered to be printed.

August 19.—After the presentation of many petitions, several Bills were forwarded a stage, and others passed. The West India Slavery Compensation Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Duke of Cumberland, on presenting a petition from Trinity College, Dublin, for the support of the Church, and against the Irish Church Bill, took the opportunity to contradict statements that had been made of his having countenanced the establishment of Orange Lodges in that University.— The Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill went through a Committee.—A long conversation took place concerning the new House of Lords, during which it was understood that their Lordships generally expressed their intention not to accept of the vote of 5,000*l.* offered by the House of Commons to supply them with a more convenient temporary House.—The Militia Staff Reduction Bill, after some observations from the Duke of Wellington, passed through Committee, after which their Lordships adjourned.

August 20.—The Polls at Elections Bill called forth some desultory discussion; but it was eventually read a third time and passed.—The Archbishop of Canterbury presented, among others, a petition signed by three Archbishops and twelve Bishops of the Irish Church, against the measure introduced by his Majesty's Government, with regard to that Establishment.—Lord Melbourne then rose to move the second

reading of the Irish Church Bill, and, having announced to the House his Majesty's readiness to lay at their disposal his interest in the benefices of the Irish Church, applied himself almost entirely to the question of tithes. A discussion ensued, and the Bill was read a second time.

August 21.—The Royal Assent was given by Commission to the following Bills:—The Tea Duties Bill, the Bankrupts' Estates Bill, the Sheriffs' Oaths Bill, the Chancery Officers Bill, the Certiorari Bill, the Lunatics and Infants' Estates Bill, the Loan Societies Bill, the Foreign Post Bill, the Irish Roads Bill, the Irish Assizes Bill, the Linen Manufacture Regulation Bill, the Enlistment of Seamen Bill, the Chancery Registry Bill, and the Small Debts Bill, together with several Private Bills. The Tonnage Admeasurement Bill, and the Weights and Measures Bill were read a second time: to be committed on Monday; and the Illegal Securities Bill, to be committed on Tuesday. The Militia Staff Reduction Bill was read a third time, and passed.

August 24.—The House went into Committee on the Irish Church Bill. On clause 10 being put, Lord Ellenborough said that the clause as it at present stood opened the composition of the tithe without any limitation. He should move that the clause be omitted. The clause was negatived, and struck out of the Bill.—On clause 40 being proposed, which provides that the average value of corn should be the standard of value for tithes, Lord Ellenborough moved that this clause be also struck out. The House divided—for the motion, 35, for the amendment, 126; majority for rejecting the clause, 91.—The other clauses were passed without comment, up to clause 60 inclusive.—On clause 61 being put, the Earl of Haddington rose to oppose this and the remaining clauses of the Bill, the sequestration and appropriation clauses. The noble Lord concluded a very able speech by moving the omission of the clauses. In the course of his speech the Premier made the following declaration:—"That if the Noble Lords opposite should succeed in carrying the approaching vote, and if they left the clauses under consideration out of the Bill, he should not be a party to proceeding any farther with it, and that he should feel altogether disinclined to having any thing to do with the sending of it back to the House of Commons in such a shape as would compel that branch of the Legislature, both on the point of form and principle, to reject it." Notwithstanding this menace, the House of Lords did its duty boldly and effectually, as the following division will show:—Contents, 138, non-contents, 41; majority, 97.

August 25.—The Dominica Relief Bill, the Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill, and the Letters Patent Amendment Bill, were returned from the Commons agreed to.—The Royal Assent was given by Commission to the Militia Staff Bill, the Polls at Elections Bill, the Paymasters' General Bill, and the Prison Discipline Bill.—On the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, Lord Brougham suggested that perhaps it would be most advisable to allow the Bill to be brought in next session in exactly the same state as it was left by the other House.—The second reading of the Charities Commission Bill was negatived on the representation of Lord Lyndhurst.—The Municipal Corporations Bill was recommitted. On one of the clauses an amendment was adopted, requiring periodical proof of the continued qualification of aldermen and members of the town-council. On clause 59 being put from the Chair, Lord Lyndhurst proposed an amendment, that town-clerks should hold their offices during life. After much discussion, the House divided on this amendment: contents, 104, non-contents, 36; majority 68.—On the motion of Lord Lyndhurst, and after much discussion, an amendment was agreed to, without a division, to the effect that none but members of the Established Church should be the disposers of the ecclesiastical patronage of corporations. The other clauses of the Bill were then agreed to, after a few verbal corrections, which produced no discussion. The Bill having gone through Committee, the House resumed.

August 26.—The Constabulary Force (Ireland) Bill was postponed till this day six months, on an amendment moved by the Earl of Roden; the numbers being—for the Bill, 39, against it, 51.

August 27.—Lord Wharncliffe presented the Report of the Select Committee on the Great Western Railway Bill, and moved that it be received and adopted. Lord Kenyon resisted the motion, and proposed as an amendment that it be received that day six months. After some discussion, there was a division. The numbers were—for the original motion, 50, for the amendment, 28. The Report was then received and agreed to.—Lord Melbourne then rose to move that the Report of the Municipal Reform Bill be now received. His Lordship declared his intention to move the rescinding of the principal alterations which had been made,

and upon that one respecting the election of aldermen for life to take the sense of the House. Their Lordships eventually divided on the proposition of Lord Melbourne, to omit the word "Aldermen" in the 6th clause. The numbers were—contents 89, non-contents 160; majority for retaining the clause in its amended form, 71. The other amendments were then adopted; the Report was agreed to, and the Bill ordered to be read a third time on Friday.

August 28.—The Sheriffs (Ireland,) the Great Western Railway, the Tonnage Admeasurement, and the Weights and Measures Bills, were read a third time, and passed.—On the Order of the Day for the third reading of the Municipal Corporations Bill, the Earl of Winchelsea moved that it be read a third time that day six months. On a division the numbers were, for the amendment, 5, against it, 69. It is worth notice, that Lords Melbourne and Brougham did not divide. The Bill was then read a third time, and, after some verbal amendments, passed.

August 31.—The Royal Assent was given, by Commission, to the Great Western Railway Bill, the Woods Duties Bill, the Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill, the Highways Bill, the Exchequer Bills Bill, the Slave Owners' Compensation Bill, the Clerk of the Crown Bill, the Colonial Passengers' Bill, the Insolvent Debtors' Court (Ireland) Bill, the Exchequer Court (Scotland) Bill, the Turnpike Roads Bill, the Port of Dundee Bill, and the Nelson Estate Bill.—The Islington Market Bill, with the Lords' amendments agreed to, and the Stamps and Assessed Taxes Bill, were brought up from the Commons.—The Tonnage Duties Bill and the Tithes on Turnips Bill, were read a third time.—The Dublin Police Bill was read a second time, after considerable discussion.—In presenting a petition in favour of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill Lord Lyndhurst dexterously extracted from Lord Brougham a severe censure of the conduct of his Majesty's Attorney-General with reference to this measure.—The Weights and Measures Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Cruelty to Animals Bill was read a third time.—The Bill for abolishing Capital Punishment in cases of Letter Stealing was committed.

Sept. 1.—The Tithes Recovery Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Cruelty to Animals Bill passed through a Committee, and was ordered to be reprinted.—The Music License Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Thursday.—The Commons' amendments to the Patents Bill were agreed to, except that which deprived the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of the power of adjudicating in such cases.—Mr. Bernal and others from the Commons brought up the Customs Amendment Acts Bill, the Abolition of Oaths Amendment Act Bill, and the Workouse Regulation Bill.—On the motion of the Duke of Richmond the Commons' amendments to the Oaths Abolition Bill were agreed to.

Sept. 2.—The Slave Trade (Sardinia) and the Slave Trade (Denmark) Bills were respectively read a third time, and passed; as were the Capital Punishments Abolition, and the Arrestment for Wages (Scotland) Bills.—Lord Duncannon moved that the Registration of Voters (Ireland) Bill be read a second time.—The Bill led to an animated discussion, and strong opposition; and it was eventually thrown out by contents 27, non-contents 81; majority against it, 54.

Sept. 3.—On the motion that the Music and Dancing Bill be read a third time, the Marquess of Salisbury moved that it be read a third time that day three months, which amendment was carried.—Lord Lyndhurst expressed his surprise that the Ministers had adopted no further proceedings on the "Irish Church Bill." In not proceeding with it and returning it to the other House, great calamities would fall on the whole of the Protestant Clergy of Ireland, and consequently a heavy responsibility would rest on the Government.—Lord Melbourne admitted the evil that must result to the Clergy from the failure of this Bill, but denied that the responsibility rested with the Ministers; it attached to their Lordships for their vote upon that Bill.—Lord Brougham maintained, after the vote to which their Lordships had come, rejecting a portion of the Bill, the Ministers had no other alternative left them than to abandon the Bill.—The conversation on this subject having terminated, Lord Brougham introduced a Bill to consolidate the Law of Marriage in Scotland. In the course of his observations a message from the Commons prayed their Lordship's assent to a conference with the Commons, on the subject of certain amendments in the Municipal Reform Bill.—Lord Melbourne, the Lord Privy Seal, the President of the Council, Lords Shaftesbury, Falmouth, Hatherton, and the Duke of Richmond, and others, were appointed managers of the conference, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst declining to attend. On their return the reasons for the dissent of the other House were read, and ordered to be printed and taken

into consideration on Friday.—Lord Brougham then continued his observations, and the Bill was read a first time and ordered to be printed.

Sept. 4.—The Dublin Police Bill, after some discussion, was ordered to be committed that day three months.—The Charities Commission Bill was read a third time.—The Workhouses Bill was read a third time.—The report on the Bribery Indemnity Bill was, after some discussion, ordered to be brought up that day three months.—The Shannon Navigation Bill passed through Committee.—In the debate which followed upon the Commons' amendments in the Municipal Reform Bill, the only three propositions which did not meet with their Lordship's assent were, that which vests the nomination of the justices of the peace in the hands of the town councils instead of the Crown, upon which a division took place, when the numbers were 144 in favour of their Lordships' original amendment, and 82 against; that which relates to the division into wards, upon which the numbers were 79 to 33; and that which re-inserts Alnwick and Yeovil in the Bill, which was negatived without a division.

Sept. 7.—A motion for a conference with the Commons on the subject of the Lords' amendments to the Municipal Corporations Bill having been agreed to, the Peers who were appointed reported to the House that they had stated to the managers of the Commons the reasons why their Lordships could not agree to the amendments made by the Lower House.

Sept. 8.—The Commons brought up the Municipal Reform Bill, with their assent to the amendments made by the Lords.—The Tithe Instalment Suspension Bill was read a third time and passed.

Sept. 9.—The royal assent was given, by Commission, to the following Bills, viz. The Glass Duties Bill, the Stamps and Assessed Taxes Bill, the Militia Staff Reduction Bill, the Municipal Corporations Bill, the Tonnage Admeasurement Bill, the Slave Trade (Sardinia) Bill, the Slave Trade (Denmark) Bill, the Weights and Measures Bill, the Charities Commissioners' Bill, the Poor Law Act Amendment Bill, the Cruelty to Animals Bill, the Lectures Publication Bill, the Recovery of Tithes Bill, the Tithe on Turnips Bill, the Oaths Abolition Bill, the Land Revenue (Scotland) Bill, the Reform of Parliament (Scotland) Bill, the Savings' Banks (Scotland) Bill, the Forgeries (Scotland) Bill, the Imprisonment for Debt (Scotland) Bill, the Excise Incorporation (Scotland) Bill, the Tithes Instalment Suspension (Ireland) Bill, the Sheriffs (Ireland) Bill, the Shannon Navigation Improvement Bill, the North American Colonial Association (Ireland) Bill, the Islington Market Bill, and the Cave Hill and Belfast Railway Bill.—On the motion of the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Consolidated Fund Bill was read a third time, and passed.—Mr. Bernal and other Members brought up the Letters Patent Bill, and reported that the Commons agreed to their Lordships' amendments; also the Fines and Recovery Bill, Grand Juries (Ireland) Bill, and the Capital Punishment Bill.

Sept. 10.—The first session of the second Reform Parliament terminated this day. The attendance of the Peers was but scanty, and the business was confined, before the arrival of his Majesty, to the presentation of petitions.—Shortly after two the King took his seat on the Throne, and the Speaker having appeared at the bar, addressed his Majesty, briefly alluding to the measures which had passed.—The King then gave his assent to the Capital Punishment Bill, and other Bills. His Majesty then delivered, in a very clear and firm tone, a most gracious Speech to both Houses of Parliament.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I find with great satisfaction, that the state of public business enables me to relieve you from further attendance, and from the pressure of those duties which you have performed with so much zeal and assiduity.

"I receive from all foreign Powers satisfactory assurances of their desire to maintain with me the most friendly understanding, and I look forward with confidence to the preservation of the general peace, which has been, and will be, the object of my constant solicitude. I lament that the civil contest in the northern provinces of Spain has not yet been brought to a termination; but taking a deep interest in the welfare of the Spanish Monarchy, I shall continue to direct to that quarter my most anxious attention, in concert with the three Powers, with whom I concluded the Treaty of Quadruple Alliance, and I have in furtherance of the objects of that Treaty exercised the power vested in me by the Legislature, and have granted permission to my subjects to engage in the service of the Queen of Spain.

"I have concluded with Denmark, Sardinia, and Sweden, fresh conventions, cal-

culated to prevent the traffic in African slaves; I hope soon to receive the ratification of a similar Treaty, which has been signed with Spain. I am engaged in negotiations with other Powers in Europe and in South America for the same purpose, and trust that ere long the united efforts of all civilised nations will suppress and extinguish this traffic.

"I perceive with entire approbation that you have directed your attention to the regulation of Municipal Corporations in England and Wales, and I have cheerfully given my assent to the Bill which you have passed for that purpose. I cordially concur in this important measure, which is calculated to allay discontent, to promote peace and union, and to procure for those communities the advantages of responsible government.

"I greatly rejoice that the internal condition of Ireland has been such as to have permitted you to substitute for the necessary severity of a law, which has been suffered to expire, enactments of a milder character. No part of my duty is more grateful to my feelings than the mitigation of a penal statute in any case, in which it can be effected consistently with the maintenance of order and tranquillity.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I thank you for the readiness with which you have voted the Supplies."

"You have provided not only for the expenses of the year, and for the interest upon the large sum awarded to the owners of slaves in my colonial possessions, but also for several unexpected and peculiar claims upon the justice and liberality of the nation. It is most gratifying to observe, that not only have these demands been met without additional taxation, but that you have made some further progress in reducing the burdens of my people.

"I am enabled to congratulate you, that the terms upon which the loan for the compensation to the proprietors of slaves has been obtained, afford conclusive evidence of the flourishing state of public credit, and of that general confidence which is the result of a determination to fulfil the national engagements, and to maintain inviolable the public faith.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I know that I may securely rely upon your loyalty and patriotism, and I feel confident, that in returning to your respective counties, and in resuming those functions which you discharge with so much advantage to the community, you will recommend to all classes of your countrymen obedience to the law, attachment to the Constitution, and a spirit of temperate amendment which, under Divine Providence, are the surest means of preserving the tranquillity, and increasing the prosperity which this country enjoys."

At the conclusion of the Speech, Lord Denman, as Lord Speaker, by his Majesty's command said—"My Lords and Gentlemen, It is his Majesty's Royal will and pleasure that this Parliament be prorogued to Tuesday, the 10th day of November next, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tuesday, the 10th day of November next."

House of Commons, August 19.—Mr. Hume moved that Lieutenant-Colonel Fairman, the Deputy Grand Secretary to the Grand Orange Lodge of England, be called to the bar, he having refused to produce the letter-book of the lodge.—Lieut.-Colonel Fairman was called. He said that he had offered to make selections from the copies of correspondence in his possession; but the book he did not produce even to the Committee of the Grand Lodge, and should not if they asked for it.—Colonel Perceval moved that the short-hand writer should be instructed to read over to Colonel Fairman the questions and answers put to him and made by him before the Committee and in the House.—The House divided on Colonel Perceval's proposition. The numbers were—ayes 19, noes 129; majority against it, 110.—Lieut.-Colonel Fairman was again examined, and again refused to produce the book.—Mr. Wallace, quoting a precedent, moved that Colonel F. be taken into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, with the view of next moving that the Serjeant and officers of the House go with the witness to his residence, and there seize all books and papers, seal them, and bring them to the House, there to be examined by a Select Committee, to separate those that bore upon the question of Orange Lodges, and to forward them to the Committee thereon.—Colonel Fairman being further examined, said that the book was in his possession at his residence, but he

would not say where there.—After an extended and animated, and not always a very mild discussion, it was eventually determined that Lieut.-Colonel Fairman should be called in and informed that it was the opinion of the House that he was bound to produce the book. The Colonel again refused, and was thereupon ordered to withdraw.

August 20.—The Speaker took the Chair at twelve o'clock.—Mr. Walter again brought forward the subject of the grant to the Thames Tunnel Company, proposing that there should be a Select Committee to inquire into the circumstances attending the bringing in of the Bill to amend the Thames Tunnel Acts, and the advance of 30,000*l.* to the Company "with a view to prevent the advance of public money, without full and adequate security for the repayment of the same." The motion was not pressed.—Mr. Hume brought up a Report from the Committee on Orange Lodges, stating that Colonel Fairman persisted in his intention of not giving up the book, notwithstanding the order of the House on the previous evening, and moved that he be taken into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms.—Mr. Warburton further moved that the Serjeant-at-Arms do go to the lodgings of Colonel Fairman, and there seize and take possession of the book which Colonel Fairman had refused to produce to the Committee on Orange Lodges.—After considerable discussion the latter motion was withdrawn, the former being agreed to.—Mr. Serjeant Jackson moved the third reading of the Clandestine Marriages Bill.—Mr. Poulter moved the omission of clause 2. The House divided, and the numbers were, ayes, 33; noes, 21. The clause was then struck out, and the Bill was read a third time.

August 21.—The Serjeant-at-Arms announced that messengers had been dispatched to the residence of Col. Fairman, in accordance with the direction of the House; that they had there made diligent search for him, but without success; and that they had continued there, being relieved at stated times throughout the night, but Col. Fairman had not returned.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer proposed as an amendment to the motion for the third reading of the Spirit Licences and Wine Permits Bill, a resolution "that it is expedient that the stamp duties on newspapers should be reduced to one penny."—Mr. Hume seconded the amendment, which, after a debate possessing no novelty, was withdrawn.—The Spirit Licences and Wine Permits Bill was then read a third time.

August 22.—The Dominica Relief and Stamp Duties Bill passed through Committee.—Mr. Falk brought up Mr. Buckingham's Compensation Bill, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time.—The House having been counted out, was adjourned.

August 24.—The Lords amendments to the Polls at Elections Bill were read and agreed to.—The Dublin Police Bill went through Committee.—Mr. Spring Rice stated that the reduction in the glass duties would commence on the 10th of October.—The Report of the Stamp Duties and Assessed Taxes Bill was received.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that policies of from 50*l.* to 100*l.* should be only subjected to 2*s.* 6*d.* duty, and those between 100*l.* and 500*l.* should be liable to 5*s.* He moved a clause to that effect, which was agreed to.—The House having resolved itself into Committee on the Registration of Voters (Ireland) Bill, Sir W. Follett proposed an amendment to abolish the fictitious and fraudulent franchise of tenants having no interest in the land over and above the rent. On this amendment the Committee divided—ayes, 68, noes, 26; majority, 42.—On the Report of the Marriage Act Amendment Bill being brought up, Sir W. Follett moved the restoration of the clause which rendered all future marriages within the prohibited degrees null and void. The House divided—for the amendment, 75, against it, 17; majority, 58. The clause was then inserted in the Bill, and the Report agreed to.—The Letters Patent Bill was read a third time and passed.

August 25.—The Dominica Relief Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Marriage Act Amendment Bill was read a third time, and passed.—In Committee on the Lectures Publication Bill, an opposition was made to one of the clauses by Mr. Wakley, which failed, the numbers on the division being—ayes, 29, noes, 9; majority, 20. The remaining clauses having been agreed to, the Report was ordered to be brought up to-morrow.—At five o'clock the Deputy Usher of the Black Rod summoned the Commons to the House of Lords to hear the Royal Assent given by Commission to several Bills.

August 26.—The Speaker took the Chair at four o'clock, but thirty-eight Members only being present, the House adjourned.

August 27.—The Lords' amendments to the Highways Bill were agreed to.—The Dublin Police Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Civil Courts (Ireland)

Bill was re-committed, and ordered to be printed.—The Stamp and Assessed Taxes Bill went through Committee.—The Glass Duties Bill was read a third time, and passed.

August 28.—The Oaths Abolition Bill passed through Committee.—The Municipal Corporations Bill, as amended, was brought from the Lords.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved that the whole Bill be printed. After a few words from Mr. Hume, Colonel Sibthorpe, and Mr. O'Connell, the motion was agreed to.—The Registration of Voters (Ireland) Bill was read a third time.—Mr. Buckingham's Compensation Bill, after some discussion, was withdrawn.

Aug. 31.—Lord J. Russell rose to explain the course which Ministers intended to pursue in reference to the Municipal Corporations Bill. He declared his intention to acquiesce in all the amendments their Lordships had introduced, with one or two exceptions. To the election of aldermen and town-clerks for life he could not consent, although he had no objection to having them elected for six years. The same thing he might say with respect to the corporation justices, whom the amendments of the other House would convert into justices for life. He should recommend also that the boroughs to be divided into wards should be those that had 9,000 instead of 6,000 inhabitants. He would also reject the amendment which gave the nomination of justices to the Crown instead of the town councils. The division of boroughs into wards, and the settling of boundaries, he should entrust to the Revising Barristers, subject to the approbation of the Privy Council. His Lordship could not accede to the qualification for town councillors, introduced in the motion of Lord Lyndhurst, but submitted to that of the Earl of Devon. He could not concur in the amendment by which it was proposed that none of the governing body of Municipal Corporations who were not members of the Established Church should present to livings belonging to that Church.—Sir R. Peel, in an admirable speech, expressed his intention to support the Noble Lord in some of his objections to the amendments of the Lords. With the proposition of the Noble Lord to alter this clause, and admit Dissenters to partake in the presentation of benefices, I entirely differ. The Lords did right in recognising no distinction in secular and civil emoluments, but they felt differently when the rights of the Clergy of the Church of England were attacked. I cannot see on what grounds this exclusion of Dissenters should be looked upon as a disqualification. The Right Hon. Baronet concluded by again urging the House, as they valued their own independence as a branch of the Legislature, not to lose the opportunity of obtaining an amicable settlement of this great and important measure. After a lengthened discussion the Lords' amendments were read from the chair. The question being put that the words "for life" be left out of the clause as amended by the Lords, Mr. Scarlett opposed it. Mr. Law objected to this alteration, but said, after what fell from his Right Hon. Friend (Sir R. Peel) he could not disguise the utter hopelessness of opposing the proposition of the Noble Lord. The words "for life" were then left out of the clause, and words substituted, the effect of which is, to continue aldermen in office for six years, half to be elected every three years. The amendment of the Lords, which made aldermen members of the council for life, was rejected.—Several verbal amendments were then agreed to in the 24th and several following clauses, in order to carry out the principle of the amendment agreed to with respect to the duration of the aldermen's office.—The Collection of Tithes (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.

Sept. 1.—The House resumed the consideration of the Municipal Corporations Bill. On the amendment embracing the question of "qualification," there was a good deal of discussion, Lord John Russell adhering to his disapproval of the change.—Sir R. Peel suggested that for town councillors, &c., there should be added the qualification on rating, namely, in large towns, where there are four or more wards, being rated at 30*l.*, in the smaller towns at 15*l.* This addition to the Lords' qualification was carried on a division, by a majority of 234.—On the clause regarding town clerks, Lord J. Russell moved as an amendment on the Lords' amendment, that those officers be appointed "during pleasure." Sir R. Peel proposed that they should retain their offices "during their good behaviour;" but after considerable discussion it was withdrawn, and Lord J. Russell's amendment adopted.—Lord J. Russell then proposed to reject the Lords' clause providing that members of the Church only exercise the patronage of Corporations regarding benefices, &c. The clause was postponed, and the Chairman of the Committee was then ordered to report progress.—Mr. Tooke brought up the report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the charges which had been alleged against

General Darling, from which it appeared that the Committee acquitted General Darling of having done any act that was either inconsistent with his duty, or unworthy the character of a man of honour, an officer, or a gentleman.

August 2.—Mr. Hume observed, that he viewed the Lords as an irresponsible body, and therefore as being now in the way of good legislation; and that, therefore, next Session, he should move the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the number of the House of Lords—the qualifications and privileges of that House—the constitution of the House, and how far it had fulfilled the duties of legislation: also into the mode of conducting the conferences: the present mode he considered as degrading to the Commons, for while they were obliged to stand with hats off, the Lords were seated, and with hats on.—Mr. Cuthbert Rippon gave notice that next Session he should move for leave to bring in a Bill to relieve the Archbishops and Bishops from their attendance in the House of Lords; also for a measure providing that where Deans and Chapters had not the cure of souls, the profits thereof should be placed in the hands of Commissioners of the Crown, regard being had to existing interests.—The discussion on the Lords' amendments to the Municipal Corporations Bill produced the following results:—The amendments of the Lords for the preservation of the rights of freemen were agreed to, with the exception of the exemption from toll. The words "during his continuance in office" were added to the amendments made upon clause 47, (the qualification clause,) after a division of 155 to 66.—The amendment of the Lords regarding the Cinque Ports was adopted.—On the subject of Church patronage, the proposition of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the effect that all the Church patronage belonging to Corporations should be forthwith sold, was assented to; as was another empowering the Bishop of the diocese to appoint to any livings becoming vacant between the passing of the Act and the sale.—A population of 9,000 was agreed upon, on the motion of Lord John Russell, as the minimum which should require that a borough be divided into wards.—It was also resolved that boroughs of 48,000 inhabitants and upwards be divided into six wards.—Lord John Russell moved the appointment of a Committee to draw up the resolutions, stating the reasons of the House for their dissent from the amendments of the Lords. Agreed to.

Sept 3.—The Report of the Committee, for drawing up the reasons of the House on their conduct on the Municipal Bill having been agreed to, Lord J. Russell and several other Members then left the House to attend at the bar of the House of Lords to pray their Lordships to agree to a conference, of which the managers were appointed, on the subject of certain amendments in the Municipal Corporations Reform Bill.

Sept. 4.—The Tithes Instalment Suspension Bill, and the Instruments of Sasine (Scotland) Bill were read a third time, and passed.—The Lords' amendments to the Civil Debts (Scotland) Bill were agreed to.

Sept. 7.—A message from the Lords having been brought up, requesting a conference on the subject of the Municipal Corporations Bill, managers were appointed on behalf of the Commons, who, on their return, reported to the House the copy of the Lords' alterations.—Lord John Russell then moved that the House do agree to the Lords' amendments on those of the Commons.—Mr. Hume expressed his willingness to vote with the Ministers, and take the Bill under a protest, believing it only to be an instalment and an earnest of what would be done next session.—Here ensued a long and desultory discussion, in the course of which Mr. Blackburne vindicated the Commission and the Commissioners.—Mr. Duncombe denounced the Lords' amendments as degrading, but he did not press his opposition to a division.—The Lords' amendments were eventually adopted.—The House adjourned till Wednesday.

Sept. 9.—The Members were summoned to the Upper House to hear the Royal Assent given to several Bills.—The Lords' amendments to the Capital Punishment Bill were agreed to.

Sept. 10.—The Speaker took the chair at one o'clock, and the House was occupied with the presentation of petitions until the attendance of the Members was required in the Lords to hear the Royal Speech on the prorogation of Parliament. The Speaker and the Members present immediately went to the other House: on his return the Speaker read a copy of the Speech to the Members present. After mutual gratulations, the Members severally quitted the House.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

T. J. Mathias, Esq.

The celebrated author of the "Pursuits of "Literature," (1794, *et seq.*) died recently in Italy, where he had long resided. Mr. Mathias was educated at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degrees of B.A. sixty-one years ago, and M.A. about 1776. In the Chatterton controversy he took the side of Rowley, and insisted on the authenticity of the poems ascribed to him. He was the author of many works, such as "Runic Odes;" the "Epistle of Kien Long to George III." in 1794; "English and Latin Odes;" Commentari all'Istoria della Poesia Italiana per Crescembeni," 3 vols. 12mo.; "Tiraboschi Storia," 3 vols.; "Translation of Mason and Milton's Lycidas into Italian;" and several other Italian volumes; edition of the "Works of Gray, with his Life," 2 vols. 4to. 1814; and many other elegant and classical productions. Mr. Mathias was an Associate of the Royal Society of Literature, and during the last few years frequently corresponded with that Institution and its members.

The Rev. William Long.

Died lately, at the seat of his brother, Lord Farnborough, Bromley, after a few hours' indisposition, the Rev. W. Long. In unison with the noble lord, Mr. Long was ever a friend and patron of the Fine Arts, and a steadfast encourager of native talent by the purchase of works at the British Institution. In other matters, Mr. Long was a man of cultivated mind and refined taste. But his highest encomium remains unpronounced; for if benevolence, charity, and liberality, in principle and in practice; if a blameless life, and the unbounded exercise of the kindliest feelings of humanity, constitute a true Christian, he was not only a worthy man, but an ornament to the church of which he was member. In him the poor have lost a watchful and generous guardian; and the general mourning voluntarily adopted by all classes within the sphere of his action, shows how affectionately the memory of his good deeds is cherished.

M. T. Sadler, Esq., F.R.S. M.P.

Lately, at New Lodge, near Belfast, aged fifty-five, Michael Thomas Sadler, Esq. F.R.S., M.P. for Newark in two successive Parliaments, and afterwards for Aldborough, in Yorkshire; author of "Ireland—its Evils and their Remedies, &c." As Mr. Burke said of Howard, Mr. Sadler's philanthropy had as much of genius as of virtue. It was a love of his fellow-creatures upon so great a scale, that none but a great mind could have conceived it; and, oh! how far was it from that benevolence which is ever suspended in abstraction! It was our happiness and our greatest pride to enjoy his acquaintance; and we can truly say, that whatever he sought for and wished for in behalf of the whole human race, he no less earnestly and vigilantly conferred, by manners and conduct, upon all within his sphere. Without pretending to any extraordinary sensibility, we declare that it is too painful to pursue our recollection of the unrivalled charm of Mr. Sadler's society.

Dr. M'Culloch.

We have to record the melancholy death of this well-known geologist and literary character, (whose work on Scotland excited as great a ferment a few years since as did Dr. Johnson's travels in elder times,) at Penzance. Dr. M. had very recently married, and was on a country excursion when the fatal accident happened which deprived him of life. Driving in a small four-wheeled poney-chaise to call on Captain Giddy, about a mile or two from Penzance, he passed the house only a dozen of yards into a narrow lane, where, learning his mistake, he endeavoured to turn his carriage in order to retrace his course. Unfortunately, the wheels locked together, and, leaning over to extricate them, he lost his balance, and fell with his legs between the spokes. The horse, being frightened, set off at full speed down a hill, and dragged him along, lacerating his limb in a shocking manner. He was at last taken up, insensible, and carried to Captain Giddy's, where he objected to amputation, as he said he was sure he could not survive the operation. On the following day, however, a surgeon having been brought from Truro, he consented to have the limb, fractured in two places, taken off; but, as it was feared, mortification had

already proceeded too far, and he speedily rested from all his severe sufferings in the sleep of death. Dr. M'Culloch was above sixty years of age, and devoted to literary pursuits. He was said to be the concoctor of Sir John Ross's volume, from the memoranda of that navigator; who, it was also surmised, was indebted to him for other literary services. His own works are of considerable scientific value and importance; though liable to be impugned for the spirit in which some parts of them are penned. To Scotland, and its Highlands in particular, he gave great offence; and no doubt his exaggeration of many circumstances justly exposed him to censure.

Rev. Dr. Thomas M'Crie.

Lately, at his house in Salisbury Place, the Rev. Dr. Thomas M'Crie. Dr. M'Crie is well known as the chief ornament of that branch of the secession church to which he belonged—the Associate body of Original Seceders. His first great mental effort was his "Life of John Knox," which placed him in the very first rank of Scottish divines and ecclesiastical historians. The "Life of Andrew Melville" soon followed; and his "History of the Suppression of the Reformation in Spain and Italy" showed that his learning was equally extensive, whether the question turned on the iniquities of the Inquisition, or on the spirited and irrepressible exertions of the first great Scottish Reformers. His theology was the olden theology of Scotland, and his sermons had about them an air of the antique, which carried the auditor, accustomed to the refinements of modern diction and philosophy, back two centuries, and placed him in the immediate presence of the times of his covenanted forefathers. His loss will be much and long regretted.

T. R. Underwood, Esq.

Lately, at Chamarande, near Paris, T. R. Underwood, Esq., Fellow of the Geological Society of London. He was born in London the 24th of February, 1772. The disease under which he sunk, after long and constant suffering, originated, many years ago, in the antrum maxiliare. Mr. Underwood enjoyed the acquaintance of several of the most distinguished men of the age. He was an excellent artist, and a perfect judge of the arts—of much patient industry, and indefatigable research. Geology seems to have been his principal study, but his attention was by no means confined to it; for, as a naturalist, he had accumulated an immense variety of observations, which, if placed in some able hand, would contribute largely to the general stock of knowledge. Mr. Underwood was a Protestant, and, on the occasion of his interment, it is gratifying to record an instance of liberality on the part of the Roman Catholic clergyman of the village of Chamarande. In the absence of a Protestant minister, none being within many miles, the Rev. Gentleman, in a spirit which reflects the highest honour on his feelings and his character, led the mournful procession which followed the remains of the deceased to their last resting-place. Mr. Underwood was so great an enthusiast in science, that he wished only to live that he might witness the return of Halley's comet; and would have consented to an excruciatingly painful operation if his surgical friends could have given him hopes that his life could have been prolonged by it only for a few weeks.

Died.—At her palace at Bruchsal, the Dowager Margravine of Baden. She was a Princess of Nassau.

At Brixton Hill, Surrey, in his 93rd year, Sir William Blizard, Knt, F.R.S. and F.S.A., a member of the Court of Examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c.

At Park Crescent, after a lingering illness of several years, the Countess of Airly.

At her brother's, the Hon. Colonel Townshend's, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, the Hon. Georgiana Townshend, in the 75th year of her age. She was thirty-four years housekeeper of Windsor Castle.

At Waterford, Patrick Power, Esq., of Bellevue, Ireland, one of the representatives for the County of Waterford.

At Putney Hall, Lady Georgiana North, youngest daughter of the late George Earl of Guilford.

Married.—At the residence of the Earl of Durham, in Cleveland Row, the Hon. J. B. Ponsonby, eldest son of Lord Duncannon, to Lady F. Lambton, the daughter of the Earl of Durham.

At St. Martin's Church, the Hon. Charles J. Canning, son of the late Right Hon. George Canning, to the Hon. Charlotte Stuart, daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay.

Daniel Wakefield, Jun., Esq., of the Inner Temple, to Angela, eldest daughter of Thomas Attwood, Esq., M. P., of Harborne, Birmingham.

At Chevening, the Right Hon. Lord Suffield, to the Hon. Charlotte Susanna Gardner, only daughter of the late, and sister to the present Lord Gardner.

At St. Luke's Church, Old Street, Alice, daughter of Henry Glover, Esq., of Wigan, Lancashire, to Guido Richard Boecking, Esq.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1835.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Philosophy of History, in a Course of Lectures, delivered at Vienna, by FREDERICK VON SCHLEGEL. *Translated from the German, with a Memoir of the Author,* by JAMES BURTON ROBERTSON, Esq. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

Of this life, which is merely a literary souvenir of Von Schlegel, we must have but little to say, seeing that his work demands so much, and that our space is so limited. It must suffice, if we inform the reader that he was one of the luminaries of the last and present century, that his whole life was devoted to philological learning, that he acquired an amazing number of languages, was generally successful in his publications, was passionately conservative in his politics, that he established the Tory "Austrian Observer," that he apostatized from Protestanism to Catholicism, became secretary to Archduke Charles of Austria, a courtier, the patronized of Metternich, a representative of Austria at the diet of Frankfort, and, finally, that he died on the 11th January, 1829, almost in the act of composition, so strong was his *cacoethes scribendi* even to the last moment. He appears to have been of mild manners, yet with an ardent character, prone to logical disquisition, yet continually led away by the most vague and dreamy idealism—one more likely to cause a vivid sensation than a lasting impression, and whose works will be much oftener quoted than read.

His "Philosophy of History," the work now before us, is doubtlessly a splendid production; replete with the soundest and most extensive erudition, and full of deductions much more brilliant than true, and continually attacking, with all the powers of his very strong reasoning faculties, every thing that the world designates under the title of rationalism. The whole view, direction, and end of these lectures is to bring all nations under the government of a reformed Catholic theocracy, to quench liberalism all over the world, and to merge all sects into the one great and unchanging papistical domination. His principal axiom is, that God has ever ruled the world visibly, and is now rapidly bringing about the Catholic reunion, which he anticipates will take place so very speedily. He does not think that at the Noachian deluge all mankind were destroyed, but that the progeny of Cain went and settled in the south and east, and that these took with them the true notions of the Divinity. He finds tokens of this among

the Chinese, the Brahminical caste of India, in the mysteries of the Egyptians, and in the faiths of the ancient Persians. He sees the symbols of it in their languages, proofs of it in their laws, and strong indications of it even in their blood-stained idolatries. He permits an active Satanic agency, and doubts not but that in the olden time the badly wise of all these nations possessed supernatural powers derivable from the knowledge of magic and the practice of sorcery. Classical history is also brought to the same tests, by endeavouring to prove the Greeks and Romans still under a disguised yet divine dispensation, worshipped in their multitudinous mythology, without their being aware of it, a shadowing of the true God. We have in this work a most brilliant compendium of general ancient history, which (however the reader may differ in views from the author) must afford the former the utmost pleasure as well as the most lucid instruction.

After the lecturer has brought down his cosmography to the advent of our Saviour, he then insists more fully, that all the previous occurrences, the destruction of mighty empires, the revolutions of states, and the universality of false worship, were only preparatory measures for working out the universal Roman Catholic Christianity, that is to bind us all in the gentle bands of brotherly love, the first link of which was the expiation on the cross. In arguing this point, we think that the learned author is often much too transcendental, ridicules too much the employment of human reason, and throws too great a burden upon man's capability of faith. His derision of the absolute, in contradistinction to the divinely mysterious, may be very Catholic, but is not very philosophical. He looks upon the success of Mahomet as the proved agency of the evil spirit; and, we think, much underrates the character of the uxorious impostor. His strictures upon the religion that he propagated are severe and merited. We like our author the best when we come to his description of the darkness and the barbarous strugglings of the middle ages. The papal ascendency is then everywhere panegyrized, and on every occasion advocated. The reformation commenced by John Huss, and carried to so great a length by Luther, meets with unqualified condemnation; yet this condemnation is delivered with so much mildness, and its asperity concealed by so many extenuations, that it is made as little offensive as possible to Protestant readers; still he says decidedly, that this reformation is a stumbling-block to Christianity, and that it cannot work out a spiritual good, as it originated not from God but man, and was directed by man against God's church. He now mingles up more intimately his divinity with his politics, and tells us, that an absolute monarchy is alone consistent with sound faith; that sound faith is the Catholic faith; that this absolutism must be tempered with holiness and love, and through it and it alone, will the nations be happy. Having asserted this, he consequently denounces Protestantism as the faith of republics and revolutions; a religion of reason, which always leads to dissent first and anarchy afterwards. All this the reader will not find in the words we use: what we have said in a few sentences, Von Schlegel has elaborated in very many pages. Indeed, he dared not so to have condensed his opinions, as they would have appeared under such condensation not only harsh but uncharitable. However, he sometimes speaks out plainly enough, for he says in page 322, vol. ii. "The peculiar want of the nineteenth century, is the establishment of *Catholic principles* of government, and a general construction of a Catholic system of science." What he means by the first clause of his sentence is, annihilation of all constitutional virus in every European state, the destruction of the representative system, and the establishment of a perfect, yet a paternal and a loving despotism, interwoven with, and controlled by the Catholic priesthood. By the second, that science should walk humbly by the wheels of the car of papistical ascendency, nor be suffered for an instant to strike out from the path that the latter may be pleased to take.

We Protestants must, notwithstanding the great learning, the flowery and *seeming* liberality, and the very mild and amiable tone of Von Schlegel's treatise, denounce this as bigotry. Let science take as wild a flight and soar as high as she will, we know that the *true* faith can accompany her with an untired wing, and that one will always assist and sustain the other. We know what a Catholic system of science has done in the time of Galileo, and, as its boast is its unchangeableness, we may be tolerably well assured of what it would do again. The word, Catholic, is not used by the author as a synonym of the word, general, but in its limited religious sense; for he says immediately afterwards, that this wished for consummation may be probably brought about, nay, even commenced by Protestant countries; and he hopes, and even anticipates, that his own Germany may take the lead towards this papistical millennium. Having now given a brief outline of the nature and the plan of this rather voluminous work, we shall say a few words upon the execution of it. Even under the disadvantages of a translation it is elegant and pleasing. Of its profound learning we have before spoken. It is at times beautifully eloquent, and the divine mysticism that pervades the whole, like a mist touched into a gentle glow by the rising sun, makes us think that there is more in what we do not clearly see and cannot accordingly comprehend, than is given to our present debased intellects to understand. His primitive revelation, his awful and unreasoning God, with His two only attributes, understanding and will, and these attributes working through all eternity, and his credence of interposing spirits and the powers of sorcery, give to his volumes emotions little expected in a work avowedly philosophical, and which we might look for only in heroic poetry or sublimated romance. In fact, this production may be regarded as a grand manifesto of an illuminated despotism, and of the advantage of sacrificing the general to a particular will, in order to gain from that one attribute, will, protection against the tyrannies of all other wills, and by prostrate submission win from it a loving protection. On many accounts this book should be read by every Englishman. Let the liberals say what they will, there is an active Catholic spirit abroad, taking every possible shape, even that of ultra-radicalism. This elaborate production shows it in one of its most dignified forms. In it, the vastness of the scheme is fearlessly displayed. As conservative constitutionalists, it is our duty to mark and to expose attacks made upon our institutions, whether they be threatened from ultra-Catholic absolutism or the rabid fury of democracy. We, therefore, implore our readers to make themselves acquainted with Von Schlegel's "Philosophy of History;" they will then see how nearly the despotism of radicalism, and the despotism of priestly domination, approach each other, and how fraternally they are just now urging on the same crisis. Should they conjointly overthrow our form of government, the former would speedily devour the latter, and an iron priestocracy, such as was attempted in the middle ages, would be once more established. This book, therefore, demands general attention. Mr. Robertson has performed his task well, and with that enthusiastic admiration of his author that is sure to infuse so much spirit into a translation. From the few notes that the translator has appended to the work, we consider him to be an original and an elegant thinker.

Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem, during the successful Campaign of Ibrahim Pasha. By EDWARD HOGG, M.D. 2 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

The current of *itineraries* now seems to be diverted from its course in the far west over the vast Atlantic, to the less remote east and south,

across the limited Mediterranean. With eastern subjects, eastern politics, and descriptions of eastern manners, the public press is now inundated, and one of the best poets of the age has not disdained to add to this overflow. When so much has been written, and is still in the course of being written on this subject, by men of all grades of talent, some of whom are very superior, it requires no mean powers to take a station so conspicuous as that which Dr. Hogg has gained amidst this rivalry. To say that this visit is an agreeable work, would be doing it too little justice; and, as we do not like the term fascinating, the reader must think of something between, that will properly designate its peculiar merits. With a highly cultivated mind, and natural abilities of a superior order, the doctor has added just sufficient enthusiasm in the pursuit of his objects, to make him indefatigable in the search of truth, but still to keep him clear from the folly of rhapsody, or the vice of exaggeration. Those parts of the narrative which are personal to himself, are deeply interesting. We wish that he had given us more of them, instead of the many historical sketches with which his work abounds. The attendant miseries of his situation, when travelling by land or water, he describes humorously; and, in these descriptions, much of real characteristic information escapes. The learned traveller has occupied his first chapter with a political dissertation on the policy of upholding the Egyptian power in the hands of the present Pasha, thus forming a safe barrier against Russian encroachment in the east, a barrier that the Turkish empire can no longer afford. This is a point that requires serious reflection, and should not be treated lightly, nor discussed casually. The doctor gives us some entertaining sketches of Sicilian life and scenery, and his notices on Malta, though in nothing new, are amusing, from the lively manner in which they are related. From Malta he reaches Alexandria, and gives us a vivid description of that spot. We have then nearly a whole chapter devoted to the present Pasha—his courteous manner to the doctor, his advice, and his witticism—his anecdotal powers, and his communicative disposition are all fully and cordially dilated on. May we not ascribe a little of the author's political bias to all this? But it is not to be supposed that we can follow the traveller, chapter by chapter, through his two volumes, pleasant as the task would be We can only say, that he has gone over ground often and very lately trod by many good writers and observant characters. Still, the charm of the doctor's style gives an appearance of freshness to the descriptions of which he is so profuse; and we can bear to hear him tell well, what others have told before him. His is, in our opinion, the best description of Damascus, as it now is, that has been published. In Jerusalem we find him very instructive, but he has there made no new discovery. The style in the latter part of the work is suddenly changed to the playful, and almost to the bantering. These volumes cannot fail to become very popular, as its subjects are treated in a most popular style, combining elegance with ease, and giving to much instruction, the fascination of much amusement.

Sonnets, by EDWARD MOXON. *Part Second.* London.

These sonnets are pleasing, though remote from perfection; and possess more graces of expression, than fire of thought, or energy of soul. We do not think highly of the first sonnet. The metaphorical confusion annoys us: we do not acquire a distinct similitude on which to fasten with satisfaction; no sooner do we get the object of the poet's adoration in our mind's eye, as a lovely floweret, and before we have time to feast in the *novel* comparison, or rather personification, than presto, quick! she is "an orphan, bent by every wind that blew." Well, to this bending or-

phan, we find that the summer fields in all their pride and loveliness of beauty, could compare no gem. We should think not, firstly, because we should not look for gems in summer fields; and secondly, if we did, and could find them, we should not think of comparing them with bending orphans. She is next, in her sportiveness, compared to a fawn, which though trite, is not incorrect; but when in the next line, she is actually personified as a flower, the poet saying, "No fawn more gay and sportive than this flower," we perceive the absurdity of bringing together such incongruous ideas. But after all, in the last line but one, we find that she *is a gem*, and neither flower, floweret, nor like unto a fawn. But all the sonnets are not concocted in this careless manner; some of them, under the smilingness of a touching simplicity, breathe of gentleness, chastened passion, and the best aspirations of the soul. That the author is an ardent admirer of Wordsworth, we may gather from his manly dedication to that gentle poet, and we find for this idea, ample corroboration in his similarity of diction, and his unison in manner without any taint of servility with that admired poet. The love sonnets are the most inferior, but even these do not descend below mediocrity. The last sonnet is addressed to the moon. A Sonnet to the Moon! The very mention of this fact must imbue the reader with high notions of Mr. Moxon's intrepidity. Is there another poet living who would attempt it, excepting in derision? But, in all sober sadness, notwithstanding the ridicule with which the subject is surrounded, Mr. Moxon has actually written this sonnet. How, we will not trust ourselves to say; but we leave the question to be decided by those whom Mr. Moore so appositely apostrophises as "Maids who love the Moon."

The Oriental Annual; or, Scenes in India: comprising Twenty-two Engravings, from Oriental Drawings, by WILLIAM DANIEL, R.A., *and a descriptive Account, by the* Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D. Edward Churton, No. 26, Holles Street.

In this splendid production, the pen and the pencil strive for and attain such equal excellence, that we know not which of the productions of the two little, yet all powerful, implements first to notice. We can say of both, that though they form an annual they are by no means of an ephemeral nature. The scenes so vividly depicted by Mr. Daniel are really a part, and no inconsiderable one, of the history of India, and when they are exemplified so well by the writing of Mr. Caunter, they must form an impression on the mind nearly indelible. In this annual, the artist has given us form and character, the author motion, succession, and life. The one has shown us by the powers of graphic delineation what a beautiful Hindu woman is, in an inimitable portrait; the other tells us how she speaks, moves, and acts. In addition to the superiority of the engravings, the literary composition is replete with instruction, and will serve not only for the amusement of one year, but of all years. After it has been read it may be referred to with advantage. As we said before, the work is not written merely to answer a temporary purpose. We rejoice to hear that this present annual will be succeeded by another, and that the encouragement that it has already met with has been equal to its deserts. Were we to notice the numerous beauties of the engravings, we should only be making a catalogue of the numerous epithets used to express admiration, which we shall leave the reader to supply when he shall view and study this really gorgeous periodical.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. *To which are added, Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c. And Notes by various Hands.* 8 Vols. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

The eighth volume of this well-produced publication is illustrated by a highly-finished engraving, by E. Finden, of James Boswell himself, the careful and enthusiastic biographer of the leviathan of literature. The original painting was by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The vignette title-page is a view of Johnson's house in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, and also very ably engraved. As we wish exceedingly well to this publication, we think that we cannot better serve it than by inserting the following notice, which the publisher has prefixed to this, the eighth volume. "In consequence, partly of a miscalculation of the materials then in his hands, partly of the subsequent accumulation of others, (query, other *materials*,) the editor has to request the indulgence of his readers in announcing an alteration in the plan of this work, as detailed in the prospectus. It has been found impossible to comprise the whole mass of biography of Johnson in eight volumes of this form; and, on maturer consideration, it has been thought the best course to keep detached from the main narrative of Boswell *all the miscellaneous anecdotes* of the Doctor's other friends and acquaintances. Two additional volumes have been found requisite to embrace the various JOHNSONIANA; and with Vol. X., to be published on the first of December, there will accordingly be given a fresh set of title-pages for the whole of the collection."

Scenes and Characters, illustrating Christian Truth. Edited by the REV. H. WARE. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

The first and second numbers of this publication we have perused with considerable pleasure. The aim of it is to show how much real happiness there is in the practice of Christianity; and, that by living to God, we live to the purest and most lasting pleasure of which humanity is capable. The first number contains the statement, for, as it is not quite a fiction, tale would be an inappropriate term by which to designate it, of Christian trial, and the exercise of self-discipline, by Miss Savage. It is sweetly told, and pregnant with consolation for the afflicted. Many of the fashionable may sneer at the character of Phillis, but it is a true one, and a reproach to us all that it is as singular as true. The second number contains the story of the "Sceptic," which we hope is wholly a fiction. It is well, though painfully wrought up. It is rather a terrific warning off the paths of vice—a shout of horror to the wanderer, than a gentle call to the ways of virtue; but when the danger is imminent, the rescue must be often violent and sudden. We like much the plan, the spirit more, of this continuation. The times call for it; and we think that it will succeed.

The Book of Family Worship. By the Editor of the "Sacred Harp." Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

The editor of this work has taken four weeks, and given us prayers for every day in each week, both morning and evening. We have likewise occasional prayers for the most remarkable religious days throughout the year, as also some to be used in sickness, on recovery from it, and in an

evening after a funeral. The general prayers and benedictions are numerous, for the church, king, queen, for wife or husband, for our family, and for all in misery, with many others. The volume is concluded with the sacramental meditations and prayers, by Jeremy Taylor. It is no exaggeration to say, that among the above will be found the most beautiful devotional aspirations in the language; indeed, perusing them attentively, we never before knew how much energy, as well as sublimity, it is capable of expressing. But they seem to derive a living grace from their subject, and to convey meanings to the heart which are incapable of mere oral expression. It is our opinion, that it is a duty incumbent upon us to address the Deity in the best possible language. Even the violent sectarian, who trusts to the excitement of the moment for pouring forth his ill-digested rhapsodies, would find his soul both elevated and refined by studying these religious exercises. We should remember, when we approach the throne of grace, the significant parable of "the wedding garment." From this work, as from a wardrobe, the mind may clothe itself with all good thoughts, and holy habiliments; and thus come into the presence of its Maker with due preparation, and an adorned humility.

Practical Anatomy of the Nerves and Vessels supplying the Head, Neck, and Chest, intended as a Guide for the use of Students in the Dissection of those Structures. By EDWARD COCK, Demonstrator of Anatomy at Guy's Hospital. A. Schloss, No. 2, Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury.

We have submitted the above work to the perusal of our medical friend, a gentleman who stands pre-eminent in his profession, and he tells us, that whatever eulogium we may bestow upon it, will not be misplaced. We have read it ourselves, intending at first but to give it a cursory glance, but the subject insensibly interested us, in spite of the numerous technicalities inseparable from it, and, as we never before saw the nervous fabric so clearly displayed, and upon how many minuter strings and fibres the perfection of that which we call mind depends, we fell into a fit of reverie, that almost ended in one of devotion. Indeed, "we are fearfully and wonderfully formed." It is true, that we have before often considered this subject, and had a good general idea of the nervous economy, but the work before us has put us in possession of many minute details with which we were before unacquainted. Of course, it would be of little use to recommend this book to any but those connected with the medical profession; and the gentlemen constituting it would not set much value upon the opinion of a mere littéraire; but even he can know whether a work of this description is lucidly explained and scientifically arranged. We therefore recommend it heartily.

New Library of Entertainment. Colburn's Modern Novelists; a Selection of the best Works of Fiction of the most distinguished Living English Writers, with Portraits of the Authors and other Illustrations. Published for Henry Colburn, by R. Bentley, London, and all other Booksellers.

With a combination of extremé cheapness and great elegance, Mr. Colburn seems fully determined to place the elegant literature of the day within the reach of almost every man not actually a pauper. He has begun his series with the first volume of Edward Lytton Bulwer's "Pelham," which, cleverly printed and beautifully illustrated, may be

bought for two shillings, whilst its original price was half a guinea—cheap, we think, at the latter price, considering its great intrinsic merits. By this arrangement and enterprising speculation, the public at large are great gainers. As it is to the public that Mr. Colburn must look for his reward, we think that he stands on very safe grounds. We are sure that we have only to make this publication known to insure for it the widest circulation; and, we think, that the cause of social improvement is served greatly by thus disseminating through the middling classes a higher tone of thinking, and a more elegant mode of expression. But still, we have a little trepidation for the interests of the sources of all this so much desired amelioration, the poor authors—how many editions of their full-priced works will they be allowed to sell before they are compelled to enter into the cheap market?

The History of the Condition of Women in Various Ages and Nations. By Mrs. D. L. CHILD, Author of "Mother's Book," &c. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

To those who read merely for amusement, and to those who read for instruction, this book will be equally valuable. Its contents are well explained by its title, and its title well deserved by its contents. They deserve to be called history. Mrs. Child has taken the four quarters of the globe separately, and commenced her subject from the very earliest ages. She begins with Asia and the Hebrews. Africa is the next in order: she has here fallen into a few mistakes that it were well if corrected in a subsequent edition. She has relied too much upon the testimony of ancient classical authors. Greek and Roman historians always wrote with Greek and Roman prepossessions. The national colour of the ancient Egyptians was *not* black. The men were of that dusky-red that fair complexions assume from exposure for ages to the effects of hot climates, the women of a much lighter hue. The ladies also mixed familiarly with, though they sate apart from, their husband's guests. Among a people where queens enjoyed the succession, women could never have been reduced to a very abject social state. The description of the females of the other nations of Africa will be read with great interest; yet we think that the authoress would have done better by detailing her facts more in her own diction, and having less recourse to the exact words of her authorities. Had she done so, her work would have had less of the air of a mere compilation. There is also a little too much cant about *Christian* slave-masters Every one knows, who knows the least about this question, that the physical, moral, and religious state of the slaves sold to Europeans was generally, nay, almost universally, superior to that of the black masters from whom they were bought We allow that there was much misery in the transport, which misery has been increased to intolerable anguish by making that transport illicit; but even the misery that these poor victims endured in their conveyance to the plantations, was trifling compared to the barbarity with which they would have been treated by the natives of Africa—to say nothing of occasional cannibalism. We detest the slave trade, and detest it most where it is most detestable, among the savages themselves; and we may be allowed to indulge in another detestation, that of the cant about our black brethren in white bondage. Mrs. Child also shows herself a little *childish*, (we use the word for the sense it conveys and not for the play upon it,) in her anger at Byron and Pope, for what she construes into a want of a due appreciation of her sex. She is mistaken. Byron adored them; and they influenced him continually to most of that which was noble in his character. His occasional sneers were but the ebullitions of

a soured temper. For one disparaging sentence that he wrote, a hundred could be produced of a contrary description. And Pope's line,

"Every woman is at heart a rake,"

should be looked upon by Mrs. Child as a great compliment. As Socrates told a caviller, who remarked, that he knew the philosopher was, by his countenance, of a morose disposition, "that he spoke truly, but that he had conquered his temper by self-government." So may the ladies take to themselves a greater share of applause for having, more than men, triumphed over the original sin in their compositions. We know that the English ladies, at least in their conduct, are not rakes, and we are proud of what they are in their hearts. Our authoress is herself one of those who justify our pride, for her writings have proved her to possess as much excellence of heart as superiority of understanding. Her second volume she devotes to Europe and America, beginning from the earliest ages, and has well performed her task. It is true, that she does not always cite the best authorities, and there is often a one-sidedness in her narrative; but as, even when she is mistaken, she swerves to the amiable and to the virtuous in feeling—which, by-the-bye, is not always the true—we must not censure where we cannot applaud. We commend the book to the patronage of our readers. In it, they will find a great mass of information upon a particular and exciting subject, judiciously condensed, and not inelegantly treated.

The Conquest of Florida under Fernando de Soto. By THEODORE IRVING. 2 Vols. Edward Churton, Holles Street.

This is a splendid *morceau* of history. Splendid as to style, as to the daring exploits it commemorates, and especially, as to the narration of the beautiful instances of high feeling and heroic conduct that the falsely-called barbarians so continually displayed. The insane thirst for gold of the Spanish adventurers seems to us to have been one of the most pernicious and unaccountable manias that it was ever our lot to contemplate. Nor do we see much to admire in the vaunted chivalry of the Spaniards and Portuguese: we frequently see them armed *cap-à-pie*, and completely covered with steel, and mounted upon active horses, charging a horde of nearly naked Indians. That these gentlemen should take every advantage that their superior civilisation gave them in doing their onslaughts is but natural, but to found any pretensions of heroism on such deeds is extremely absurd as well as vain-glorious. The most courage that these invaders displayed was in surmounting physical difficulties. The climate, the marshes, and their endurance of hunger, and courage under the most horrible privations, gave them their best claims to admiration. But how despicably low must have been the moral sense of these chivalrous hidalgos and of the court that sanctioned their robberies and assassinations! But they paid dearly for their iniquitous conduct in their first attempts upon Florida. Band after band of these marauders landed to return no more. The expedition of Pamphilo de Narvaez was singularly calamitous. He plunged into the country, hoping universal conquest, and he found an ignoble grave on the coast of his anticipated kingdom. His aspirations of carrying away argosies laden with gold ended in leaving his whitened bones and those of his companions bleaching on the beach, a sad memento of wicked ambition. Fernando de Soto, the hero of these volumes, was more fortunate—that is, he was a greater scourge to the unoffending natives. But in almost every instance the character of the commander sinks when placed in comparison with

that of the chiefs whom he so wantonly came to subjugate. He sends a message to one of them that his *only* object in invading his territories, was, "by amicable means to bring the people of this great country into *obedience* to his sovereign, the powerful emperor and king of Castile." The modest request! The cacique returned a *haughty* reply—so says Mr. Irving. But why haughty? Was it not just? Had he not a right to be indignant? Let the reader judge if it be not a proper one:—"Others of your accursed race have, in years past, disturbed our peaceful shores. They have taught me what you are. What is your employment? To wander about like vagabonds from land to land, to rob the poor, to betray the confiding, to murder the defenceless in cold blood. No: with such a people I want neither peace nor friendship, &c. &c. I am king in my own land, and will never become the vassal of a mortal like myself. Vile and pusillanimous is he who submits to the yoke of another when he may be free! As for me and my people, we prefer death to the loss of liberty and the subjugation of our country." How could an *American* stigmatize this language as haughty? We have not space to follow the narrative through all the exciting scenes it so eloquently depicts. The work is a credit to the literature of any country, and one of which America will be deservedly proud.

Scotland. By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. *Illustrated in a Series of Views, taken on the spot expressly for this Work,* by THOMAS ALLOM, ESQ. G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

We are about to notice the first quarterly part of this splendid work, so worthy of the intellectual and noble nation whose scenery and biography it so beautifully illustrates, and so creditable to Dr. Beattie and the artists who have so ably supported him. We have hitherto placed a work similar to this, similar in the excellence of its illustrations, and in the classical energy of its diction, among our Fine Arts, thus giving an implied superiority to the pictorial over the literary department. This was not as it should be; but having so commenced with the learned doctor's Switzerland, we shall so continue. We shall class Scotland amongst our most valued books. The letter-press of this publication is at once elegant, instructive, and written in that buoyant spirit, which is so much better than wit, as the continued cheerfulness of our household fires are preferable to the cold corruscations of the Aurora Borealis. This dissertation on Scotland, for history we cannot call it, is full of anecdote, and the mind is kept continually excited by the variety of information that every page conveys. The illustrative plates are very numerous, and give us scenery, to our mind, quite as picturesque and much more interesting, than either Alp or Appennine. We find, in all these engravings, much life and spirit; the foregrounds have always in them something to add to the scenic effect, and which conveys to us the spirit of the country—such as a party of pleasure embarking on a beautiful lake, a Scotch harvest home, or actions of a darker nature, the conveying of a body of Covenanters to execution. Mr. Allom has proved himself to be a most able artist, with a true feeling for the sublime and beautiful in nature. The general circulation this production must find, can only be the meet reward for the author and the artist. Really, such works as this make us proud of our country, seeing what a splendid division of the earth it is with regard to its picturesque beauties, natural and artificial, and the powers that we have, through the skill and talent of our countrymen, of enjoying them by our firesides. Though English ourselves, we always feel ourselves Scotch in Scottish society, or when reading Scottish works.

A Few Plain and Plausible Hints on the Formation of a Royal Marine Rifle Legion. By CALEB. Author of the "Poetic Negligée." W. Clowes and Son, Charing Cross.

This is a very funny pamphlet, with very funny pictures. Indeed, the droll author goes about so very pleasantly to teach us how more certainly to maim, wound, and kill each other, that we must look upon a shot through the thorax, à la Caleb, as a very amusing affair. In this *brochure* he is very often right, and still more often wrong. That the dress of the marines should be altered we will willingly concede, and, that they should be supplied with rifles, would perhaps be an improvement. But, as *soldiers* in action, they are nearly useless, almost totally so as marksmen. In working the guns they are of admirable service, and in all along shore expeditions. When ships come into action, there is nothing like a man visible to each other, not even the tops of their hats. There is no mark for musquetry to fire at, excepting from the tops, and musqueteers there are generally in the way, cannot, from the motion of the ship, take a steady aim, and, when men are there placed, it is a temptation to indulge in vindictive feelings towards their own officers. The marines cannot fire with effect even into the enemy's port-holes, for without they fire from their own, it is impossible that they can fire in a right line upon them. Though Caleb has missed his mark nine shots out of ten, yet, upon the whole, he deserves credit for his manner of firing, and his quips, and cranks, and queer jokes, make his little book very palateable. The coloured engravings, or rather etchings, are well done, and tend to make the affair altogether a lively piece of amusement.

The New Year's Token; or, Christmas Present. William Darton and Son, Holborn Hill.

None will more sincerely congratulate the editor of this annual on his self-gratulations, on his success, than ourselves; and we assert that that success is fully deserved. The selection of the letter-press matter is most judicious. There is no piece in the little volume that has not its peculiar excellence. The lines by Mrs. Abdy, on seeing the portrait of a girl in the attitude of prayer, are beautifully touching. Mary Howitt's contributions are of a singular merit. But the pictorial department falls much below the scriptorial. Indeed, we cannot look at some of the lithographic drawings without risibility—for instance, that Brobdignagian specimen of simplicity, flinging out her gigantic limbs, opposite page 129. For the formation of an elegant taste, it is as necessary to place good models of the fine arts before little boys and girls, as in the inculcation of good morals, it is incumbent to offer them nothing but the purest compositions. The plate of the "Swans" is the only one we like. The "Idler" is well designed, but the execution is dreadfully woolly and ragged, or we are unfortunate in having a miserable impression. The printing in oil colours promises future excellence. At present the effect is too gaudy. Had the illustrations of this annual been on a par with its poetry and prose, it would have been able fairly to compete with any of its cotemporaries. The editor may take our strictures amiss. We cannot help it. We find the public our best patrons, and, to the utmost of our power, we will always do justice between it and those, who, like ourselves, seek its favour.

The Mechanic's Calculator, comprehending Principles, Rules, and Tables, in the various Departments of Mathematics and Mechanics, useful to Millwrights, Engineers, and Artisans in general. By WILLIAM GROIS, Civil Engineer. Second edition. Blackie and Son, Glasgow.

An excessively useful book, that fully answers the pretensions put forward in the title. It commences with an abstract of arithmetic, proceeds to geometry, gives a concise yet clear view of the conic sections, and then, after mensuration, the principia of motion. The remarks on the tables of the relative strengths of materials are highly valuable. We do not know a better or a more useful companion than this work would prove to all persons going out to new, or thinly-inhabited countries. The science of the screw, the economy of the powers of the lever, and the best construction of windmills and water-wheels, are all treated upon skilfully. It is really an emigrant's *vade mecum*. We do not say this inconsiderately. If we must find a fault, it shall be with the be-wigged and be-ruffled portrait as a frontispiece, that dangles so affectedly its hand with its jewelled little finger in the face of the spectator.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. *With Imaginative Illustrations, by* J. M. W. TURNER, Esq. R.A. John M'Crone, St. James's Square.

The fifth volume of this well-appointed edition is opened by an acute dissertation on the versification of Milton, which should be attentively read. This is followed by "Sampson Agonistes," attended by copious notes. "Comus, and Arcades," part of a mask, complete the book. The frontispiece is an exquisite specimen of art: it is "L'Allegro," engraved by E. Bacon, after Westall. It is a pleasure to contemplate it. The rising of the water-nymphs under the shadow of the majestic castle of Ludlow is one of Turner's most poetical and happiest efforts. To look upon it must assist a dull imagination, and fire a quick one. We should think that this very judiciously-produced edition will satisfy the public demand for some time. We can conceive a more splendid one, but not one more adapted to general consumption.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By ADAM SMITH, LL.D. *With a Commentary, by the Author of* "England and America." Charles Knight, 22, Ludgate Street.

This second volume is occupied by that much-argued subject "rent," and the variously understood operations of "currency." The commentaries upon Adam Smith's text are clear-seeing, and, as political science increases, absolutely necessary. We have read them with much attention, and, we trust, with some profit. We have our own peculiar notions both on rent, and metallic and paper currency, but which it would be doing injustice to promulgate hastily, and to explain which, even cursorily would require too much of the space we usually devote to these notices. We confidently state that this is the very best edition of this great political economist's works: we will say more, that they cannot be justly appreciated or read to advantage without the accompanying remarks of the talented author of "England and America."

Statistical Inquiry into the Present State of the Medical Charities of Ireland, with Suggestions for a Medical Poor Law, by which they may be rendered much more extensively efficient. By DENNIS PHELAN, Surgeon to the Co. Tipperary Gaol, and to the House of Industry, &c. &c. Hodges and Smith, College Green, Dublin; Longman, Rees, and Co., Paternoster Row.

We have read this work with deep interest, and find it written with modesty, great perspicuity, and extreme diligence. It breathes an air of honesty throughout. Ireland has ever been the land of abuses; and it seems, that in proportion to the destitution of the majority of its inhabitants, is the misapplication of the funds, originally devoted to relieve it. It is a shocking state of things. In the capital itself, we find that every other inhabitant has been relieved as a sick pauper. As to the author's suggestion, of establishing a *medical* poor law, we hardly know what to say. Without it were accompanied by a *general* poor law, we should find, in times of scarcity, (and such times, when are they not in some portions of Ireland?) the whole inhabitants of districts flocking to the hospitals, with no other real ailment than that very horrid one—starvation. We recommend to statesmen, and to all members of parliament, a deep consideration of the contents of this able work. It embraces subjects too multifarious for us even to notice; but the general question is so momentous, that while it excites our deepest sympathy, we wish to call to it the most universal attention. How many dreadful epithets can we not justly apply to unfortunate Ireland! Agitated, half rebellious, half starved, over crowded, priest-ridden, impoverished, and we find that we may add to all these, too generally speaking, disease-stricken Ireland. Agitation has much to answer for.

The Gypsy. 3 Vols. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row.

It has been generally acknowledged that Mr. James, as an author, approached nearer to Sir Walter Scott than any other at present before the public. There is a very rare descriptive power in his writings, which constituted one of the principal charms of the Genius of the North. In "The Gipsy" we think that Mr. James has been more successful than in any other work yet published; there is more mind in it, more analysis of the human heart; it has not the gorgeous description of some of his writings, but it has deeper feeling and research. We have not space to quote, or we might prove to the reader that we are fully warranted in our opinion of these three volumes. When our notices are very short, they generally are very favourable, or quite the contrary. We shall therefore conclude by recommending "The Gipsy" as a work of high interest, worthy of Mr. James, and certain to be enrolled with the standard literature of the country.

Reminiscenses of an Intercourse with George Berthold Niebuhr, the Historian of Rome. By FRANCIS LIEBER, Professor, &c. &c. Author of the "Stranger in America," &c. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

Niebuhr was of that stuff of which great men are made. The architect of his own fortune, he obtained high rank and extended celebrity, without ever departing from his simple frankness of manner, and natural

integrity of heart. This volume is introduced by a rapid, and, considering the subject, too succinct a biography; and the reminiscences which follow are really delightful. They consist of anecdotes, which have all the concentration of aphorisms, and of aphorisms that have all the piquancy of anecdotes. This work, which is all too short, cannot be read without instruction, or dwelt upon without pleasure. If it do not have a very wide circulation, we shall be as much disappointed as mistaken.

The Oratorical Class-Book, with the Principles of Elocution simplified and illustrated by suitable Examples, intended for the use of Public and Private Seminaries. By A. N. HARTLEY, Teacher of Elocution. *Fifth Edition, improved.* Blackie and Sons, Glasgow; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

Long before we left school we were tired of Enfield's Speaker, good and venerable though it be. We suspect the world is tired of it also, by this time. It contained a good selection, but it was neither sufficiently numerous nor various. Like a spoiled child, the public wanted a new book, and here is one to their entire satisfaction. In whatever mood the youthful actor may chance to be, he will here find some fitting vent for it. The accentuation of the words is uniformly correct. It will also form a very pleasant book for desultory reading. As far as our recommendation can benefit it, it has it most heartily.

The Works of Alexander Pope; with a Memoir of the Author, Notes, and Critical Notices on each Poem. By the Rev. G. CROLY, LL.D. Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Vol. IV. A. J. Valpy, M.A., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

In this race of elegance and utility among the principal booksellers, in producing works of classical notoriety, it would be difficult to give the palm to any of the competitors. If one production is a little more splendid than its rivals, those rivals have some other counter-balancing advantage. Mr. Valpy, with his Pope under his arm, is certainly not the last in this praiseworthy course. The Fourth Volume has a well-engraved and significant frontispiece, by Warren, after Witherington, of "January and May." The vignette title-page, by the same artists, is also very good. The most recommendatory feature of this edition consists in the applicability of its notes, and the acumen of its critical notices. The work is edited in a very superior manner.

School Stenography; a System of Lineal Short-Hand, illustrated by a Set of Engraved Copies and Specimens, with Directions for Teaching and Learning the System. By DANIEL CADMAN. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court.

We must make short work of this short hand. We have no time to try it; but it seems to us, from the instructions, to combine simplicity with despatch, as most of the consonants are formed by little marks belonging to each of them, thus being easily remembered, and springing naturally from the usual method of writing. We believe that every good short-hand

writer has his own system, which would be unserviceable to any but himself. It is not the writing it, but the reading of it, in which the difficulty consists. By a little practice, every man may soon be enabled to understand his own marks. Those who wish to become short-hand writers, would perhaps do well to take a lesson from this work.

The English Boy at the Cape, an Anglo-African Story. By the Author of "Keeper's Travels." 3 Vols. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

This is a very interesting Robinson-Crusoe sort of a tale, and would form a most suitable Christmas present to youth of both sexes. From it, much more than mere amusement will be gained. The information it contains of the manners of the inhabitants, the topography, and other peculiarities of Southern Africa, is correct and valuable; and the moral that is throughout inculcated, is not the least of its excellencies. Many a cheerful hour will these volumes prove the delightful cause of passing. There is something in the simple, unostentatious, yet impressive style of the narrative, that has pleased us much, and we are certain will please the unsated taste of juvenility still more.

The Lay of the Lady Ellen, a Tale of 1834. By HARRY CHESTER, Esq. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

In this metrical tale there is much easy verse, but not so much as to make it hard reading. It is the romantic poetry of the modern drawing-room, if any thing so gothic as romance can be applied to so artificial an arena. The mechanism of the versification reminds one of Scott's Marmion; but in the poem nothing more fatal is shed than tears, by a first-rate belle, that

> "One by one, and large, and slow,
> Down her cheeks are seen to flow."

If we overlaid this elegant trifle with high panegyric, Mr. Chester would have cause to think that we were laughing at him. It is a pleasing *morceau*, containing some good points, and its chief excellence is, that it never descends below mediocrity; but at times takes a far flight above it. To wile away a listless hour, and to shed over it a tender pensiveness, we know no poem more capable than this.

The Historical Keepsake; a series of Tales, chiefly illustrative of important and interesting Events in British History. Second Series. Revised by WATSON DALBY. T. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

This, the first of the annuals for 1836 that we have received, made its appearance on the first of October. This is truly taking time by the forelock. But we cannot exactly class it with the beautiful bevy that rejoice in the title of "Annuals," for it hath not on a wedding garment. It comes decorated with wood-cuts; and, we confess it with reluctance, these cuts require to be cut again—that is, cut up. The letter-press is very good: the binding and gold lettering are also *comme il faut*. Those who wish to give their minds a treat, and care not for the splendid illusions of the fine arts, will find this a very suitable and seasonable volume.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers, Esq. Part VIII. Illustrated by One Hundred and Twenty-eight Vignettes, from Designs by Stothard and Turner. To be completed in Ten Monthly Parts. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

We have received the Eighth Part of this highly embellished edition, and find it contains some exquisite pieces of art. The views of Rome, and of spots in its vicinity, are very beautiful. This part is illustrated by portraits of "Giovanni," and "Gazzia de Medeci," to whose fortunes the principal poem relates. Any remarks of ours upon the poetry of Mr. Rogers would be superfluous. He has a reputation that will defy ages to undermine. His productions are worthily supported in this spirited edition.

A Manual of Entomology, from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmeister. By W. E. SHUCKHARD, M.E.S. *With additions by the Author, and Original Notes and Plates by the Translator.* Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street; Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

A double number of this valuable treatise has appeared this month. It is occupied by intelligent chapters on the physiology of generation, nutrition, and digestion. They afford materials for the profoundest thinking. In minute animals nature performs her operations in the simplest manner. She places no complicated curtain of multitudinous organs before her laboratory. If some of her most hidden mysteries are brought to light, we conjecture we shall gain the first insight of them by means of the science of entomology.

A Sermon, preached by the Right Rev. GEORGE HENRY, BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS, *on Sunday, July* 12, 1835, *at the Parish Church of St. George's, Hanover Square.* G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Church Yard.

We notice this discourse, not only on account of the elegance of its composition, and the beautiful fervour of its piety, but also because it was preached in aid of the "Royal Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear," an establishment to which we wish every success. The learned divine's appeal to philanthropy is energetic, and forms a good model for similar calls upon our benevolence.

The Betrothed: from the Italian of ALESSANDRO MANZONI. Richard Bentley, Burlington Street; Cumming, Dublin; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; Galignani, Paris.

This spirited and touching tale forms the forty-third number of Mr. Bentley's Standard Novels. It is every way worthy to appear among this very judicious selection. This fiction is not so well known as the generality of those which constitute this series, but it richly deserves to be. It gives, in addition to the interest of its plot, a vivid picture of many classes of Italian life, and a great insight into the motives that operate most strongly on the Italian character. We recommend this classical production to general attention.

Henrich Stilling. Part II. His Domestic Life and Years of Tuition, translated from the German of JOHANN HEINRICH JUNG STILLING, late Professor of the Universities of Heidelberg and Marburg, and Private Aulic Counsellor to the Grand Duke of Baden. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster Row.

To the first part of this singularly beautiful work we, in common with all the respectable part of the public periodical press, did, we had almost said, ample justice. Ample it was not, on account of the restricted space to which we are compelled to limit our literary notices. In this, the second part, we see the same excellencies that so delighted us in the first. We think it a work for posterity, and we have no doubt but that every succeeding year will see it become more popular.

When we made the observations relative to Mr. Osler's "Life of Lord Exmouth," in our last Number, we felt that it was on authority upon which we could rely, and on receiving Mr. Osler's letter, which we subjoin, we immediately communicated with the party upon whose information we spoke. The answer received was satisfactory so far, that it proved there was no malice, but good foundation for the assertion. The contents of it, however, we consider, although they have been made known to Mr. Osler's publishers, it is not necessary should be made public. The simple question is, what is to be considered the *family?* especially when we speak of a nobleman's family, which is supposed to have a *head* to it. At the same time, we now impute no *blame* to *Mr. Osler.*

"SIR;

"I have great reason to complain of a charge of 'piracy' contained in your notice of the 'Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth;' especially as the allusion to the Bishop of Hereford may give some plausibility to an anonymous and unfounded rumour. The worthy prelate will be not a little surprised at learning, for the first time, that he is marked for an office so foreign to his character and pursuits.

"The work was undertaken and completed, as the Preface states, with the authority of Lord Exmouth's elder brother; who, having been his early protector, and his confidential friend through life, has an undoubted right to direct how, when, and by whom, the biography should be written. His competency will scarcely be questioned; in fact, he is the only person who could supply the incidents of early life, and explain many important after events.

"I may add, with reference to your present charge, that the late Viscount knew and approved the intention: that Lord Exmouth's most intimate connexions, as well personal as professional, gave their most zealous and friendly assistance; and that the Honourable Captain Pellew, his eldest surviving son, and the only remaining sailor of the family, revised the whole M.S., and furnished the portrait, medal, and pictures, for the engravings.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"E. OSLER.

"*Falmouth, Oct.* 8, 1835."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lives of the most Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, Vol. II. (forming Vol. LXXI. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia,) 12mo. 6s.

A Key to Structural, Physiological, and Systematic Botany. By Professor Lindley. 8vo. price 4s. 6d.

The Works of Alexander Pope, with Life, Notes, &c. By the Rev. Dr. Croly. Fourth and concluding volume. Foolscap 8vo. 5s.

Memoirs of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thomas Picton, G.C.B. &c. By H. B. Robinson, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

Reminiscences of an Intercourse with G. B. Niebuhr, the Historian of Rome. By F. Lieber. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

Jeremy Taylor's Life of Christ, Vol. I. (forming Vol. XXII. of the Sacred Classics,) 12mo. 5s.

Treatise on the Corporation Act, 5 and 6 Wm. IV. c. 76. By A. J. Stephens. 12mo. 8s.

Steam to India, or the New Indian Guide. Post 8vo. 12s.

Twenty Years in Retirement. By the Author of "Twelve Years' Military Adventures." 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

The Family Topographer, Vol. V. By Samuel Tymms. Containing the counties of Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, Northampton, Nottingham, Rutland, and Warwick, and Cheshire in the Chester circuit, with eight maps.

The Providence of God illustrated. By the Author of "History in all Ages." 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Leisure Musings and Devotional Meditations in humble Strains of Poetry. By the Rev. James Holme, A.B. Royal 32mo.

Village Sermons. By Arthur Roberts, M.A., Rector of Woodrising, Norfolk. 12mo.4s. 6d.

Cruciana. Illustrations of the most striking aspects under which the Cross of Christ, and Symbols derived from it, have been contemplated by Piety, Superstition, Imagination, and Taste. Embellished with numerous wood engravings. By John Holland. Cloth, 9s. 6d., silk, 10s. 6d., white vellum, 12s.

Flowers of Poetry for Young Persons: arranged from various authors, as a Companion or Sequel to Miss Taylor's Original Poems. 2 vols. 18mo. 3s.

Compendium of the Ligaments. By A. M'Nab, Jun. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Practical Observations on Diseases of the Heart, &c. By John Marshall, M.D. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Hill's British Dissector. Part I. 8vo. 7s.

The Wasps of Aristophanes, with Notes. By T. Mitchell, Esq. 8vo. 10s.

The Historical Keepsake for 1836. 18mo. 7s. plain; 10s. 6d. coloured.

Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1836. Post 8vo. 21s.; large paper, 50s.

The New Year's Gift for 1836. Fcp. 8s.

The English Boy at the Cape. 3 vols. royal 18mo. 10s. 6d.

Boid's History of Architecture. 2nd edit. royal 12mo. 7s. 6d.

The Book of Family Worship. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth; 12s. morocco.

An Examination of the Ancient Orthography of the Jews, &c. Part I. super-royal 8vo. 15s.

Proofs to the Picturesque Annual, 1836, plain, 21s.; proofs, 42s.

Essays, Thoughts, and Reflections. By the Rev. Henry Woodward, A.M. 8vo. 12s.

Conwell's Treatise on the Liver. 8vo. 14s.

The Works of the Rev. Richard Watson. Vol. VII. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

The Forget Me Not, 1836. 12s.

The Juvenile Forget Me Not, 1836. 8s.

History in all Ages. 5th edit. 12mo. 7s.

The Providence of God illustrated. By the Author of "History in all Ages. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Conti the Discarded. By the Author of "Sketches of a Seaport Town. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

A Statistical Inquiry into the Present State of the Medical Charities of Ireland. By Dennis Phelan. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions. Vol. XIX. 8vo. 15*s.*
Letters from Brussels in the Summer of 1835. By Mrs. A. Thorold. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Cruttwell's Housekeeper's Account Book for 1836. 2*s.*
Lectures on the Parables. First series. New edit. post 8vo. 8*s.*
Gilpin on Landscape Gardening. 2nd edit. royal 8vo. 20*s.*
Woolrych's New Highway Act. 12mo. 5*s.*
The Yemassee. By the Author of "Guy Rivers," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 16*s.* 6*d.*
Helen Wood's Conversations on English Grammar. 4th edition, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Gibson's Etymological Geography. 12mo. 2*s.*
Surrenne's New Pronouncing French Primer. 4th edit. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
The Educational Magazine. Vol. I. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*
The Comic Almanack, 1836. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Hood's Whims and Oddities. New edit. fcp. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Progressive Tales for Little Children. 1st and 2nd Series, square. 3*s.* each.
Very Little Tales for Very Little Children. 2nd Series, square. 2*s.*
Affection's Keepsake, 1836. 32mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Reverses of Fortune. By A. M. Sargeant. 18mo. 2*s.*
The Agricultural Labourer's Weekly Account Book. By William Girling. 4to. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Henry, or the Juvenile Traveller. 12mo. 3*s.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Captain Marryat is about to print his new work, "Japhet in Search of a Father," of which portions have appeared in our pages, in a separate form, and uniform with his other productions. We have no doubt that this publication will greatly extend the already high literary reputation of its distinguished author.

Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. Bulwer has committed to the Press a new work, entitled "Rienzi, or the Last of the Tribunes:" the deep interest of the story, from the powerful pen of Mr. Bulwer, will doubtless render this a work of very extraordinary attraction.

Miss Landon's new Poem, "The Vow of the Peacock," with a beautiful Portrait of the accomplished authoress, is now ready.

Mr. Grattan's new work, "Agnes de Munsfeldt," is nearly completed. It has been, we understand, retarded in consequence of the delay of part of the work on its transmission to England through the Foreign post.

The new work, entitled "My Aunt Pontypool," respecting which so much expectation exists, will, we learn, be ready for publication on the 4th instant.

The "Book of Gems," lately announced, containing upwards of fifty splendid Engravings, with Poetical Illustrations, one of the most costly works yet produced, is on the eve of publication.

Mr. Lodge's "Peerage for 1836," corrected throughout to the present date, will be published on the 10th, in time for the Almanacks.

Mr. J. A. St. John announces, under the title of the "Masterpieces of English Prose Literature," a selection of the most celebrated authors of Britain, with preliminary discourses on their genius, and notes, historical, biographical, and literary, &c.

Narrative of a Voyage round the World, describing the British Settlements and Islands on the Northern Coast of New Holland. By T. B. Wilson, Surgeon, R.N.

The Book of Christmas, in Prose and Verse. Edited by T. K. Hervey, with engraved Illustrations and Woodcut Vignettes, designed by R. Seymour.

Memoirs of the Prince of Peace, formerly Prime Minister of the King of Spain, translated under the superintendence of his Highness, from the original MS. By Lieut.-Colonel D'Esmenard. With Portraits from original Paintings of Charles IV. his Queen, and two Portraits of his Highness.

Tales and Fables, suggested by the Frescoes at Pompeii. By M. Le Gros, with Engravings.

Agnes Searle. By the author of "The Heiress."

Chronicles of Waltham. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig.

Mr. N. P. Willis's Pencillings by the Way.

Lieutenant Holman's fourth and concluding volume of his singular Voyages and Travels round the World.

Plebeians and Patricians: a Novel, By the author of "Old Maids."

Marco Visconti: an Historical Romance. A translation of the Fourteenth Century, from the Italian. By Miss Caroline Ward.

We have the pleasure to announce, that J. A. St. John, Esq., author of "Tales of the Ramad'han," "Egypt, and Mohammed Ali," &c. has nearly ready for publication a new Novel, entitled "Margaret Ravenscroft, or Second Love," founded, it is rumoured, upon certain extraordinary incidents in the history of a distinguished English family.

The Wallsend Miner. By James Everett, author of "The Village Blacksmith," &c.

A new and complete edition of Juvenal's Satires, linearly translated, with Notes, &c. By Dr. P. A. Nuttall, translator of Virgil and Horace.

Land and Sea Tales. By the author of "Tough Yarns." Embellished by George Cruikshank.

Cherville's First Steps to French.

Walton's Calculator's Sure Guide.

New System of Homœopathic Medicine. By Mr. Brookes, Surgeon.

A Treatise on Painting. By Leonardo da Vinci. Faithfully translated from the original Italian, and digested under proper heads. By John Francis Rigaud, Esq., Academician of the Royal Academy of Painting at London, and also of the Academia Clementina at Bologna, and the Royal Academy at Stockholm. Illustrated with twenty-three Copper-plates, and other figures. To which is prefixed, a Life of the Author, with a critical account of his works. By John William Brown, Esq.

NEW MUSIC.

The Bird Catcher's Song. Words by Manley Hopkins. *Music by* Thomas Kilner. J. A. Novello.

From this rather unpromising subject the author has produced some pretty and playful words; while Mr. Kilner, in the sweet melody he has given to them, has fully supported the reputation he gained from his "Rover's Bride."

FINE ARTS.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings by Stanfield, Turner, Callcott, *and other eminent Artists. Made from Original Sketches taken on the Spot, with Descriptions of the Plates,* by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B.D. John Murray, Albemarle Street; Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

We have got to the nineteenth number of this undertaking, so acceptable to all classes. The first plate gives us a representation of the "Mosque erected over the Graves of Abraham and the Patriarchs." There is nothing remarkable in the Islamite building; being imposingly placed, it gives the picture a fine relief. The "Mosque of Omar," in Jerusalem, on Mount Moriah, on the site where once stood the Temple of Solomon, is by no means a splendid piece of architecture. However, it forms an interesting engraving, interesting by many associations. "The summit of Mount Sinai" is nothing but a wild and rugged rock. "Cana of Galilee" is a distant view of a small, ancient, and eastern-looking town. The foreground is strikingly relieved by a group surrounding a well. All these plates are executed in the best style, and are deserving of illustrating any edition of the Bible not too

large. We understand that the whole will be completed in twenty-four numbers, and then we suppose that scarcely any remarkable spot mentioned in Holy Writ will not have been portrayed. This undertaking has always been an especial favourite of ours—in which feeling of preference the public have widely participated.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. A Series of Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and other Picturesque Portions of the European Continent, from Original Drawings taken expressly for this Work, by CLARKSON STANFIELD, Esq. R. A. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

This, the fifth number, commences with the "Blockade Station of Rye Old Harbour." It is an eminently English, and beautifully delineated, scene. The wooden walls are even majestic in their decrepitude. "Powderham Park, Exmouth," is faithful, and true to natural effect. It is well engraved, and the effect clear and imposing. The view of "Hamoaze, Plymouth," is the most splendid of the series. Honestly, we never saw an engraving that pleased us more. Every impression of it is worth the price of the number tenfold. "Easy Cliff, Hastings," we find too hard, the lights and shadows contrast too violently, and the rocks are too coarsely marked in. We think the engraver in fault. His hand has been too heavy. Still there is much spirit in the plate, and great beauty in the design. We can conceive no work more deserving of general patronage, and what it deserves it will find.

Switzerland. By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. &c. Illustrated by a Series of Views, taken expressly for this Work, by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. Part XVI. George Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

This splendid production has advanced triumphantly to the sixteenth number, and made familiar to the British public scenes ranging from the most awful grandeur to the gentlest loveliness. The present part commences with a "View of Mont Blanc," as seen from the Jura. The mass of mountains, with their snow-clad pinnacles, of which Mont Blanc is the towering centre, pierces an almost cloudless sky, and we have thus a clearly-defined outline of these rock-formed giants. The artist has well managed his foreground, so as to give the spectator an excellent idea that even there the height is great, as he has placed a fleecy cloud intercepting the view of a rock in a portion near the eye. The engraving of this plate is very finely marked. "The Castle of Chillon" is a placid and romantic view. The old walls and capped towers are gently touched by the light of the young moon, whilst the lake sleeps below, imparting to the beholder a beautiful feeling of serenity. The effect of this engraving is exquisite. It is from the burin of Woolnoth. The "Glacier of Bossons," in the Valley of Chamouni, is as wild a scene as can well be imagined, and it is really a discomfort to look upon it. The icebergs of the North Pole seem to have grounded amidst savage rocks and wild forests. The "Gallery of Gondo" is such a scene that Alpine regions only could afford. The sky is almost shut out from view in the stupendous pass. In the letter-press Dr. Beattie gives us an exciting detail of the battle of Wolfshalden, so fatal and so disgraceful to the Austrian forces. We have then a rapid description of the Canton of St. Gall, with much of its history, finishing with a romantic story of the "Beautiful Ida," a fitting theme for the poet. The number finishes with a commencement of the Canton of Thorgau; and we shall conclude our notice of it, by saying, that the literary part is all too short—a singular fault in these voluminous times.

The Destroying Angel. By JOHN MARTIN, ESQ. Published by J. Martin, 30, Alsop's Terrace, New Road; and Ackerman, Strand.

Is it a praise too lofty to call Mr. Martin the Milton of painters? Posterity must decide. Of this we are assured, that the works of no other artist fill the mind with ideas so grand. In the engraving before us there is much, very much, of the sub-

limity that we always expect from his powerful pencil, and something also that we think inconsistent with propriety. The awful and ponderous calm that seems to hang so heavily on air and earth, with the dim visage of vengeance, hardly seen through the straight and rigid clouds, with the gorgeous architecture in the middle distance, have the grandest effect. What we dislike is, seeing men, women, and animals congregated together upon the rocky ground, outside of the city, to die, or to mourn over recent death. Such scenes as these, at least with respect to mankind, would take place, if not all within doors, surely not where they are represented. But perhaps we are hypercritical, and it is quite right that the whole population of the city should rush out and enact their mourning just as the artist has described them. With this exception, we think the plate well calculated to support the great and justly earned fame of the painter, and that it will be eagerly sought for by all who have a refined taste.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY

In all respects remain nearly in *statu quo* since our last, with the exception of a considerable improvement in the iron trade and all its branches, as well foreign as internal. As a set off against this, we may instance this year a great falling off in our imports from the West Indies, which, of course, will make a corresponding deficiency in our exports. Never was there a blow more inimical to commerce inflicted than that which turned contented slaves that would work, into discontented apprentices who will not. The future loss to the country will be immense, and we have bought it at the trifling expense of twenty millions sterling, and we may add, at least another million for the expenses of the commissioners who will have to dole it out; not forgetting the increased burthen to the country of the stipendiary magistrates, an attendant and a continuous one upon the measure. In the other departments of our commerce, as we have before mentioned, there has been but little variation. We must confess that about London there seems, just now, in most businesses, the pressure of great dulness. The harvest throughout the country has been generally abundant, and grain does not fetch remunerating prices. Still, with this apparent cheapness of the necessaries of life, there is great privation among the middle, and destitution among the lower classes.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 26th of October.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 209, 10.—Consols for Account, 91 three-eighths, half.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 90 quarter, three-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 98 half, five-eighths. — Exchequer Bills, 1,000l. 14, 16. — India Bonds, 2, 4.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian, 1824, Five per Cent., 84 half, 5. — Columbian, (1824,) Six per Cent., 89 half.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 55 quarter, half.—Mexican, Six per Cent., 37, 8.—Spanish, (Cortes) 44 quarter.

SHARES.

Real del Monte, 16 half, 17 half.—United Mexican, 3 half, 4.

Money Market.—During the month there have been the usual slight variations in all the securities. The operations of the Bank have been watched with some suspicion, but that establishment having, in some degree, attended to the public feeling, the excitement on that subject has nearly subsided.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM SEPT. 22, TO OCTOBER 23, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 22.—J. W. Buckland, Union Road, Albany Road, Old Kent Road, Surrey, British plate manufacturer.—J. Bailey, Southampton, hatter.—J. M'Entire, Belfast, Ireland, merchant.—R. Jones, Carnarvon, draper.—G. Pearson and T. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, paper merchants.

Sept. 25.—P. Campbell, Jerusalem Coffee-House, City, master mariner.—C. Basan and T. G. Baynton, Strand, licensed victuallers.—R. Edwards, Kingston-upon-Hull, common brewer.—S. Lorymer, Bristol, brewer.

Sept. 29.—W. Scamell, Tottenham Court Road, leather seller.—W. Key, Isleworth, linen draper.—G. Maggs, Bilston, linen draper.—F. How, Margate, hotel keeper.—T. Nabb, Manchester, auctioneer.—J. Lorymer, Bristol, corn factor.—G. Nicholson, Rotherham, Yorkshire, grocer.

Oct. 2.—J. Nightingale, Oxford Street, victualler.—S. Gartley, Golden Lane, St. Luke's, victualler.—R. Taylerson, South Shields, Durham, ship-owner.—T. Tempest, Leeds, grocer.—W. Finney, Jun., Hanley, Stoke-upon-Trent, grocer.—H. C. Allport, Bread Street Hill, commission agent.

Oct. 6.—R. Penner and S. Hobson, London Street, Fenchurch Street, corn factors.—J. Shayler, Blackman Street, Southwark, draper.—R. Woods, Cambridge, builder.—T. Taylor, late of Steeple Ashton, Wilts, dealer.—W. Whiston, Aston Street, Birmingham, smelter and refiner.—T. Hanesworth, Sheffield, hatter.

Oct. 9.—E. Cawley, Bridport, Dorsetshire, upholder.—A. Carter, Wenlock Basin, City Road, iron merchant.—H. Robinson, Nutford Place, Bryanstone Square, coal merchant.—J. R. Glenister, Tring, Hertfordshire, auctioneer and commission agent.—J. Davis, Two Brewers, Goswell Street, licensed victualler.—W. P. Dobree, New City Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, merchant.—J. Brown, Lower Place, Middlesex, chandler.—W. Partridge, Birmingham, haberdasher.—W. Bishton, Parkfield, Staffordshire, ironmaster.—J. Greaves, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Perowne, Dickelburgh, Norfolk, grocer and draper.

Oct. 13.—G. Longman, Bride Lane, City, licensed victualler.—T. Cooke, Liverpool, chemist.—W. Boutland, Bill Quay, Durham, ship builder.—H. Bulgin, Bristol, bookseller.—W. Splatt, Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, flint grinder.

Oct. 16.—C. and C. Mason, Piccadilly, livery stable keepers.—H. H. Davies, Soho Square, auctioneer.—G. C. Weber, Eaton Row, Eaton Square, dealer in horses.—J. Keyse, Youl's Place, Old Kent Road, plumber.—S. Lewis, Cheltenham, builder.

Oct. 20.—J. A. Storey, Derby, grocer.—R. B. Bender, South Street, Grosvenor Square, wine merchant.—T. Wagstaff, Little Exeter Street, Chelsea.—W. Grey, Liverpool, commission agent.

Oct. 23.—R. Pease, Leeds, timber merchant.—J. N. Dennis, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, coach maker.—A. Moore, Wells Row, Islington, builder.—T. Bonner, Horseferry Road, Westminster, cow keeper.—J. T. Mercer, Manchester, plumber.—J. Wallace, Liverpool, provision merchant.—R. Claxton, Norwich, tailor.

NEW PATENTS.

J. F. Saunders, of Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in clarifying raw cane and other vegetable and saccharine juices, and in bleaching such raw juices. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 1st, 6 months.

J. J. C. Sheridan, of Walworth, Surrey, Chemist, for an improvement in the manufacture of soap. September 17th, 6 months.

W. Mason, of Brecknock Terrace, Camden Town, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements on wheels, boxes, and axletrees of carriages for carrying persons and goods on common roads and railways. September 24th, 6 months.

J. P. Westhead, of Manchester, Smallware Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of smallwares, and an improved arrangement of machinery for covering or forming a case around any wire, cord, gut-thread, or other substance, so as to render the same suitable for various useful purposes. September 24th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1835.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Sept.					
23	54-64	29,60-29,70	S.S.W.	,1	Heavy showers of rain in even. otherwise clear.
24	51-61	29,75-29,80	S.W.	,3	Generally cloudy.
25	44-62	29,91-29,81	S.W.		Generally clear.
26	44-61	29,65-29,61	S.		General overcast, with heavy showers of rain.
27	47-57	29,57-29,49	S.bW.&W.bN	,7	Generally clear, except at noon.
28	45-53	29,37-29,61	W. & W. b. S.	,025	Generally clear, a shower of rain in the morn.
29	43-62	29,55-29,47	S. b. W.		Gen. clear, except the morn. a few drops of rain.
30	51-65	29,32-29,19	S.E.		Generally cloudy, a few drops of rain in morn.
Oct.					
1	50-58	29,19-29,20	S.b.W.&S.b E.		Cloudy, rain generally from 10 A.M. till midnight.
2	52-58	29,20-29,28	S.W.	,475	Raining all the morn., a heavy shower at 7 P.M.
3	38-56	29,31-29,25	W. & S.E.	,55	Overcast, a heavy shower of hail about 2 P.M.
4	44-55	29,29-29,47	W.bN.&W.bS.	,675	Generally cloudy. [rain in the afternoon.
5	40-57	29,58-29,73	W. b. S.		Generally clear. [a shower about 7 P.M.
6	39-61	29,80-29,87	S.W.		Rain and thunder in S.E. about ½ past 3 P.M.,
7	40-57	29,93-30,02	N.W. & N.E.	,05	General overcast, raining gently about 4 P.M.
8	45-58	29,92-29,59	N. b. E.		Generally clear.
9	43-55	29,47-29,20	S.W.	,05	Raining generally, from 7 A.M. till 2 P.M.
10	42-49	28,80-29,02	N. b. W.	,425	Generally clear, except the morn. rain. gently.
11	38-50	29,20-29,59	N.W.	,025	Generally cloudy.
12	36-51	29,79-29,82	N. b. W. & W.		General overcast, except the morning.
13	50-62	29,85-29,94	W. b. S. & W.	,125	Generally cloudy.
14	51-58	30,07-30,23	N. & W. b. N.		Generally cloudy.
15	50-59	30,28-30,31	W.W. & N.E.		General overcast, except at noon.
16	48-57	30,31-30,27	N. b. E.		General overcast.
17	47-57	30,22-30,20	S.W. & E.b.N.		Generally cloudy.
18	44-52	30,22-30,25	N.E. & E.		General overcast, except the evening.
19	28-52	30,21-30,02	E. b. S. & E.		Generally clear. [from ½ past 7 till 10 P.M.
20	27-50	29,87-29,74	E. & S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise overcast, rain. gently
21	35-48	29,74-29,72	S.W.	,175	Generally clear, except the morning.
22	30-51	29,62-29,50	S. b. E.		Overcast, rain generally from ½ past 7 till noon.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—J. F. STEPHENS, Esq., F.L.S., Vice-President, in the chair.—Various donations of Entomological works were announced, including the first part of the splendid *Fauna Japonica*, by Dr. Siebold and De Haan, and thanks ordered to be returned to the various donors. A communication was read from Mr. E. Doubleday, containing an account of the complete destruction of a bee-hive, by the *Galleria cereana*, a small moth, the larva of which preys upon the comb. Specimens of the moth and of the destroyed comb were exhibited. Several living sugar-cane plants, infested with the cane-fly, were also exhibited by Mr. J. C. Johnstone, by whom an account was given of the rapid and alarming progress of this small but destructive insect in the Island of Bermuda, its ravages having now extended over two-thirds of the island, and appeared also in the neighbouring islands. A variety of new and interesting species of insects were exhibited by different members; and the following memoirs were read—namely: An Account of the Internal and Comparative Anatomy of the Larva of the *Calosoma sycophanta*, by Herman Burmeister of Berlin; Notice of the various Entomological subjects

brought before the German meeting of naturalists, at Bonn, communicated by Mr. Westwood. Members were elected, and certificates in favour of candidates were read: and in both classes we were gratified to see the names of foreigners of high scientific celebrity. The chairman announced that the second part of the Society's Transactions was ready for delivery.

Horticultural Society, Oct. 20.—A paper of Observations on the growth of the Potato, by Sir George Stewart Mackenzie, Bart. was read. It advocated very strongly the use of sets, in preference to whole tubers, in extensive cultivation; pointed out the additional quantity to be derived even from the planting of the shoots which spring in the store-pits, and noticed the facts, that if the eyes of potatoes be cut out, the tubers may be easily preserved for any length of time, and the superior productiveness of the root and crown-eyes over those from the middle of the tuber. Some very beautiful orchideous plants were exhibited from the gardens of Mrs. Marryat, of Wimbledon, the Society, and Messrs. Rollisson. The variety named Orchidium Lanceanum attracted attention, not only on account of its beauty and fragrance, but from its being a new species from Surinam, exhibited for the first time. A citron melon, dahlias, heartsease, and collections of handsome pears and apples, were also on the table. W. Stewart Parker, Esq. and Mrs. Witham were elected Fellows of the Society.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

DESCENT OF THE GRAND AVALANCHE FROM THE DENT DU MIDI,

AS DESCRIBED BY AN EYE WITNESS.

On Wednesday morning, August 25th of this year, I left Martigny on foot, for Villeneuve, a small village on the lake of Geneva. I had just been visiting the Mer de Glace, and the Hospice of St. Bernard, without any extraordinary piece of adventure, and therefore made no doubt of reaching Villeneuve by night. After my hard labour among the mountains, I felt no small relief at being again on level ground: for the whole road from Martigny to the lake runs along a valley. This valley, which is twelve leagues long, and in parts nearly two miles and a half wide, is of great beauty, being studded thick with villages and spires, with here and there groves of walnuts, orchards, and little meadows interspersed. Steep mountains on either side rise up into snow. The Rhone, which is here of an exquisite blue colour, flows along with you on the right, on its way to the lake. The principal mountain to the left is called Dent du Midi. It was about half-past eight when I left Martigny. The balmy air, the quiet, the pleasant security that seemed to prevail every where about this valley, with the near prospect of the clearly defined snow, had something so grateful in them, that, at every step, I felt myself more vigorous. After staying at the famous fall of Pissevache, just so long as not to get wet through, I had proceeded about a mile, and was occupied in reflecting upon the good fortune of those who had been placed in so beautiful and happy a spot, when of a sudden a grey cloud came floating round the turn of a mountain, which being followed by others, in a short while the whole view, excepting the valley itself, was shut out from me. It seems to me, upon recollection, that I fancied at the time there was something ill-omened in this sudden gloom; but after walking about half an hour longer, I was diverted from this change in the prospect, by observing the peasants leaving their work, and by meeting two or three carts driving furiously past me. A little farther on I met several persons running as fast as they could in the direction of Martigny, and was afterwards overtaken by others going the same road as myself. All this made me suppose that something unusual must be the matter, but I was confused by observing different parties in equal haste running opposite ways. At last I stopped an old man, and asked him in French, as I best could, what was his reason for running. To this he only answered by pointing towards a village in front of me, named Evionaz, then towards the mountain at my left, saying the words, as I understood them, "St. Bartholemi." This made me suppose that there must be some

Roman Catholic procession advancing, but since every one that I saw was running, I thought it best now to run myself, which I did, towards the village of Evionas, keeping the high road.

I was just entering this village, when a burst of people came out from it in my direction, as if they were pursued by a charge of cavalry. Among the foremost of these were two French ladies, in extreme alarm. One of them caught me by the fingers, pulling me along with all her might, and telling me to run for my life, for that an avalanche was just coming down from the mountain upon the village. We soon reached a charabauc, which I had observed as I passed by, standing in the road. The French ladies got in, and I took my seat between them, doing my best to pacify the elder lady, whose fear by this time had quite got the better of her. The postillion drove off at full gallop in the direction of Martigny. Expecting every moment that a huge heap of water would come rolling along the valley, I now began to reflect that the road we were taking could not be very secure, and that even the mountain from which the avalanche was descending, would be a safer spot for refuge. Accordingly I quitted the ladies, whom I could not persuade to go with me, leaving them in charge of the postillion and a French gentleman, their friend, who had overtaken us.

There was a small dell between the road and the mountain. I paused a moment to reflect whether the water might not overtake me as I was passing across this dell, but, upon observing many peasants take the same route, I struck across boldly, running faster than I can ever remember to have run before. After scrambling through two or three thickets, and climbing up cliffs upon which, at other times, I would not have ventured, I stopped to look about me, when I was about six hundred feet high. Below me lay the village, in apparently as much security as ever; beyond it, at the opposite side of the valley, flowed the Rhone, without any visible increase. The only unusual object that presented itself, was a number of people, the inhabitants of the village, collected on various knolls up the side of the mountain, both above and below me. Most of these groups, which seemed to be made up of family parties, had baskets with them, which I found to contain bread and wine. Some had small cradles, with chairs and household utensils, collected, as it seemed, in great haste. There was an anxious look on the face of each who was old enough to reflect, but the little children were at play by their mothers. I sate myself down on the grass beside a woman, who seemed to be the mother of a family. She pointed to me her house, which every moment she expected to be overwhelmed by the avalanche, since it stood foremost in the village. Every now and then in the middle of what she was saying, she would pause for a moment, and hold up her finger, bidding me listen to a distant sort of rumbling overhead. At the same time the bells of the village were clanged together by such as remained in it, as a sign to quit it with all speed; and upon looking more curiously into the orchards between the village and the mountain, I could see various persons running across towards us with chairs and tables on their backs, determined to save what they could at the risk of their lives. But as yet the danger was indefinite, nor could I conceive what was to come. However, upon considering what happened at Martigny some years before, I was led upon the whole to expect that a huge wall of water would first descend the mountain, and then rush along the valley.

Under these apprehensions I soon got tired of staying in one place, and quitting the groups about me, struck up into the mountain by myself, directing my course sideways, that I might come upon the edge of the ravine, down which, as I supposed, the avalanche must soon come. As I walked along in this direction, I soon lost sight of the village from the thickness of the clouds, and began to hear more distinctly the rumbling noticed by the Swiss woman; indeed, at one time I reasoned within myself, whether or not the avalanche might be coming down just over my head. With these thoughts I contrived to keep close to the largest trees, as I climbed along the cliffs, which at this height were become exceeding abrupt, with pine trees hanging over. It was up here, that after seeing no one for some time, I met at last with an Italian gentleman, who was wandering about in search of three friends whom he had lost, but whether they had been buried under the avalanche or not he could not say. We agreed to journey on together, and at last, after much climbing, reached a deep ravine running down from the mountains into the valley. The bottom of this ravine was filled with a stream of mud of great depth and width, moving along sluggishly into the plain. It seems, the grand burst was just over as we reached the spot, in proof of which the sides of the ravine for a considerable height were covered with mud and shattered pines. There was a strong sulphurous stench

arising from the mud, similar to what is experienced when a dirty pond is cleaned out. We were so occupied with this tremendous spectacle, that we neglected to look into the valley for some minutes, but upon turning our eyes in that direction, (for the clouds had cleared away,) we perceived the valley for a terrific extent to be covered with the mud which had just descended down the ravine on the edge of which we stood. The beautiful orchards and plantations which had filled me with admiration but a short time before, were not only laid perfectly level, but rather quite buried, insomuch that nothing was to be seen of them. But in their place the only thing visible was a broad river of mud, branching off in three directions from the main source, just as I have since been assured is the appearance of a new fall of lava. There was also another point in which a strong similitude was to be found between the mud and lava: I mean its consistency, for upon going a few steps down the ravine, and feeling the mud with my feet, I found it to be so hard that I might nearly stand upon it, although that particular part had just rested from a state of motion. However, I was warned not to be too curious in these inquiries, for of a sudden I heard a faint rumbling over head, which increased gradually to a sort of harsh thunder. This was the prelude to a new discharge of the avalanche, which came down shortly after, heaving along huge rocks with vast noise in an astonishing manner. This discharge, like the other, consisted of nothing but mud, swelling along in broad undulations, till it reached the plain. As it went past, the earth shook under our feet for several yards back from the ravine. Having satisfied my curiosity sufficiently with this spectacle, I now returned with my companion down the mountain, and left him at the village of Evionaz, to which the inhabitants were fast descending, since the avalanche had fortunately taken its way a little to one side of it, owing to a small hill at the mouth of the ravine. Since I never saw my Italian friend again, I cannot tell whether he found his friends or not.

For my own part, I was so much astonished at this grand exertion of nature in ruining her own works, that I could think of nothing else all my way back to Martigny, whither I was obliged to retrace my steps, for it was impossible to proceed to Villeneuve. The next day fresh discharges came down, so that the road along the valley was covered for half a mile with mud to the depth of fifteen feet, besides enormous stones weighing, as I was told, between ten and twenty tons. These stones, as I suppose, must have been helped on their way not a little by the specific gravity of the mud, which was so great that the stones could almost float in it. I now learnt that I had mistaken the words, Dent du Midi, for St. Bartholemi; Dent du Midi being the mountain from whence the avalanche had descended. It seems that there were a number of glaciers running up this mountain, (which is about 11,000 feet high.) one above another to the top of it. These glaciers, in the increase of hot weather, which we have had for many years past, had much melted; but their lower barriers of ice not giving way, the water had been preserved in lakes up on the heights, till the top glacier broke of a sudden, and precipitated the others in succession into the valley. All this happened in so short a space of time, that when the accumulated avalanche descended at ten in the morning, no one had the least suspicion of it, with the exception of some peasants, who, as I am assured, had been used to go up to these lakes for fishes. It is hard to conjecture by what means the water in its descent gained such a consistency, but I suppose there was a good portion of mud in the lakes themselves, not to speak of the mud collected by ground sinking in as the torrent passed by. However, with all this there is a difficulty upon this point, which I am very willing to let the reader settle as he shall think fit, being content, for my own part, to have been one of the few Englishmen who witnessed a spectacle so grand that all Switzerland has had nothing to compare with it for many years. I spent five days at Martigny, at the Hotel de la Tour, which I here take the liberty of recommending to such as do not regard a bad outside. During this time, I visited the avalanche every day, and once ascended the Dent du Midi nearly 4000 feet, with the view of tracing it to its source; but this I found to be impossible. At the end of five days a communication, by government orders, had been formed along the valley, by laying fir-trees across the mud and covering them with earth: but the old road was completely buried in such a way as never to be restored again. I was glad enough to take this opportunity of proceeding with the rest of my tour, but so much had I been excited by my proximity to the peril, that for some days I felt a sort of distrust in nature, hard to be understood by such as have not been in a similar situation. I have learnt since that the same event occurred at the same place five hundred years before, but I do not know the name of the book in which the history of it is to be found.

Although the village was not destroyed, as had been expected, many detached

houses were buried under the mud up to their roofs, but when I came away, I heard of no lives having been lost. One very providential escape was told me by the two French ladies whom I have before noticed. They had started from Martigny just in time to be overwhelmed by the avalanche; but the youngest of the two, when she reached the falls of Pissevache, found that she had dropped some letters. It was in searching for these that so much time was spent, as to allow them only to reach the village before the avalanche fell. But although there was no loss of life, there was much ruin to the poor property of the peasants. Several millers lost their trade entirely by a change in the course of the river, and the Rhone, for a time, was nearly choked up.

Since I have mentioned the Hotel de la Tour, I take this opportunity of paying my thanks to a family party of English travellers who were confined at the same place by the impracticability of conveying their carriage over the mud. It was by their presence that my stay at Martigny, which might otherwise have been tedious, was rendered the most delightful time that I spent abroad.

I have nothing more to add, but that I would wish the term avalanche to be better understood by others than it was by myself before I visited Switzerland. This word is used by the Swiss to signify any mass that falls from a mountain into a valley, whether it be water, mud, earth, ice, or snow, and is not confined to this last, as is generally supposed.

E. C———LL.

Brazennose College, Oxford.

Expedition in Australia.—The following account has been lately received from Sydney. Mr. C. Coxen, who arrived in this colony with instructions from the Zoological Society of London, has finished his first trip to the interior. He started on the 26th December last from the Hunter, and penetrated on the banks of the Nammoi, so far as one hundred miles beyond the last station (one of Sir John Jamieson's) situated on this river. The river at first flows west, and afterwards in a west-by-south direction. The whole country traversed is reported to be barren and inhospitable, especially in the latter part of the journey, and the land bad. In fact, Mr. Coxen says, that starting from the above station, a dead level spread itself before his eyes, and not a hill was visible. This plain land must very much resemble all the plains hitherto known of our continent; it is equally divested of trees, which grow only upon the banks of the Nammoi. The banks are very thickly inhabited, and the people much taller than our natives generally. Although Mr. Coxen had some blacks with him, he could not communicate with these people, whom he describes as very hostile. Our traveller attempted to traverse from Nammoi to the Gwyder, but the country proved very dry, affording scarcely any food for the bullocks. When Mr. Coxen left the Nammoi, its bed had been successively contracted into a much narrower channel. Mr. C. was disabled from extending his exploring further, having been promised by government four prisoners to accompany him, and receiving only two, one of whom was a perfect idiot; he was obliged to hire free men, who refused positively to proceed any further, and threatened to abandon him if attacked by the ferocious natives. So far as collecting is concerned, Mr. C. was very successful, having discovered as many as twenty-six very rare species of birds; amongst which twenty, at least, are entirely new to science. The greater part are of the parrot and pigeon tribe, the former of a very splendid plumage. Mr. C. believes that he found also a new sort of wallaby, having white marks on the shoulders, and the tail ending in a small bush. Mr. C. proposes shortly to make another and more extensive tour.

Traces of Ancient Civilisation among the South Sea Islands.—Amongst the Caroline Islands, only six weeks sail from Sydney, is Ascencio, (about 11° N. lat.) discovered very lately by his Majesty's sloop of war, Raven. Mr. Ong, now a resident of this colony, some years back remained there for several months, and we have our information from a friend, who conversed frequently with Mr. O. on this subject. On the above-named Island of Ascencio, the language of the inhabitants is more harmonious than in the other islands of the South Seas, a great many words ending with vowels. There are at the N. E. end of the island, at a place called Tamen, ruins of a town, now only accessible by boats, the waves reaching to the steps of the houses. The walls are overgrown with bread, cocoa-nut, and other ancient trees, and the ruins occupy a space of two miles and a half. The stones of these edifices are laid bed and quoin, exhibiting irrefutable traces of art, far beyond

the means of the present savage inhabitants. Some of these hewn stones are twenty feet in length by three to five each way, and no remains of cement appearing. The walls have door and window places. The ruins are built of stone, which is different from that occurring in the immediate neighbourhood. There is a mountain in the island, the rocks of which are covered with figures, and there are far greater ruins eight miles in the interior. The habits of these islanders exhibit traces of a different social system; the women do not work exclusively, as is the custom in the other islands. After the meals, water is carried about by servants for washing hands, &c. Asked about the origin of these buildings, the inhabitants say, that they were built by men which are now above (pointing to the heavens).

Exploring Expedition.—New South Wales.—Major Mitchell's exploring party, splendidly equipped, halted at Bathurst, for the purpose of completing their supplies, and after resting three days, proceeded on their journey to a centrical spot in the Boree country, from whence they will pursue a south-westerly course to the Darling, Murrumbidgee, and Murray rivers. This, and a return to the depôt, will form the first division of the work, when it is understood that the whole body will move off in a north-westerly direction, with the view of transversely intersecting the country, and establishing the fact of the existence or non-existence of the great waters which are supposed to have their source amongst the interior mountains. The party are prepared for a year's absence, and for all the vicissitudes of weather and climate incidental to that protracted period. The men started in high spirits; most of them have been tried servants in the field service of the survey department, and accompanied the surveyor-general on his last tour. A capacious cedar boat, and whale boat of a smaller size, form part of the equipment, and are conveyed on a carriage nearly forty feet long, made for the purpose.

Aerolite.—M. Stas has found a metallic mass in a garden in Belgium, which appears to him to be an aërolite. It was incrusted with the surrounding soil, and during the efforts made to extract it, broke into several pieces. The entire mass weighed about sixty-eight pounds, and was of an irregular, lenticular form. Its exterior is smooth, and of a dirty ferruginous colour; the interior is beautifully crystallized. The isolated crystals are cubic, and dull, but if rubbed with a hard substance, are restored to brilliancy. It is tenacious, and at the same time very ductile; it may, however, be separated with a knife or a file.

Rugen.—A traveller who has just visited the Pomeranian island of Rügen, describes the peninsula of Mönchgut in the following terms. "This district, nearly cut off from the main land, is interesting from its situation, and the manners of its inhabitants. For ages there has been no change in the social condition of the people, and man has scarcely advanced a single step. The people of Mönchgut speak their peculiar *patois*, wear their peculiar costume, weave the stuff for it themselves, and live in patriarchal independence and innocence. They have one remarkable custom, which certainly cannot be paralleled in Europe: here the females choose their husbands, the proposal of marriage proceeding from the woman, and not from the man, as with us."

Discovery of an ancient Church in Cornwall.—At Perranporth, Mr. Michell has recently removed the sand from a church in the parish, which appears to have been overwhelmed by it, according to tradition, faintly supported by records, five hundred or six hundred years ago. This church is probably one of the most ancient ever laid open, and wants nothing to render it complete as when first erected, except its roof and doors. The length of the church within its walls is twenty-five feet; without, thirty; the breadth within twelve feet and a half, and the height of the walls the same. At the eastern end is a neat altar of stone, covered with lime, four feet long by two and a half wide, and three feet high. Eight inches above the centre of the altar is a recess in the wall, in which probably stood a crucifix, and on the north side of the altar is a small doorway, through which the priest entered. The chancel was exactly six feet, leaving nineteen feet for the congregation, who were accommodated with stone seats, twelve inches wide, and fourteen inches high, attached to the west, north, and south walls of the nave. In the centre of the nave, in the south wall, is a neat Saxon arched doorway, highly ornamented, seven feet four inches high by two feet four inches wide. The key-stone of the arch projects eight inches, on which is rudely sculptured a tiger's head. The floor was composed of

sand and lime, under which bodies were unquestionably buried, the skeletons of two having been discovered. It is very remarkable that no vestige of a window has been found, unless a small aperture of inconsiderable dimensions, in the south wall of the chancel, and which is ten feet above the surface of the floor, should be considered one; it must therefore be presumed, that the services must have been performed by the light of tapers. Around this interesting building lie thousands of human bones exposed to desecration, the winds having removed the sand in which they were deposited.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.—Professor Pleischl, of Prague, having exposed a solution of bisulphate of potash in a porcelain vase, observed in the evening that the edge of the vase was covered with a brilliant phosphoric light, similar to that which is seen on the surface of the sea at night. The luminous rays sometimes seemed to cover the whole of the liquid, and when stirred with a glass tube, it became even more brilliant, and emitted sparks. By means of this tube, M. Pleischl took out some of the luminous crystals and examined them. The phosphorescence lasted for an hour, and the next day the crystals were found hanging on all sides of the vase.

FLORENCE.—Accounts from Florence state, that so great were the apprehensions entertained there of the cholera, that the picture of the Virgin in the church of Santissima Annunziata has been uncovered. This sacred piece of antiquity is the Palladium of Florence, and never exhibited but to persons of the highest distinction, and that only at the interposition of the supreme authority. It is not unveiled even on the festival of the Annunciation; and it is only on occasion of some extraordinary calamity or rejoicing (as, for instance, lately, on the birth of the crown-prince) that it is exposed for a time to the eyes and kisses of the people. It is a fresco painting, representing the Annunciation, and many copies of it are dispersed over Italy. The legend relative to it is, that Bartolomeo, the painter, tired with work, left off one night when he had finished his picture, with the exception of the head of the Virgin. Next morning, when he went to complete his task, behold, the head had been meanwhile painted by invisible hands!

EARTHQUAKE.—A slight shock of earthquake was recently felt around Dieppe. It lasted five or six seconds, was attended by a low rumbling sound, and caused some pieces of the Cliff of St. Valery to fall.

EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER.—A mercantile expedition to the Niger, of which intent we heard many months ago, is, we perceive from the Glasgow newspapers, about to proceed on its destination. A quondam slave-ship, carrying out a small iron steamer, leads the way.

NEWLY DISCOVERED COPPER MINES.—There has lately been discovered on the property of Lord Dinorben, in the parish of Llanwenllwofo, Anglesey, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Parys and Mona mines, a very rich vein of copper. It is in many parts almost in a pure state, and much purer than even the copper coinage of 1799; consequently, a question will arise for the consideration of geologists and others who feel pleasure in investigating these matters, whether the secondary stratum in which it is found must not, at some remote period, have been acted upon by great and powerful heat, so as to dislodge the ore from the stone, and run it in a state of fusion into the form in which it is now found. This discovery is very seasonable, as the Parys and Mona mines, which have so long been a source of immense wealth to their proprietors, and of profitable employment to many hundreds of poor families, were become nearly exhausted, at least so far as they had been explored.

THE NEEDLE IN IRON-BOATS.—Captain Johnson, R.N., has been directed by the Lords of the Admiralty to proceed to Limerick, for the purpose of making certain experiments on the attraction of the needle on board the iron steam-boats in the Shannon. It appears that the compass has been found nearly useless in these vessels.

ACCIDENTS BY STEAM-ENGINES.—The Parliamentary trustees on the river Clyde have offered a premium of one hundred guineas for the best practical mode of pre-

venting accidents from the imperfect construction of steam-engine machinery. Another one hundred pounds is to be divided amongst the unsuccessful candidates who invent something worthy of attention.

Wooden Pavements.—We observe from the New York papers, that a trial is about to be made in that city of the plan of paving with wood followed in St. Petersburgh, and repeatedly recommended for adoption in the more retired parts of our own metropolis. A part of the Broadway has been selected for the purpose. "Each of the small blocks of wood is of an hexagonal shape; the whole are fitted together and driven up tightly by a long strip of timber near the gutter at the sides; and the interstices between the blocks to be well payed with tar or pitch."

Fountain of Sea Water.—A clock-maker in Malta, who possessed some land towards the north-west point of Gozzo, tried to establish pits in it for the making of salt: several pits were dug, and there being a cavern underneath the ground which communicated with the sea, a hole was bored into the cavern, and machinery erected for drawing up the salt water through it, for the filling of the pits. In a short time, however, the poor watch-maker found that the calcareous nature of the soil of his manufactory caused so rapid an absorption of the water, that little or no salt was left; he therefore abandoned the enterprise, and fell sick from the disappointment. But his misfortunes were not over, for no sooner did the stormy season set in, than a fresh disaster occurred, for every time a tempest came from the north, or north-west, the sea forced itself through the hole, and spouted forth into a magnificent fountain in the shape of a wheatsheaf; but such was its force, that it covered the lands of the neighbours, and destroyed their crops. Action after action was brought against the unhappy owner, who at length died of grief. No sooner was his death known, than the injured neighbours hastened with large stones to fill up the hole, which stopped the nuisance for a time; but when the storms again made their appearance, the stones were either sucked in, or scattered above, and the water again rose to the height of sixty feet. Three times has this occurred with a noise resembling subterranean thunder and firing of cannon, and the inhabitants expect a repetition of the annoyance.

Antique Relic.—A most elegant relic of the time when Ebor owned the Roman's sway was recently turned up between York and Drinkhouses, a site rich in Roman remains. It is a signet of iron, contained in a case of silver, or some mixture of which silver constitutes the principal part. Its form is as near as possible that of the fashionable eyeglass of the present day, neatly engraven, and the rivets are of brass. It has a ring at the top, by which it has in all probability been attached to a chain, and thus worn as an ornament upon the person. On the obverse is a striking profile of Flavius Domitian, with the inscription "FLAVIUS DOMI.," and on the reverse is a man on horseback, the animal in a trot, and the man elevating a whip, seemingly in the act of urging it forward, with the motto "HOMO ET EQUUS." Flavius Domitian was the second son of Flavius Vespasian, who reigned from A. D. 81 to 96, in which year he was assassinated; so that the signet, it is likely, is between one thousand seven hundred and one thousand eight hundred years old, and yet the letters and every part of the engraving are distinct and perfect. This singular state of preservation is doubtless to be attributed to the superior state of the workmanship, and the exactness with which the iron was inclosed and protected by the less corrosive and more precious metal, of which the case is composed.

Relics of the Protectorate.—Some curious ancient relics were discovered a few days ago at the bottom of a hill near Bristol. A pit was dug into on the site where, in 1645, was erected Prior's Hill fort, which was one of the fortifications raised against the Protector's army, under Fairfax, who was then besieging Bristol. A number of bullets were found, and several small measures, which are supposed to have been used for the purpose of charging muskets with a particular quantity of shot. The relics are stated to have excited considerable competition at Bristol.

Ancient Vessel discovered.—In making a new sluice to the citadel of Calais, an ancient vessel, forty-five feet in length, twelve in breadth, and eight in depth, was discovered in the ground; strongly built, though its measurement does not exceed

eighty tons, and has evidently never been covered with a deck. Coins were found in it with the date of 1219; and, as it lay twelve feet below the foundations of the inner wall of the fortifications erected by the Count de Boulogne, it is to be presumed that the vessel was not discovered at that period. It cannot be ascertained whether it was ever at sea, but there is reason to believe it was erected before Calais was made a regular port, and when the sea ran far up the present land.

MECHANICS IN SAILING.—The "Bibliotheca Italiana" gives a detailed description of "the application of a windmill to the motion of vessels at sea, invented by Signor Giuseppe Bruscetti, engineer." The vessel has two paddle-wheels like a steam-boat, and the mechanism of the windmill is so contrived, that if there is any wind at all, from whatever quarter it may blow, the vessel is propelled by the action of the sails, and may be steered in whatever direction is desired.

EXPEDITION TO THE EUPHRATES.—Some time, we fear, must elapse before the necessary preliminaries are arranged for the progress of this expedition. A letter from Constantinople states, that the Grand Seignor had intimated to the Pasha of Egypt, by a Tartar, despatched on the 24th of June, that he could not prescribe the course to be pursued, until a reply was received from the government of England to certain propositions submitted to it.

CONTINENTAL WORKS.—The employment of capital on the continent for the improvement of the means of internal communication is keeping pace with the spirit of enterprise which is manifested in England in the same form of investment. Among the most conspicuous of the recent projects is one for connecting the rivers Maine and Danube by a canal, which is undertaken under the peculiar sanction and stipulated support of the government of Bavaria, through which kingdom the proposed canal will principally pass. It will be 108 miles in length, entering into the Maine at Bamberg, and the Danube at Kelheim. When finished, there will be a complete communication by water conveyance through the whole of Europe, by the Rhine, the Maine, and the Danube, to the Black Sea; and by the Karlowitz canal, now executing in the Austrian states, from the Danube, in Hungary, to the Adriatic. The capital of the Bavarian company is to be 10,000,000 of florins, (about £50,000l.) and the canal is to remain a perpetual property to the subscribers. When the shares are all taken, the Bavarian Government will undertake the completion of the work, allowing interest at the rate of four per cent. during its progress, which will occupy about six years, and the full right to the tolls and dues taken on the canal when finished. The repairs of the canal will be conducted by the Bavarian Government at a fixed sum of 105,000 florins yearly, and they will undertake also the collection of the dues at a fixed remuneration, engaging to render a strict account of them to the shareholders. Of the 20,000 shares (of 500 florins each) into which the undertaking is to be divided, 7,000 have already been taken by subscribers in Germany, and 5,000 by the Bavarian Government.

Died.—At his residence in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, the Right Hon. John, Earl of Chatham, K.G., in his 80th year.

At Ambleside, in his 72nd year, John Elliott, Esq.

In her 66th year, Lady Gibbons, wife of Sir John Gibbons, Bart., of Stanwell Place, Middlesex.

In her 44th year, Mary, the wife of the Rev. Robert Tritton, Rector of Morden, Surrey.

At Hampton Court, aged 82, Mrs. Bowater, relict of the late Admiral Bowater.

In the Avenue Road, Regent's Park, George Ripley, Esq., in his 45th year.

At Twyford Lodge, Sussex, Major General Robert Sewell, 89th regiment.

Married.—At Cheltenham, Lesley Alexander, Esq., of York Terrace, Regent's Park, London, and Foyle Park, County of Londonderry, to Amelia Maria, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Bates.

At Woolwich Church, Captain C. H. Cobbe, 60th B. N. I., to Ann, eldest daughter of Col. Gravatt, Inspector of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

At Felbrigg, the Hon. Richard Hare, grandson of the Earl of Listowell, and Captain in the 36th regiment, to Mary Christina, fourth daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Windham, of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk.

At Alderley, Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Henry Scott, Scotch Fusileer Guards, to Harriet Alethea, fifth daughter of Sir J. T. Stanley.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1835.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Book of Gems. The Poets and Artists of Great Britain. Edited by S. C. HALL.

This "Book of Gems" may be fairly looked upon as a constellation of all that is brilliant in English literature, attended by a reflection of much that is most beautiful in British art. The editor has made a selection from the British poets, from Chaucer down to Prior, of the most characteristic and the most prized of their strains, avoiding as much as he could all pieces that, by being generally in men's mouths, or in quotations in their works, have thus attained to a common-place that is so glorious. Of the value of such a collection it would be tautologous in us to speak; but we are bound to say that it is as ample as it is judicious. It contains more than three hundred closely printed pages, in a small, but beautifully clear type; and, when we consider that every individual contribution is, as it truly claims to be, a gem, the extreme value of the publication may thence be inferred. Nor will its moral effects be a little beneficial. This splendid work will circulate largely, we should rather say, universally among the aristocracy, the youth of which, from having it placed within their reach, cannot fail to obtain juster views of what true poetry ought to be, and thus a sterling taste will be generated, bad modern verse be properly estimated, and the good, at length, justly valued. There are rich mines of thought in the elder poets, so rich indeed, that it is hardly to the interest of modern writers to make them generally known. These giants of former days were first in the fields of literature; strong was the arm that reaped, and rich the harvest that fell before it. In the mere graces of expression, they could boast of a richness and a harmony that may well compete with the best recent poetry. The selection from the works of the British arts, is necessarily much more limited. All, however, that is offered to the public is good. The various engravers have beautifully caught the spirit of the paintings placed before them, and evince a perfection of the art that a few years ago we could hardly have thought to be attainable. When the blaze of a glorious diadem is placed before our eyes, we cannot well pause, in considering the perfection and the brilliancy of the whole, to particularize individual gems. We may think that that ruby is the most splendid that we ever beheld, forgetting at the time, that much of its glory is produced by the admirable skill of the artist, in setting it exactly where it is; and this remark

may also, with justice, be made of the other jewels, that form so resplendent a whole. We apply this also, to both the literary and the illustrative portions of this work—each part owes a charm to the other. We shall therefore make no invidious distinctions, but content ourselves with saying that they all contribute to form a galaxy of beauty, of which the literature of the age may be justly proud. The editor has done his part with great ability, and sound discretion. His explanatory notices are clear, without being laboured—and short, without obscurity. The getting up of the volume is in the best taste. There is nothing meretricious about it, for it is characterized by the perfection of a chaste elegance. In fact, it is a complete book, and, notwithstanding our proneness to hypercriticism, a fault we cannot find with it. Hereafter, if we enter a drawing-room, and find it not on the table, we shall assuredly seek it in the library; and, to use a nautical expression, if in both resorts it be found wanting, we shall certainly think that something else is wanting also. When a reputation for good taste can be so easily purchased, and purchased, at the same time, so profitably, we are inclined to think that the ladies at least, will think as much of gems for the decoration of the inside of their heads, as they usually do for the outside.

The Chronicles of Waltham. By the Author of "The Subaltern," "The Country Curate," &c. 3 Vols.

These amusing chronicles are a running commentary upon the author's views of political economy, sometimes siding, yet still oftener breaking a lance in a tilt with, Miss Martineau. The doctrines endeavoured to be established are good, if ultra-tory principles be sound. In fact, a perusal of the work will give the uninitiated a perfect idea of the difference between conservatism and the bigotry of an outrageous toryism. Indeed, in many points of view we must state that we never read a more exciting production. This series of tales, all of which depend each upon the other with a very natural connexion, commence with a description of what agriculturists were at the beginning of the late war, when political economy first began to promulgate its hydra-headed Œdipean theories, in obedience to one of which, the act of throwing several small into one large farm, furnishes the materials of the first tale, called the "Farm of Forty Acres." The author has been very ingenious in enlisting all our sympathies on the side of his theory; but, after all, it is only a detestation of the cruelty exercised in expelling the last family of tenants, whose ancestors had held the small plot for ages that we feel; and though our view of the general utility of such a measure is widely different from the author's, we think there is a mean, which is alone true wisdom, between the policy of getting as much possible produce off the land at the least possible expense, on the one hand, and in which consists the ultimatum of the landlord's prosperity, and that of keeping up a tolerably numerous, comfortable, and manly yeomanry, on the other, which constitutes a kingdom's glory as well as its strength. What that mean is, we think, has never been ascertained. We know that the two extremes are both pernicious. The small holdings of wretched and over-populous Ireland exemplify the one, the territorial farms that in England have swept the rural population into the towns, is an instance of the other. However, the "Subaltern" is so eloquent, that whilst we read his story, if our judgment does not assent to his opinions, our hearts are with him entirely. "The Farm of Forty Acres" is a story of thrilling interest. The tale that follows it, "The Village Oracle," is equally powerful, equally forcible in its delineation of character, and equally ultra-tory in the principles that it seeks to inculcate. The excellence of a well-understood conservatism is, that it preserves institutions while it

reforms abuses, and keeps the vessel of the state in gallant trim, not by refusing to move at all, but by sailing down the stream of improvement in a course as majestic as it is absolutely necessary. The fault that we find with the "Subaltern" is, not that he refuses to move forward, but that he is anxious to retrograde to the good old times. "The Overseer" is merely a continuation of the "Oracle," and is rich in the display of a finely-developed specimen of hardened selfishness. "The Overseer's Daughter" is heart-rending to read; and were it not that we like now and then to try our callous bosoms, and thus observe the petrifying progress of age, we should have actually thrown the book down, from the excess of its pathos: in it woman's undying devotion is beautifully exemplified.

"The Man of many Names" is a villain of too deep a dye to be natural in the present state of society. The improbable is the greatest fault of this part of the work—his machinations upon his uncle are beyond all credence, and the mind rejects them at once as absurdities. But we wish not to give anything like an unfavourable impression of the volumes, as few books have pleased us, and most justly pleased us, more. The "Subaltern's" powers of language are wonderful, and he always holds the reader's heart in his hands, though he will not always so certainly carry away captive his judgment.

A Treatise on Painting, by LEONARDO DA VINCI: *faithfully Translated from the original Italian, and digested under proper Heads. By* JOHN FRANCIS RIGAUD, ESQ., Academician of the Royal Academy of Painting at London, &c. &c. *Illustrated with twenty-three Copper-plates, &c. To which is prefixed, a Life of the Author, by* JOHN WILLIAM BROWN, ESQ.

This is a book very precious to the fine arts, and not a little glorious to artists. It commences with a splendid and well-written life of Leonardo da Vinci, so immortalised by his splendid pictures, and by having secured the personal friendship, and by dying in the arms, of Francis the First of France. Every one must have seen the remarkable engraving of the "Last Supper," by this sublime painter, though many are not familiar with the pictures now existing, the productions of his palette. After his biographer has well-acquitted himself in his life, he proceeds to give a catalogue of his works extant, and, generally, in whose possession they now are. This is a very useful *morceau*, as it will prevent much fraud among those who live by fabricating copies of the old masters. Da Vinci had many pupils, many of whom painted so like their preceptor, that, even to connoisseurs, to distinguish their respective works is a matter of great difficulty. After this catalogue, we have a short memoir of Rigaud, and then follows the translated treatise of painting, which occupies the principal part of the book. The treatise is more shrewd than scientific, but it abounds with excellent and invaluable hints. They read very much like the recipes in that useful work, called a cookery-book, but are not on that account the less advantageous. We can safely say, that more may be gathered from this discourse of Da Vinci's, of practical utility, than from any of the lectures of our learned academicians, so replete with oratorical flourishes, and so elaborate with rounded periods. This book is not only adapted to artists, but also to all lovers of the fine arts—we commend it to their patronage.

Conti, the Discarded, and other Poems. 3 Vols. By H. CHORLEY.

This is a musical novel, written by a fanatic, with several very fine running passages in it, and certainly not set in A flat. As a whole, it is very irregular, but Mr. Chorley is a man of talent, and composes well at times. We like the overture, but the finale is abominable, and we hiss it. To speak in plainer language, Conti is an irregularly-written, unfinished sort of production, displaying occasional high powers, containing part of the history of two Italian singers, and showing the author's strong affection for the science of music. It will be read by all those, who, like him, are particularly devoted to sweet sounds. Mr. Chorley tells us that there is hardly any person who is honest enough to own that he does not like music. We think there is some truth in this. We have been accused, as a nation, of having no ear, and the cause has been taken up nationally, and every body swears that he has an ear, and is particularly partial to good music. It is also taken up fashionably, and we pay prices for music which other nations, *particularly* devoted to the science, would positively refuse. Nevertheless, we believe that we are a nation more obtuse to music than most others, which we ascribe to the climate being so changeable, so foggy, and so damp, that the drums of our ears cannot be braced up to a regular tat-too, and the keen distinction of notes is lost to us. We consider this loss to be an absolute gain, *politico-economically* speaking. We mind our business more, work harder, and *hum* less. We think that there are few who dislike music, they are only very indifferent to it. They cannot afford to cultivate their taste, by the expense attending hearing of good music; and it is not surprising that drawing-room music gives them a distaste for music in general. There certainly ought to be a heavy tax upon pianofortes; they have done incalculable mischief; valuable hours of youth have been devoted, or rather, thrown away, upon this instrument, and a girl who might, had she cultivated her mind, have turned out a sensible, well-informed companion for life, has been made a flippant, superficial creature, whose only aim is to attract attention. We have courage to own, that we detest *drawing-room* music generally speaking—it is like some of the humbug lotteries, where all the tickets are prizes, but not one prize out of one thousand is worth having.

That music ranks high as a talent we confess, but it is also a *passion*, and there lies the danger of high musical sensibilities. It is a winning passion, increasing almost to folly; creating a sympathy between those who are strongly attached to it, which can only be felt by themselves; and often is productive of many more effects than those that are good. A fanatic is little better than a dram drinker, or opium eater. It is his only pleasure, and it is a feeling which absorbs all others. Music is more nearly allied to madness than people may generally imagine. Let it not be supposed we would depreciate it, but when we see it levelling all ranks in its pale, and shutting out all others but its devotees from its pale, we think that we prefer that our own daughters should not be among its votaries. Mr. Chorley assumes high pretensions for musicians. Now, all talents being the gift of Heaven, we know not how to form a scale of their degrees of excellency. Other genius is seated, we presume, in the brain —musical genius in the ear—equally gifts; but we doubt whether Mr. Chorley can demand that tribute to musical genius he would wish in his work, and for this simple reason, that it is not so useful to mankind in general. It is a sealed book to the many, and he cannot expect those to admire who cannot understand. The benefits from the exercise of genius devoted in other ways are universal. For instance, all those who read English may be amused with Conti as a novel, but all may not feel the power of Mr. Chorley's musical talents.

Those who have musical genius, like all fanatics, think they are the first geniuses in the world; so do their followers, who fall down and worship them. They must, then, be content with the worship of their true proselytes. We make this remark, because in the *withdrawing*-room scenes Mr. Chorley plainly shows us that he considers musical people are not treated with the respect which they deserve. Why then do they exhibit their talents to those who cannot appreciate them? The fact is, they want money, and they ask high prices. When people purchase, they consider that the article is their own; and there always will be the feeling of superiority over those who receive money, in those who pay it. And with that feeling, they who hire musicians, however great their talents may be, are too apt to neglect those little courtesies which would certainly do more honour to their patronage, and occasion more feelings of gratitude than even the money itself. This is human nature, without music in its soul. With music, the fault is on the *other side*.

Conti is imperfect as a work, but with some fine passages. The remainder of the volumes prove Mr. Chorley to be a good musician, and clever man. Long may he sing.

Democracy in America. By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, Avoca àt la Cour Royale de Paris, &c. &c. *Translated by* HENRY REEVE, Esq. 2 Vols.

The discipline of a mind, that has made law its profession, tends to give it so singular a bias, that it always will, if left to itself, and if required to pronounce a decision, be seen to balance every question so equally, that it cannot come to a conclusion. To have made M. de Tocqueville give us a definite opinion, either on the one side or the other, he should have had an opponent. All things then would have been clear to him. He would have refuted, crushed, pulverized him. Had his antagonist advocated the democratic principle, our author would have shown it to have been replete with disorganization and ruin; had it been assigned to De Tocqueville to have opposed the monarchical, he would have triumphantly shown, that there was safety only in a democracy. As he had no opponent, he has come to no conclusion, simply contenting himself with saying magnificent sentences, and writing imposing aphorisms. We have repeatedly smiled, as we perused his work, at his magniloquent speeches, that lead to just nothing, and strongly remind the reader of the good Mussulman cry, "In the name of the Prophet —figs." Take this as an example. "A new science of politics is indispensable to a new world." This sounds most sapiently, and reads like a good thing; and yet, is about as good and as true as if we were to say, "A new science of arithmetic is indispensable to a new school." As we have now eased ourselves of our spleen, we proceed to the more agreeable task of telling our readers in what the book is excellent. It is excellent in a great mass of the most valuable information, in the deep insight displayed in character, in an energetic and somewhat adorned style, and, above all, in a liberal tendency to do justice to all parties. It is also excellent through the translator's care, and in the purity of the English in which it is given to the public. His preface is also eloquent, and proves him to be a man who thinks deeply, and can express himself fluently. We think that the work ought to make a great sensation in America, and that it is deserving of the utmost attention in England. It certainly cannot be studied as a commentary upon political economy, or be of much use in its precepts to the science of government, on ac-

count of the vacillation of opinion which we have before mentioned; but it is extremely useful to the legislator for the vast accumulation of facts that is offered to the mind. The reader must not endeavour to come to the same conclusions as his author, for the conclusions of the latter are so nicely balanced, that, as in Algebra, the negative and affirmative signs annihilate each other, and leave nothing but a mere cypher. The reader must reason for himself. It will be a curious thing to see what our friend Jonathan himself will say to a work in which he is described as having every political vice, and every political virtue—no aristocracy at all, and a great, a silent, and influential one—as being under the freest, and yet the most tyrannical government in the world; in fact, as being the focus of all manner of contradiction. The fact is, no one can solve the great problem of this vast democratic experiment, but the old gentleman with the hour glass and the scythe.

Fables and Tales, suggested by the Frescos of Pompeii and Herculaneum. *By* N. B. Le Gros.

The character of these fables is an exquisitely-sustained, sportiveness generally, nay, universally worked up, with a moral curiously and often surprisingly fashioned into applicability. With all deference for old names and established reputations, we say fearlessly that they are superior to Gay's, or to the fables of any other writer, at least among the moderns. They certainly have not the *à plomb* of Gay's productions, but they hit the mark much better, and in beauty of versification and incidental adornments very far excel anything he wrote. There is, indeed, a degree of freedom about his fables that we must a little censure, although we have not arrived at that ultra-fastidiousness which, while it betrays such a laxity of purity, would clothe the statue of the Medician Venus in a high morning dress. We have not lately met with any book that has more amused us, and the etchings are thrown off in the first style, and are of themselves highly interesting. To all ladies and gentlemen who shrink not to traverse the saloon of the Louvre, so highly adorned with ancient statuary, we recommend this work: to those whose sensitiveness stands in the way of their intellectual enjoyments, we will not hazard our recommendation.

The Poetry of Life. By Sarah Stickney, Author of "Pictures of Private Life." 2 Vols.

This "Poetry of Life" is, in itself, a prosaic poem in many divisions. It is poetry highly metaphysical, yet hardly philosophical. Through the whole work, this clever lady teaches the world to look beyond the present for the pleasures that the present are supposed to afford; and to consider what we actually possess, or only enjoy by the means of our senses, merely as the type of some other thing more beautiful connected with it by association of ideas. Indeed, she gives us very pleasant lectures on making the most of every object; but we think that she has a little denied her own doctrines, in excluding so many subjects from this power of calling up a grace not their own. She uses poetry in the sense of contingent beauty or contingent happiness. In fact, as an appeal from the real to the ideal, that ideal itself having a real existence and actual results towards felicity. In this view there is poetry in every thing, even in the devastating and the terrible, as well as in every thing humble and sordid.

In the contemplation of wretchedness itself, the active mind may find, what Miss Stickney understands by the term poetry. In speaking of the poetry of the human face, she denies poetry to the nose. Solomon, the wisest of men, thought differently, when he hung upon it his superb simile of the Tower of Lebanon. In the extended sense in which, through her book, our author wishes it to be understood, there is poetry even in a plum-puddding. And so there is, and we will prove it, not only in its materials, but in the eating of it.

What associations may be conjured by the materials! Who can first look at the plums without being reminded of the rosy wine—the poetical mythology of the ancients—Bacchus, the jovial god—the deserted Ariadne, the Bacchanalians, and the fate of Orpheus. But we must stop, the poetry of plums is infinite. The flour must call to mind Ceres, with her daughter Proserpine, and the rape of Pluto—the beautiful poem in Scripture of Joseph and his brethren—Sicily, the granary of the world, &c. &c. Currants, the lovely isles of Greece—Lord Byron and his works—Shelley's beauteous passages—Athens—and the Lord knows what. Sugar, the lofty cocoa nut—the wavy palm—the splendid imagery of the Tropics, with their deep blue sea, their sun of molten gold, their glories, their devastation, and disease. Cinnamon, the spicy isles so famed and so beautifully described. Suet, yes, even dull, heavy suet, may conjure up poetical ideas; for only let us go back to when the suet is still in the body of the ox, have we not in our mind's eye all the pastoral poetry in the world?

In short, there is nothing so poetical as the ingredients of a plum-pudding.

And as to the eating of it—why, it is a theme for another Crabbe. Is there no poetry in the mother smiling at the union of all her merry Christmas offspring? or the happy father rejoicing in his progeny? Look at the smiling faces round the table, and then let reflection be summoned. How soon is all their merriment to be launched on the stormy waves of life! how many are to gain their haven in peace! how many are to be eternally wrecked! what scenes and changes must they pass! what lines and furrows may impress their smooth-polished brow before they are summoned to account! What a history, what an awful lesson may not be taught to the world hereafter, by the vicissitudes and examples about to be produced by those smiling, those unconscious faces, who fix their little greedy eyes on—the plum-pudding! We really must shut the book, for our feelings quite overpower us.

Forget Me Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-day Present for 1836. *Edited by* FREDERICK SHOBERL.

Forget the "Forget Me Not!" Oh, no; for the sake of old associations and present merits, we certainly shall not forget you. Were we so inclined, we could not, for the brilliancy of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, for the simple energy of Mary Howitt, for the beauty-breathing poetry of Miss Landon, for the many other persons that have lent their aid to make this miscellany excellent. We have also the Ettrick Shepherd among the other good names of literary notoriety, and his, though the last in the volume, must on no account be looked upon as the least. Yet, sooth to say, (an expression he is prone too,) his name will be of much more service to the annual than his poem, for, to speak in the mildest manner of it, it is very crude. There is also Dr. Bowring, M.P., and the lord of many languages, spoiling his own in a silly sea-song, about the land of liberty, the land that we adore, and all that; hoping that sorrow and shame may never break upon its shore. Now we do, and that most

heartily, the moment that either touches it. Still addressing the land, which we hope is not England, for she ought not to be so nonsensically apostrophized, he says, or sings,

> " When to thee our *footsteps* turn, (*footsteps* in a ship !)
> Thou with brighter flame shall burn, (why ?)
> Breaking forth from memory's urn,
> Empress of the main !"

Of all the other contributions we can speak, not only favourably but highly, and the illustrations are beautiful, with the single exception of that of " King Alfred's Return." It is very badly conceived by the artist, and the engraver has done justice to it with an equal degree of inferiority—it appears to us to be scratched and unfinished. Were we to particularize the plates that deserve encomium, we should have to name them all save one. Upon the whole, this is a very superior number.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. *To which are added, Johnsoniana, or Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c. And Notes by various Hands.* 10 Vols.

The alteration in the original plan of this amusing and instructive publication has turned out to be an improvement, and the last two additional volumes will considerably enhance the value of the preceding ones. This ninth volume, now before us and the public, contains twenty parts, all appertaining to anecdotes and reminiscences of the ponderous doctor. Of course, among them Mrs. Piozzi shines conspicuously. This reminds us that we should remind our readers that a very beautiful portrait of this lady embellishes this volume as a frontispiece. How exquisitely the Findens engrave! They had, however, an exciting subject before them, from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. If this engraving be like her, she must have had a countenance of the most perfect beauty, that is to say, if her complexion was equal to the chaste symmetry of her features. Mrs. Thrale's house at Chatham, after that clever fellow, Stanfield, by Finden, forms an elegant vignette title-page to the volume. Altogether, this is a splendid production.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers, Esq. Part IX. Illustrated by One Hundred and Twenty-eight Vignettes, from Designs by Stothard and Turner. To be completed in Ten Monthly Parts.

The ninth number has now made its appearance, and contains the Nun, the Fountain, and a festal scene after Stothard, and some very beautiful views after Turner, all illustrations of the subject matter of the poet. As sailors, we cannot help remarking, that Turner draws his feluccas very accurately, but does not trim their sails quite so well. When bound up according to the fancy of the purchaser, if he be not quitea Vandal in taste, this publication will make one of the most beautifully illuminated editions that has appeared for some time: we anticipate for it a commensurate success.

The Popular Encyclopædia: being a General Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, Biography, History, and Political Economy, reprinted from the American Edition of the "Conversationes Lexicon," with Dissertations, &c. By SIR D. SANDFORD, DR. THOMAS, and ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ. Vol. III. Part II.

This work continues in great force. We have examined this last number more carefully perhaps than the preceding, and we feel satisfied that the greatest pains have been taken with it. An Encyclopædia is not a work which can embrace all points upon all subjects; all that it can do, is to be very correct in what it does say, and if it cannot tell the whole truth, not to tell any thing but the truth. In this we think the editors have succeeded, and their reference to works upon every subject, points out to those who may wish to obtain it, where more information is to be gained. Still we think that sometimes it is too decided in its remarks, particularly when giving its opinions about literary characters. For instance, it says in its observations upon German authors, that Kotzebue was "fertile without dignity, and consequently without good morals." Now, this is not quite correct. In the first place, Kotzebue had dignity, for there is as much dignity to be expressed in the drama of private life, as there is in the public and well-known records of princes; and good morals he had also, although perhaps he did not always adhere so rigidly to them as he might have done. What offence against good morals is there in his celebrated Comedy of the "German Provincialists," of which we shall publish a translation in some future Number of our Magazine. In making this trifling objection, we still wish our readers to understand, that this is not only an excellent work, but the very best Encyclopædia which has yet appeared, and we recommend it strongly.

My Aunt Pontypool. 3 Vols.

These three volumes afford us another instance of talent devoted to what may by many be styled the *inferior* branch of literature, *i. e.* novel writing—which it most certainly is not. But what else can a man do in this day? History is a drug—classics are worse; they are really *dead* languages. Travels—there is nothing new, as the prophet said. Where is there a corner unexplored? We do expect three volumes from Timbuctoo, and then we may consider the whole world of travels as completed. Philosophy, we all agree to be fit only for infant schools, and a political economist is but another name for a fool. All the facts in the world have been collected and bound up, and lie imprisoned in our libraries, stagnant lettered lakes. The river of fiction still flows, and as this world is given to lying, like the one in the fable, *labitur et labiter.* Every one, therefore, who is inclined to launch his bark, now applies to this source, hoists the sail of his imagination, and if he only take care that he has sufficient judgment by way of ballast, generally makes a prosperous voyage, amusing to himself, and to those who read his wondrous tale. The characters although not very new in this novel, are very clearly drawn; the style and language very superior, but the plot is *rechauffée.* Without plot or newness of character, it has nevertheless been written by a very clever anonymous gentleman, a *"ripe scholar,"* and a keen observer of human nature. In one point he is very superior, he knows how to handle his ladies without spoiling them. We think the public, after these remarks ought to be anxious to read my "Aunt Pontypool," and if they are not satisfied with the contents, they must be rather difficult to please.

Mahmoud. 3 Vols.

The writer of this work has not put his name to the title-page, which he might safely have done, as it will at once establish his reputation as an author. We have had until now, but two authors who have ventured in this peculiar field, Mr. Hope, in his solitary but splendid fiction of "Anastasius," and Mr. Morier, whose works in the same style have been such deserved favourites with the public. Both of these authors have their peculiar merits. In graphic power they are nearly equal, but in "Anastasius" we have more pathos—in Morier's works more wit and humour. The author of "Mahmoud" has neither the pathos of "Anastasius," nor the humour of "Hadji Baba;" but in interest, he is equal, if not superior to them both; he is also their equal in discrimination and developement of character. These are indeed stirring volumes; incident succeeds incident, and wild and graphic scene follows scene, until you have hardly time to breathe. History is blended, and well adhered to, in these pages; the account of the destruction of the Mamelukes, and their previous dissensions is correct, and well worked up. On the whole, we have great pleasure in admitting this anonymous writer into our band of imaginative authors. He at once takes a high degree, and may safely let the world know to whom we are so much indebted. The circulating libraries will, we rather think, wish that he had never taken up the pen, for they at least will be no gainers by the production, for the demand will compel them to take more copies than they will be pleased at.

The Tourist in Spain.—Andalusia. By THOMAS ROSCOE. *Illustrated from Drawings, by* DAVID ROBERTS.

This very superior work constitutes Jennings' Landscape Annual for 1836, and is devoted to the description of Andalusia. The views are splendid, and must give us an exalted idea of the former magnificence of Spain. The frontispiece is a vivid representation of a bull-fight at Seville, and will be viewed with as much curiosity as admiration. The letter-press is a composition of the first order, well sustained, and glowing with poetical description of a land so abundant in subjects for inspiration. This gorgeous work is dedicated (by permission, we presume) to the King of Bavaria, and truly it is worthy of royal patronage. If we are short in our notice, we are sincere in our commendations; and we know that the success that the work will experience, on account of its intrinsic merits, will render, on our parts, a lengthened panegyric unnecessary.

Records of a Route through France and Italy; with Sketches of Catholicism. By W. R. WILSON, F.A.S., A.S.R. Author of "Travels in the Holy Land," &c.

This is a book rich in stern truths. We like it for its honest bitterness, and truly patriotic antipathy to gorgeous vice, and tinselled immorality. It may be said that the author has viewed foreign morals and foreign superstitions in a prejudiced light; he has viewed them by the light of Christianity and of virtue, and, if by that light they appear hideous, we should rather be grateful to him for showing them in their true colours, than reproach him with illiberality. We earnestly recommend this book to the perusal of all those who intend voluntarily, or are compelled, to submit their children to the contagion of continental manners. We are

making, even in England, a progress much too rapid towards that looseness of opinions, which respects nothing, believes nothing, and yet endangers all that is decorous in this world, and precious in the next. The bursts of Mr. Wilson's indignation may sound harshly to courtly ears, but as they are honest, they will be heard, and conscientious, they must be effective. Speaking of the intolerant and grasping spirit of Catholicism, he says, and says truly, "If the concessions that it has obtained produce no gratitude, farther concessions will only stimulate to open hostility. It is enough to brave the company of a muzzled hyena; remove that muzzle—it is already almost gnawed through— and the consequences may be easily conjectured" Wisdom would counsel the knocking the beast on the head, whilst the muzzle was yet over its jaws. The hyena is now most dangerous, since it has Dan for its leader, and is dancing to the tune of *ça ira*. We cannot conclude without paying a just tribute to the extensive erudition of the author, so universally displayed in this excellent volume.

A Journey to St. Petersburg and Moscow, through Courland and Livonia. By LEITCH RITCHIE, Esq., Author of "Turner's Annual Tour," &c.

This very useful and intelligent work is to be looked upon as Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1836; it is accordingly very superbly got up, and embellished by twenty-five spirited engravings, which are views of Russian urban and suburban scenery. In productions similar to this we usually find a generous contention between the sister Muses, that preside over painting and literature, for pre-eminency, the palm being mostly carried away by the former. In this Annual, the engravings are harsh, and without poetry, and we are bound to give the preference to the latter. Mr. Ritchie's narrative is at once perspicuous and interesting, for there is hardly a grace of style which he has not lavished upon it. He has told the world, with as much impartiality as elegance, what the Russians really are, as fearlessly pointing out in what they are deficient as generously doing justice to the many good points of their character. This work is one that must survive; and, though it now appears in all the transient glories of an Annual, we may fearlessly predict for it the more lasting reputation of a standard work.

On the Educational Institutions of Germany. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

This work, so highly honourable to the author, is published by him without the possibility of his receiving any remuneration for it; but at the risk of loss, with a patriotic feeling of the most elevated order. He has seen what education has done, and is now doing, in Germany; and knowing what it could do, yet does not, in England, he endeavours, in this masterly volume, to arouse the country, and those who govern it, into some interest for so momentous a subject. Our opinion is, that education should be accurately suited to the wants of the people: the mass, who are to earn their livelihood, should have just so much education, and no more, as would enable them to enjoy literature, never so much as to tempt them to become *literati*. If education is to be general as to those taught, it should be limited in its quantity; and all institutions, avowedly to foster the production of authors, discountenanced. If a man have genius, he will overcome all obstacles, and attain celebrity;

if he have not, he should not be encouraged into the mistake of supposing that he has. Let education be taken up by the government; let them reward literary men who have made their own reputations; and let them read Mr. James's book and be wise; wiser than he is himself, in addressing it so pointedly to Lord Brougham. This, indeed, is the only point on which we mistrust his wisdom. In all else we admire his strong good sense, and the elegance with which he adorns it. Should Lord Brougham adopt Mr. James's views, Mr. James may depend upon it that he will be kept out of sight; for, just now, his lordship is terribly in want of something to keep him advantageously before the public eye.

The Romance of Ancient Egypt. Second series of the Romance of Ancient History. By JOHN GUNNING SEYMER, A.B. 2 Vols.

The author of this work informs the public that his first series having been too often mistaken for the "Romance of History," he has decided to publish the future numbers of his series, each in the guise of a novel or a romance. We mention this, as by so doing, we seem to be forwarding his wish of publicity as to the change he has made. Were we to lavish much praise on the work it would not be misplaced, for it is brilliantly written, the costumes, both moral and physical, of the times admirably sustained, and a very faithful impression of history left upon the mind. From the nature of the subject, Mr. Gunning could not effect much in the vein that he has been pleased to treat it. To the far remote in antiquity, the mysterious only can lend an interest. He has made his realities too vivid; everything in his pictures is clear and well-defined, but cold as clear, and stern as well-defined. We have no sympathy with his characters: mere assentation to their excellence is all that the mind cares to give. But though the exciting powers of this work are but limited, its utility is great. A perusal will impress more indelibly upon the memory historical associations than the pages of history itself. Its appearance is, even just now, very opportune, as the public eye has been of late fixed upon several recently-published works appertaining to Egyptian learning, and the great progress made in decyphering its boundless existing hieroglyphics. We wish well to the work, and shall be most happy to hear of its success.

A New Art, teaching how to be Plucked; being a Treatise after the Fashion of Aristotle, and for the Use of Students in the University. By SCRIBLERUS REDIVIVUS.

Heartily we laughed at this sage, scientific, and Aristotleian treatise, the humour of which is most searching. Who, after reading this, will deny that a man is a plucking animal?—when we find learned, aged, and well-wigged doctors, so intent upon plucking young gentlemen, and thus literally *taking advantage of their ignorance.* Had we been at Oxford, we feel assured that both little-go and great-go would have given us the go-by, for of the one hundred and fifteen pluckabilities, or categories, under which plucking is certain, according to this erudite book, we should have infallibly been classed under a hundred-and-one. We do heartily recommend this little *brochure,* not only for its quaint style and sterling wit, but as a proof also, how potent ridicule can be in the cause of what is right, and that, of all things, vice may be made to appear, what it really is, the absurdest.

The Hour of Retribution, and other Poems. By DUGALD MOORE, Author of "The African," "Bard of the North," &c.

To the very few who still read poetry, we recommend these poems, and to those also who do not, as it may perhaps give them some taste for what they may now be pleased to call a ding. Those who attend to our recommendation will find many beauties to repay them. We pronounce them to be spirited, full of excellent imagery, and harmonious with sweet versification. Great originality we certainly cannot attribute to them. Though we meet with no novel ideas, we do with many new and striking combinations. We much fear that the gems of poetry have all been appropriated; yet, as they are a property that must pass to any hand that is bold enough to seize them, those who occupy them for the time, since they can add no fresh one to the stock, must amuse themselves by varying their relative situations one with the other, or place them in improved settings. This last Mr. Dugald Moore has done most judiciously, and we hope that he will be remunerated, not only with empty praise, but with solid pudding; and a large one too—a cut and come again affair. "The Hour of Retribution" is a drama, which it is not likely that the author will see acted; because all the theatres are bespoke for, or pre-occupied by, so many that are much worse—not that we think this play too well adapted to the stage.

Friendship's Offering; a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1836.

We much admire the feeling, yet melancholy, preface by which the work is introduced to public notice. It is a graceful tribute to the memory of its two former editors, Thomas Pringle and Henry David Inglis, both of whom are silent in the sleep of death. The Annual itself is strong in good names, and in pieces that are worthy of the names they bear, among the most conspicuous of which are the productions of the Honourable Mrs. Norton, Miss Landon, and our old friend, John Francis. His "Unrecorded Grave" is a poem of no common merit. The engravings are very varied in their subjects, and very beautiful in their execution. We have no space to particularize, only we are bound to say that we cannot point out a bad one. We hope that this token of friendship may pass into multitudinous hands, as well for the sake of philanthropy, as a proof of good taste in the English public.

Narrative of a Voyage round the World; comprehending an Account of the Wreck of the Ship "Governor Ready," in Torres Straits, a Description of the British Settlements on the Coast of New Holland, &c. &c. By T. B. WILSON, M.D., Surgeon R.N.

There is much interesting reading in this work, the more particularly that part which describes the loss of the ship and the long voyage that the author and the crew were obliged to take in the boats. The description of the various lands in which it was Dr. Wilson's fortune to be cast, with the peculiarities of their respective inhabitants, are all well-selected, and form a very amusing book. There are also, at the latter end of the volume, some very valuable suggestions upon the best method of preserving the health of the convicts in their long voyages to the penal settlements. The book has our best wishes for its success, and if merit can insure it, success it must have.

The Sacred Classics; or, the Cabinet Library of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. B. CATTERMOLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A.

This twenty-third volume of the "Sacred Classics" has a new and a very engaging feature to embellish its sterling worth—a well-executed engraving by Rodgers, after that gem by Correggio in the national gallery. This volume consists, with Mr. Stebbing's introductory essay, of two parts of the life of Christ, by Jeremy Taylor. As Mr. Stebbing has very justly observed, this life is piously practical; showing fully that our Saviour, in his blessed mission, not only assured heaven to the true Christian, but also taught him how, in his own example and practice, to bring much of the happiness of heaven upon earth, by correctly fulfilling his social as well as his religious duties. As it has been often before observed, were the incarnation but a fiction, for the moral good our Saviour has done by his precepts to mankind, he would deserve worship and deification. But, after all, this assertion savours not of true wisdom; for, without the divinity had been in our Redeemer, the mere mortal man could not so have taught and so have acted. We request all to whom Taylor is at present a stranger, to hasten to make themselves acquainted with his elegance, his energy, and his unanswerable arguments. He is assuredly one of England's brightest classics.

The New Years' Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir. Edited by Mrs. ALARIC WATTS.

Mrs. Watts' donation to the youth of all who speak our language is, this year, a highly intellectual as well as a beautiful present. The engravings are of a very superior description, yet admirably adapted to captivate the juvenile mind. Among the contributors, Mrs. Abdy's name is conspicuous, and a voucher for something superior. Her "Dependent Child" will not disappoint the expectations that even her name must create. There are some sweet things also by Mary Howitt, and a well-written tale by Miss Atherstone. Indeed, there is no one contribution to this pet annual of ours of which even the most hypercritical cannot speak highly. It is a pleasing and a heart-warming contemplation to see so much talent devoted to ends at once so virtuous and benevolent. Our little gentry, when they receive this elegant present from their parents and their friends, should be taught to look a little beyond the mere gift, and be made to understand, that they owe no small share of gratitude to the purveyors of so much happiness and instruction, as this Annual is the elegant means of imparting to them. We wish to see it very generally in their hands, and if it be not, we shall almost suppose that they have not been deserving of such a distinction, or that their friends have been a little remiss in discrimination.

Voyage round the World, including Travels, &c. &c. from 1827 *to* 1832. *By* JAMES HOLMAN, R.N., F.R.S.

These superior volumes, the author of which makes such excellent use of other people's eyes and his own judgment, correcting the mistakes of the former by the soundness of the latter, have now drawn to a conclusion by the publication of the fourth and last. It is embellished with several amusing and well-executed lithographs, which much enhance the value of the book. The first ten chapters of this interesting volume are

occupied solely by Chinese matters; and also contains a very good abstract of Chinese history. The traveller then proceeds to Van Diemen's Land, and describes almost every thing connected with that penal colony. From thence, he makes his way to New South Wales, and after gathering in that country much useful information, he arrives at New Zealand, and there prosecutes his inquiries; of all which the reader has the advantage. From this place, after doubling Cape Horn, he visits Bahia, and at length finally returns to England. The mass of curious and valuable information that Mr. Holman has collected is quite astonishing, and wonderfully correct. There is something very pleasing, and even pathetic in the manner in which Mr. Holman takes leave of his readers. But whether he travel again, or retire to enjoy the honours he has already gained, into the bosom of private life, we wish him every happiness and many years.

Flowers of Loveliness. Twelve Groups of Female Figures, emblematic of Flowers. Designed by E. J. PARRIS, Esq. *With Poetical Illustrations, by the* COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

The Annuals have this year been glorious indices of the high state of refinement to which we have arrived; but the publication before us, in gorgeousness of adornment, and elegance of design, has taken a start even beyond these. The work before us is a broad folio, containing twelve designs by Parris, of what in all creation is most beautiful—beautiful women; illustrated by what is most intellectual, poetry, if possible, still more beautiful, by the countess, in whose person, and in whose mind, we acknowledge a sovereignty on all subjects connected with the word beauty. The flowers commemorated by the poetess and the painter, are those common ones that, from the sweet associations with which they are endued, can never become common-place; flowers that have ever been, and ever will be, at once the inspiration and the embellishment of poetry. Roses, violets, the lofty and the lonely lily, the sun-flower and the daisy, with others that we love, because we know them intimately, have been the springs of enthusiasm both to the poetess and the painter. It is a volume to which the twin Muses would delight to bend, but is one not to be opened even by these fabled immortals, lightly or carelessly, but in a splendid temple, amidst altars, and votaries, and incense, for it is a book of regal magnificence, and imperial exterior. Art has done every thing for the outside, inspiration for that which it contains. But, as in England, temples erected to the Muses do not abound, whilst those to elegance do, in the shape of multitudinous drawing-rooms; to those latter we commend the keeping of this superb work, and we doubt not, but that faces as fair, and forms as graceful, will bend over it, as ever Greek or Roman fondly imagined personified the glorious divinities which he worshipped under the name of Muses.

The Historical Keepsake; a Series of original Tales, chiefly illustrative of important and interesting Events in British History. Second Series. Edited by JOHN WATSON DALBY. *With Engravings from original Designs and celebrated Pictures.*

We have an English proverb, of much significancy, which we generally use when we do not wish to praise anything outrageously—it is, "It will pass in a crowd." Well, there is just now a crowd of Annuals. May "The Historical Keepsake" pass in it—for we shall ourselves pass no opinion upon it.

Random Recollections of the House of Commons, from the year 1830 *to* 1835, *including Personal Sketches of the leading Members of all Parties.* By One of no Party.

If this work have not a great run, as it is technically called, we shall incontinently give up literary prophecy. It is racy in the extreme, and contains a strong touch of the humorous. Its impartiality is unimpeachable; for the ludicrous traits of both Whigs and Tories are recorded with a marvellous, and we must say, a grinning fidelity. The author rejoices over these absurdities, and thus pleasantly damns the perpetrators of them to everlasting fame. We repeat that this dish of truth for the public, will excite no little anger from certain individuals. Neither the Lord Advocate of Scotland, or Mr. Croker, when they smile as they read, that the one spoke Edinburgh and the other Quarterly reviews against each other, will smile with much real satisfaction. For pleasant reading this work has no superior; and it will be exceedingly valuable to the public historian, as it is now absolutely necessary to the modern quidnunc.

Poems and Lyrics. By Robert Nicholl.

These effusions are decidedly good. We do not pronounce this lightly, and, we trust, that both the author and the public will place a just value upon this opinion; as, in general, we have been regarded as too little merciful to those who mistake versification for poetry, and the ambition to write well for the act. There is a Doric simplicity about the Scottish idiom, that throws a classic halo around poetry expressed in it, which conceals many faults and much heightens real beauties. Of this advantage Mr. Nicholl has nobly availed himself; not that we think that he has many faults to conceal, but very many beauties to embellish. That he does not depend for his success upon mere contingent advantages he fully evinces by his compositions in pure and rich English. Let our readers do themselves a real pleasure, and possess themselves of this work.

A History of British Fishes. By William Yarrel, F.L.S. *Illustrated by upwards of Four Hundred Wood-cuts, including numerous Vignettes.*

We have, as yet, found this to be an excellently conducted work, and this part, the ninth, is quite on a par with any of its predecessors. It treats, among other fish, of the pike, and it would seem that that voracious animal has the power of almost unlimited bulk and age. The notices on the habits of the salmon are very curious, and like all the information contained in this publication, are given in a very pleasant manner. If it have only one half the success that it merits, it will command a wonderful circulation.

A Compendium of Modern Geography, with Remarks, &c. By R. Read.

A former edition of this book had our just commendations. We shall not here repeat them, but barely remark, that the work having now attained its fifth impression, we spoke not without sufficient grounds for praise.

Heath's Book of Beauty*, 1836, *with Nineteen beautifully finished Engravings, from Drawings by the first Artists. Edited by the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Truly, to use rather a pedantic phraseology, no one but the Deity who presides over beauty, or the Countess of Blessington, could, by any probability, have commanded into existence a book of beauty so perfect as this. We will not say, that all its articles are of a similar brilliancy. It has its graduated shades, as well as its strong lights; but they harmonize and produce a whole, such as beauty will love, for beauty's sake. We shall consider this production, in this portion of our Magazine, in a literary point of view: as a splendid specimen of the pictorial powers of our talented countrymen, we shall notice this, and its graceful sister, "The Keepsake," under the head of "Fine Arts." The tributary verses with which this volume opens, addressed to Lady Augusta Baring, are worthy the conspicuous station which they hold, and almost worthy of the lovely subject that they commemorate. "Chariolas," which succeeds, by the author of "Pelham," is a brilliant and a biting satire, veiled with a suavity of style, and made buoyant by a playfulness of manner, that are really enchanting. The allegory is not, if we may so speak, too much allegorized; but reads with all the interest of an actual adventure. It is a bright feature in the book. But we must pass by many sweet articles, and rest for a moment in pleased admiration over the "Dream," by the Countess of Blessington. It is pathetic in the extreme, and strikes mournfully on one of the tenderest chords of the human heart. We must also particularise "Galeria, or the Deserted Village," by the same authoress, equal to the former in every thing but the inimitable finish that the editress's versification is sure to impart to her subject. In addition to these superior productions, we have a tale of sterling excellence from Mr. Bernal, some beautiful verses by Miss Landon, and a spirited sketch from the eccentric pen of the author of "Vivian Grey." There are also many good things in prose and verse, from aristocratic contributors, drawn no doubt irresistibly, into this circle of beauties, by the queen who so gracefully presides over all. The circulation of this highly embellished volume must be immense. All the higher ranks must purchase it, for it is a book peculiarly, though not exclusively, their own. The middle classes—if there be any people so humble as to class themselves under that title—will doat upon it, for they all love to know how lords write, and ladies look.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. ***With Imaginative Illustrations, by*** J. M. W. TURNER, Esq. 6 vols.

The sixth, and concluding volume of this well-edited republication of Milton's works has appeared. No one can fail to admire the vignette title-page, by Turner. It is, in every sense of the word, an embellishment. The volume is prefaced by an appropriate address to the public from the publisher, which is followed by a sonnet, from the pen of the venerable and highly talented editor, which of course, as do all his sonnets, commemorates his own age. The volume contains the "Monody to Lycidas," with other minor translations, and Latin verses. The commentaries and notes, as are all in this edition, are full and satisfactory. This is certainly a work, that from its perfection, and the handsome manner in which, in all its departments, it has been produced, merits the utmost extent of patronage. We trust that the spirited publisher will find his reward in a rapid sale of this first, and many succeeding impressions.

The Keepsake for 1836. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

The name that honours this splendid Annual is an earnest for every thing good, as the editress is a type of every thing that is beautiful and accomplished. The great excellence of this volume is, that this lady has herself contributed so much to it. There are two tales of the deepest pathos, told with her peculiar grace of manner. "Count Rodolph's Heir" is a tale of woman's devotion and of hate, the offspring of the deepest love. It is touchingly tragical, and will long hang darkly in the memory of the reader. "The Artist's Love" is a noble vindication of the nobility of nature, and greatly honourable to the writer, as she justly claims to be of that class to whom admission cannot be purchased by mere talents. Her poetry is also of a very superior order. A lady who writes so well herself, the reader may suppose will admit of nothing inferior in her collection. Such is the case. Among other excellent articles, there is a very graphic description of a Fire at Sea, by Captain Chamier, told in a peculiarly animated style. With the other contributors, we also find the names of Samuel Rogers, the Author of "Peter Simple," Thomas Moore, Mr. Bernal, and Miss Landon. The articles from the pens of all these writers, who have earned a well-deserved fame, are in their best manner. Whatever Annual may compete with, we feel assured that none will surpass, it.

Yarns for the Long Shore Folk, consisting of Land and Sea Tales. By the OLD SAILOR. Author of "Tough Yarns," &c. 2 Vols. Illustrated by G. CRUIKSHANK.

We have received these yarns so late in the month, that we have really no time to expatiate upon them. We have read them. We could not help it. If any of them are once begun, there will be no ease to the mind, until they be fairly unravelled. We will briefly state what the reader has to expect, when he takes up these interesting volumes. The first tale that will be offered to him is entitled the "Farmer's Daughter." It is founded upon an historical basis, and has many of the beauties of Walter Scott, without his sustained excellence. It is, however, a very superior and exciting tale. "The Farmer's Daughter" is followed by a pathetic and West Indian tale, with the singular, yet most appropriate, title of "I Drink to Heads." Our ebony brethren of Africa are the principal actors in this pathetic drama. Their manners, and their language, are admirably hit off. What "I Drink to Heads" means, we will not tell our readers. It is a mystery that they must solve, by getting possession of the book. The longest and the principal story, is a nautical one, known by the name of "The Warlock." On this, the author has exhausted all his care, and employed all his energies. It is really a very superior work. The plot is original and striking, the characters well delineated, and well sustained; but there is much that is improbable in the verisimilitude of the two brothers. This sacrificing the *vraisemblable* to effect is a vice, of which we hardly thought our Old Sailor would have been guilty. There is a naval romance coming out by another hand, in which the coincidences between the ideas of the two authors are very singular. Neither party can be the pirate, as they are unknown to each other.

The Battle of the Annuals. A Fragment.

A good idea, indifferently worked out.

The Works of William Cowper, his Life and Letters. By W. HAYLEY, ESQ. *Now first completed by the Introduction of Cowper's Private Correspondence* Edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAWE, A.M., &c.

This beautiful edition is now made complete, by the appearance of it fifth volume, which did not come out in the natural order of publication It is embellished by a frontispiece view of "Mundesley," Norfolk, spiritedly engraved by W. Finden, after a picture of great merit by Harding "Weston House" is a sweet rural spot, sweetly portrayed. The universal approbation of the public press, has stamped that high character upon this edition, that it can defy censure, and praise is merely a work of superfluity. It is a perfect edition, which none other can possibly be.

Supplement to Captain Sir John Ross's Narrative of a Second Voyage in the Victory, in Search of a North-West Passage; containing the Suppressed Facts necessary to a proper understanding of the Failure of the Steam Navigation of the Victory, and a just appreciation of Captain Sir John Ross's character as an Officer and a Man of Science. By JOHN BRAITHWAITE.

Not having noticed or received Sir John's work, it would not be decorous on our parts to give any opinion on the merits of this Supplement. We merely mention this, that the author may not accuse us of any want of courtesy.

The Picture of Dublin; or, Stranger's Guide to the Irish Metropolis: containing an Account of every Object and Institution worthy of Notice; together with a brief Description of the surrounding Country and its Geology.

This is a very superior book of its kind, and a pleasant companion to any who may be disposed to visit the Irish capital. There is in this volume more attention paid to the plates than is usual in works of this descriptive; and many parts of the volume are more than merely description, for they are very scientific. The map of the city is large and extremely well executed. In fact, this publication altogether has our decided recommendation.

The Comet: in four Parts, &c. With the History of Halley's Comet for the space of Two Thousand and Forty-one Years. Illustrated and explained by Tables, Diagrams, &c. By JOHN SEARLE.

A very foolish and superstitious book, by a very learned man. A short treatise, in which the reader will find a strange mixture of poetry, divinity, astronomy, theory, hypothesis, speculation, sense, and absurdity, very apt to the present time for many reasons. Amidst all this confusion, Mr. Searle has shown lights, and pointed out leading marks, that others may follow up to the most important conclusions. We certainly would say to our friends, read the work—always provided that they are not easily frightened by astrological denunciations. In this respect, Halley's comet has been most villainously used by Mr. Searle.

What is Phrenology? Its Evidence and Principles familiarly Considered. By EDWIN SAUNDERS, Author of "Five Minutes Advice on the Care of the Teeth."

As this science is rapidly gaining ground, and drawing the thoughts of most men who think, towards it, this well-written little treatise appears very opportunely. It merely lays down principles without going into detail, thus leading the way to the study of more voluminous works on the subject. The little that is done, is excellently well done, and shows that the author is completely the master of his subject. As, in every company, at least once in the evening, the interesting subject of phrenology is started, this book should be made familiar to every one unacquainted with the larger treatises. It will give the reader a good conversational power over the whole matter.

The Angler's Souvenir. By P. FISHER, Esq. *Assisted by several Eminent Piscatory Characters. With Illustrations by* BECKWITH *and* TOPHAM.

An Annual for the lovers of the rod and line! And why not? The one before us is well baited, and we think that the public will bite. It is got up neatly, and is elegantly embellished. There is not much novelty in the piscatory instructions; but they are interspersed with episodes that are written with a sly, quiet humour, and not without occasional flashes of a sterling wit. Angling, when a passion, is mostly an old gentlemanly one—coming in with avarice and the gout—therefore, the publishers of this work have not been judicious in printing it in so small and so faint a type. To all past fifty, it must be read with spectacles on nose.

The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction.

We find that this varied and useful publication is, for the present, about to be discontinued, not for want of an encouraging success, (of this we are sure,) but solely on account of the conductors having their attention called to other (to them) more important concerns. Already there have appeared six volumes. This, the last, is in no manner inferior to any of the preceding ones, and is an elegant combination of the useful with the agreeable.

A Manual of Entomology, from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmiester. By W. E. SHUCKHARD, M.E.S. *With additions by the Author, and Original Notes and Plates by the Translator.*

This double number, containing parts thirteen and fourteen, treats upon the physiology of the respiration, the circulation of the blood, the metamorphosis, and the muscular motion of insects, and treats upon all these various branches excellently. We have often before given this publication its just meed of praise; if we do not repeat our eulogiums, it is not because it ceases to deserve them, but because it is unnecessary.

The Squib Annual of Poetry, Politics, and Personalities.

Squibs are Annuals by prescriptive and historical right. The failure of the gunpowder under the House of Lords has been the occasion of an immense consumption of gunpowder ever since. But the Squib is a very modest title for this little work. It is an assemblage of brilliant fireworks; we have not only squibs, with their fiz and their bounce, but mines with their blows up, Catherine wheels, as full of torture as that upon which the fair saint was pinned; and we may add, that there is no want of *crackers* in almost every page. Brougham and Vaux, as Guy Vaux, is very happy. He certainly is as sincere in his wishes to blow up the House as his celebrated prototype. Spring Rice must be quite in spirits with the praise bestowed upon his gin palaces. It is impossible to go through the whole of this work in our limited space; all we can say is, that it fizzes and bounces at every body, Whig, Tory, or Radical, without mercy, but not without wit, for it is full of keenness and satire. All will be delighted but those who are burnt—this is the case in all exhibitions of fireworks. We congratulate the writer or writers upon their talent, and we shall be most anxious to meet them again on the next fifth of November.

History: or the Juvenile Traveller. A faithful Delineation of a Voyage across the Atlantic, in a New York Packet, &c. &c. By the Wife of a British Officer.

This is a pleasing and intelligently-written little affair, that would form a suitable Christmas present to well-disposed little girls and boys. It contains also that plain and unobtrusive piety which ought to be made not only familiar but loveable to childhood. We know that the descriptive parts of her work are true, and as there is in them nothing like ostentation they are as pleasing as they are true. The book is good.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The English Bijou Almanack, for 1836; with Poetical Illustrations. By L. E. L. Containing an Almanack, and other useful and entertaining information for the ensuing year. With six Portraits of Eminent Personages, each accompanied with Poetical Illustrations, by L. E. L.

Manual of Ancient Geography. By A. H. Heeren. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Literary Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with Memoir. By H. W. Beechey. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. 16*s.*

Flowers of Loveliness. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Imperial 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

My Aunt Pontypool. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Fables and Tales; suggested by the Frescos of Pompeii and Herculaneum. By W. B. Le Gros. 4to. 1*l.* 4*s.*

The Keepsake. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. Norton. With 19 Engravings. 1*l.* 1*s.*; royal 8vo. India proofs, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Margaret Ravenscroft; or, Second Love. By J. A. St. John. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Dissent Unscriptural and Unjustifiable; a Third Letter to the Rev. J. Pye Smith, D.D. By Sam. Lee, D.D. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Some Remarks on the Code of International Signals. By H. C. Phillips. 8vo. 1*s.*

Agricultural Distress; a Second Letter to G. R. Robinson, Esq. M.P. By a Farmer's Daughter. 8vo. 6*d.*

The Loseley Manuscripts, MS. and other Documents relating to English History, &c. preserved in the Muniment Room of J. M. Molyneux, Esq. With Notes, by A. J. Kempe, Esq. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*
Milton's Life and Works. Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges. 6 vols. foolscap 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*
The Squib Annual; or, Poetry, Politics, and Personalities, for 1836. 12 Designs by Seymour. 18mo. 5*s.*
Narrative of a Voyage Round the World. By T. B. Wilson, M.D. 8vo. 12*s.*
Municipal Corporation Act. By R. C. Sewell. 12mo. 7*s.*
The New Year's Token for 1836. 12mo. 6*s.*
Pencillings by the Way. By N. P. Willis, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Holman's Travels, Vol. IV. 8vo. 14*s.*
The Rev. T. Scott's Commentary on the Bible. 3 vols. imp. 8vo. with 84 Illustrations. 4*l.* 10*s.*
A Familiar History of Birds: their Nature, Habits, and Instincts. By the Rev. E. Stanley. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. 7*s.*
Minerals and Metals; their Natural History and Uses in the Arts, with an Account of Mines. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Recollections of the Private Life of Lafayette. By M. J. Cloquet, M.D. 8vo. 12*s.*
Manual of Practical Midwifery. By J. Reid, M.D. 24mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Popery in Alliance with Heathenism. By John Poynder, Esq. Second edition. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Macdougal's Improved System of Short Hand. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Spark's Library of American Biography, Vol. IV. 12mo. 4*s.*
Poems of a Traveller. By the Rev. T. Hartley. Foolscap 8vo. 3*s.*
The Roman Catholic Church in Scotland. By J. P. Lawson, M.A. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
History of the United States of North America. By J. Grahame, Esq. 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 10*s.*
The Little Library: Natural History of Birds. Illustrations by T. Landseer. Square, 4*s.*
Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. XI. Deer. 12mo. 6*s.*
An Analysis of Parliamentary Proceedings of the Session of 1835. By H. Deacon. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Pure Gold, from the Rivers of Wisdom. 32mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
The Excitement for 1836. 7th Series. 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Lovette, the Daughter of a Canadian Nun. By the Rev. G. Bourne. 18mo. 2*s.*
Archbishop Whateley's Sermons at Dublin. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Wallace's Additional Observations on Brougham's Theology. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Ramble on; or, Dialogue the Second, between Warner Search and Peter Peeradeal. Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Tales of the English:—the Knevets. By Emily Taylor. Foolscap 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Prometheus of Æschylus, and Electra of Sophocles. Translated by G. C. Fox, Esq. 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Two of the most popular works of the season have appeared within the last few days, we allude to Mr. Bulwer's "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," and Mr. Grattan's "Agnes de Mansfeldt."

Captain Marryat's "Japhet, in Search of a Father," will be ready about the 10th instant. From the interest excited by the portions of it which have appeared in our pages there can be little doubt but that as a separate publication this work will become as popular as the Captain's former productions, "Peter Simple," and "Jacob Faithful," of each of which Three Editions have already appeared.

The success attending the publication of that beautiful work, the "Book of Gems," has been almost unprecedented. We believe that the talent of fifty-three artists was never before employed in the production of a single volume.

The novel published under the piquant title of "My Aunt Pontypool," is pronounced to be excellent; although appearing anonymously, it is evidently from the pen of a practised and experienced writer.

The beautiful edition of Mr. Grimshawe's "Life and Complete Works of Cowper," is now concluded, it appears, most opportunely for the Christmas season, as no work could be selected, better calculated for a Present, or a New Year's Gift.

De Tocqueville's able work on "Democracy in America," is exciting considerable attention in the reading circles.

"Mr. Lodge's Peerage for 1836" is just issued; 'tis a work of singular accuracy, and has the advantage of the latest changes, the entire type being kept standing, so that alterations may be introduced with the greatest facility; its information on the collateral branches of the Peerage is most copious.

Captain Glascock's new work, "The Naval Service," is on the eve of publication.

Mr. Bulwer's beautifully written Essays, "The Student," we observe have already reached a Second Edition.

"The Poetry of Life," which has just appeared, and which has been so favourably received, is from the pen of Miss Stickney, author of "Pictures of Private Life."

An interesting little work is on the eve of appearing, by the Author of "Five Minutes' Advice on the Care of the Teeth," entitled, "What is Phrenology?" in which the evidence and principles of the science are familiarly stated and explained.

The Literary Remains of S. Taylor Coleridge, vols. I. and II. Edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge.

Mr. Theodore Hook's novel, "Gilbert Gurney," is on the eve of its appearance.

G. Hoffinger's Life of the late Austrian Emperor, Joseph II.; Menzel's German History; and Maurer's History of Greece are announced to appear in translations from the German.

The Narrative of Captain Back's Overland Expedition to the North Pole, will be brought out in a cheaper form, and with greater expedition than any of the previous Arctic Journals.

A Campaign with the Guerillas during the present War in Spain. By Mr. Henningsen, an English Officer, who served for eighteen months under Zumalacarreguy up to the time of his death.

The Dispatches and Correspondence of the Marquess Wellesley, while Governor-General of India, Ambassador in Spain, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; with the Letters of Pitt, Canning, Grattan, Lords Grenville, Grey, Castlereagh, Clive, Cornwallis, &c. &c.

An Epitome of Volumes I. and II. of Niebuhr's History of Rome. By Travers Twiss, B.C.L.

A History of Rome. By Thomas Keightley.

The Prophetical Character and Inspiration of the Apocalypse considered. By G. Pearson, B.D.

Paley's Evidences of Christianity Epitomised.

A new edition of the History of Modern Wines. By Cyrus Redding. With additions. &c.

The Rev. E. Sidney, Author of "The Life of Rowland Hill," &c. announces "Mature Reflections and Devotions of that Individual, in his Old Age."

By subscription, in one volume, post 8vo., price 12*s.*, "A Hebrew and English Dictionary to the Book of Psalms, with References to the Authorised Version, accompanied by an Index of every Hebrew word as it occurs in the Text; to which will be added, the Hebrew Psalter, with Points; printed to correspond, in Chapter and Verse, with the English authorised Version."

Also, by subscription, in one thick volume, 8vo., price 18*s.*, "Robertson's Key to the Pentateuch; or, an Analysis of all the Hebrew Words in the Five Books of Moses; accompanied by the Greek Septuagint, and the English authorised Versions."

A member of the aristocracy has a work in the press, founded on facts, entitled, "The Bar Sinister; or, Memoirs of an Illegitimate," to be published about Christmas, in two vols. post 8vo.

The Rev. John Aiton has now ready for publication, "The Life and Times of the Rev. Alexander Henderson," giving a complete history of the second reformation of the church of Scotland, and of the covenanters during the reign of Charles the First.

Those interested in the trade with China will be pleased to hear that a British merchant, resident in Canton, has a work nearly ready, entitled, "An Address to the People of Great Britain," explanatory of our commercial relations with the empire of China, and of the means by which they may with facility be extended.

The Author of "Sketches of Corfu" has a work in the press, under the title of "Evenings Abroad; being Sketches of Manners and Scenery gleaned during a Continental Tour; with Historical Notices, Tales, and Legends of the places visited."

NEW MUSIC.

We have received some excellent music from Mr. Falkner, which shall be duly noticed in our next number.

FINE ARTS.

Heath's Book of Beauty for 1836. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.

The van of these beauties is nobly led by a portrait of Lady Augusta Baring, painted by that clever artist, Chalon, R.A., and exquisitely engraved by Ryall. Her style of loveliness is perfectly regal, awing whilst it captivates. "The Lady Ashley" is touching, with a bewitching simplicity, and the fair-haired "Caroline" is the beauty of a heroine of romance. "Lady Caroline Manse" is arch, and very lovely as a gipsey. There is no engraving inferior to this in the book. In the portrait of "Lady Agnes Byng" there is much of the look of high-bred fashion, still more of intellect. About the "Dilemma" we have no doubts—she is charming. If we mention no more of these rich specimens of talent, the reader is not to suppose that they are not deserved. There is not a beauty booked for this "Book of Beauty" that has not some exquisite characteristic peculiarly its own. Every Englishman must turn over these leaves with as much pride as admiration, as he views what perfect specimens of loveliness his country can boast of.

Switzerland. By William Beattie, M.D. Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. &c. Illustrated by a Series of Views, taken expressly for this Work, by W. H. Bartlett, Esq. Part XVII.

This publication still proceeds triumphing—a strong phrase, but a strictly correct one. This, the 17th number, commences with a "View of Thun," beautifully engraved by Wallis. It represents a quiet, rural, and apparently happy scene, made animating by the introduction of several appropriate figures. "The Lake of Brientz, with the Gesbach Cascade," is one of those sublime spectacles that Switzerland only can produce. Both the artists employed upon it have done it justice. "The Pissevache Cascade," a twilight view, is inimitably executed, and is a view of wild and solitary grandeur. "The Baths of Gervais" is an extremely picturesque plate, and worthy of its companions. The doctor's letter-press sustains its high character, and is at once refined, dignified, and nicely-adjusted in all its varieties to the subject-matter.

The Keepsake for 1836. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

The frontispiece to this collection of gems is entitled "The Brighton Beauty," and is a bewitching portrait of one infinitely more bewitching—Miss F——e. The world should feel much obliged by perpetuating ever so faint a resemblance of a beauty, that nature deigns only to produce about once in an age. We will not say that she is in the habit of breaking moulds such as produced this countenance, but she uses them very sparingly. The vignette title-page, a view of Villa Reale, is good. "The Last Look," by Paris, is one on which we would never willingly look our last. Of "Camilla" we cannot speak quite so favourably. "The Smuggler's Boat," the frontispiece to Moonshine, is a spirited view, exquisitely engraved, and "The Favourite Flower," after Stothard, is one of that artist's best attempts. "Count Rodolph's Wife" tells the tale that it is meant to illustrate admirably—it is by Leslie, R.A. The two views of "A Fire at Sea," and of a ship being wrecked, are both in Turner's happiest manner, though, we must say, that he does not rig his ships so well as he paints them. We must not omit to notice with due approbation "The Escape of Fenella," by Chalon, R.A.: it is in all points good, and the artist's talent has been ably seconded by the engraver. "Fashion's Idol," and

the "Hindu Girl," will afford pleasure in being studied. Than that which this Annual affords, there could not be a more convincing proof of the rapidly-advancing state of the various arts that are requisite to produce a splendid engraving.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings by STANFIELD, TURNER, CALLCOTT, *and other eminent Artists. Made from Original Sketches taken on the Spot, with Descriptions of the Plates,* by the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B.D.

This twentieth part contains, firstly, a view of the olive trees now standing in the garden of Gethsemane, with a part of the walls of Jerusalem. Report says, that these olive trees were in existence at the time of Christ: it must be therefore to the Christian a very interesting engraving. It is good as a work of art. The second plate represents the arched streets in the city of Jerusalem,—a very picturesque scene, and giving a correct notion of what the interior of that city of holy associations really is. Subsequent to this is a wide champaign view of where was once Laodicea, one of the seven churches—a beautiful engraving. The part closes with a vignette view of the "Entrance to Petra," the most romantic of the whole. Altogether, this is a very superior number.

Illustrations of the New Testament, from Original Paintings, made expressly by R. WESTALL, ESQ. R.A. *and* JOHN MARTIN, ESQ.; *with Descriptions by the* REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D.

The above able artists having completed their illustrations of the Old, they have now, in this first part, placed before the public their illustrations of the New. Well as the wood-cuts have been executed in all the former numbers, we have always expressed our opinion that they never did the remotest justice to the very skilful painters that furnished the subjects. Not that the cuts were bad in themselves, for the reverse is our opinion of them; but from the very limited capabilities of the art of engraving on wood. The same remarks will apply to the present continuation: yet is each part extremely valuable for the small sum that it costs, only twelvepence for eight impressions, and as many well-written explanations.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THINGS remain much in the same state as when we last addressed our readers. The West Indian trade, as must naturally be supposed, is declining; that with the East, thus far, looks well. In the Mediterranean there is nothing fresh, and the occupation of a part of the African coast by Europeans, does not seem to have given much impetus to commerce. If the French would act wisely, that is, beneficially for themselves and the rest of the world, they would immediately make Algiers a free port, unreservedly and completely free. We have had lately great arrivals of merchandize in the port of London; but we are sorry to remark, all, or almost all of it, in foreign bottoms. Our shipping interest is in a state of torpor. The expected rupture between France and America cannot involve Europe in a general war, and may be, nay, must be, beneficial to our carrying trade, as neutrals. Of our internal trade, we cannot say much that is favourable. Agriculture languishes dreadfully, and our vast accumulated capital finds no adequately remunerative employment. Every body appears poor, yet money is in abundance.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 24th of November.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 210 half.—Consols for Account, 91 half.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 90 three-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 98 seven-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 13s.—India Bonds, 3 p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian, 1824, Five per Cent., 85.—Columbian, (1824,) Six per Cent., 32 three-quarters.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 55 three-eighths.—Mexican, Six per Cent., 26, half.—Spanish, (Cortes) 48 three-quarters.

MONEY MARKET.—In the early part of the last month, all the Securities, foreign as well as domestic, looked up. The Accountant General purchased Stock, Consols, for the West Indian claims at 91¼ at the early part of the month, and half a million at the latter part for 91¾. Both the Portuguese and Spanish Securities have improved; and, at this date, the Money Market is everywhere firm. The railway mania is increasing. We think that many of these speculations will turn out bubbles.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM OCTOBER 27, TO NOVEMBER 20, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 27.—T. C. Greatorex, Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, picture dealer.—J. Arnell, Edward Street, Hampstead Road, corn merchant.—B. Angle, Castle Tavern, Moorfields, licensed victualler.—J. Taylor, Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, coal merchant.—G. L. Hutchinson, Essex Street, Strand, lodging housekeeper. — H. Redhead, Kingston-upon-Hull, linen draper.—R. W. Stephens, Wood Street, Cheapside, warehouseman.—J. M'Gowan, Gerrard Street, Soho, button maker.—N. Shaw, Manchester, leather factor.—J. Green, Liverpool, ship chandler.—G. P. Ditchfield, Liverpool, grocer.—R. Miller, Norwich, tobacconist.—W. Dixon, Scarborough, draper.

Oct. 30.—C. Flight, St. James's Street, tailor.—R. Noble, Jun., Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico, corn chandler.—J. Topp, Charles Street, Commercial Road, East, coal dealer.—W. and J. Holman, Devonport, drapers.—R. S. Saxby, Chingford, Essex, miller.—S. Stocker, Baptist Mills, Gloucester, victualler.—W. Davies and M. Davies, Oswestry, Salop, timber merchants.

Nov. 3.—T. S. Fiude, Trinity Square, wine broker.—H. Rich, Lime Street, city, tea broker.—D. Fraser, Finsbury Square, ship owner.—W. Polley, Union Street, Southwark, boot and shoe maker.—W. Davies and M. Davies, Oswestry, Salop, timber merchants.—J. Lynton, Cambridge, innkeeper.—R. C. Heigham, Lakenham, Norwich, beer brewer.—W. Henderson, West Bromchurch, Staffordshire, iron master.—W. Hughes, Cheltenham, hotel keeper.—H. Coates, Colchester, cattle dealer.—J. S. Sharpe, East Retford, spirit merchant.

Nov. 6.—W. W. Pierce, Northampton cabinet maker.—J. Greenhill, West Hamfrith, Forest Gate, near Stratford, Essex, farmer.—G. Baker, Birmingham, auctioneer.—S. Robinson, Salford, Lancashire, flax spinner.—T. Bishton, Kilsale, Shropshire, iron master.

Nov. 10.—W. Rogers, Watford, Hertfordshire, salesman.—G. Newman, Beulah Spa, Norwood, Surrey, wine merchant.—J. Gibson, Northwich, Cheshire tavern keeper.—J. Watson, Leeds, brewer.—W. Weare, Leeds, turner.—J. Beapland, Bradford, Yorkshire, timber merchant.—W. Shuck, Jun., Worcester, glove manufacturer.

Nov. 13.—W. F. Ogilvy, Oxford Street, grocer.—W. Llewellyn, Cow Cross, iron founder.—T. Parnell, Plymouth, draper.—W. Bishop, Cheltenham, mercer.

Nov. 17.—B. Ridge, Birmingham, general factor.—J. Bevil, Harleyford Place, Kennington, auctioneer.—A. Molony, Sherrard Street, Soho, wine merchant.—W. H. Guy, Stroud, Gloucestershire, woollen draper.—R. Barber, Cambridge, grocer.—C. Cooper, Liverpool, grocer.—J. Garrett, New Road, Brighton, builder.—T. Ainsworth, Liverpool, victualler.—J. W. Gough, Dursley, Gloucestershire, stationer.—J. Gribble, Ashburton, Devonshire, scrivener.—R. Lubbock, Great Yarmouth, ship builder.—C. Bond and W. Bond, Birmingham, factors.—J. Heap, Manchester, machine maker.—E. V. Blyth and C. A. Kell, Birmingham, factors.—J. Tarley, Bilston, Staffordshire, ironmaster.

Nov. 20.—J. Jermain, Air Street, Piccadilly, bill broker. — J. Wilson, Liverpool Street, Bishopsgate, upholsterer.—E. Farrar, Guildford Street, St. Pancras, apothecary.—S. Strong, Oxford Street, draper.—S. T. Probett, Derby, printer.—W. Carr, New Malton, Yorkshire, linen draper.—T. Bloomer, Cradley, Stourbridge, nail ironmonger.—W. W. Jenkins, Birmingham, brass founder.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Spiller, of Battersea, Surrey, Engineer, for an improvement or improvements upon boilers for generating steam, or heating water or other fluids for useful purposes. September 24th, 6 months.

W. S. Henson, of Chard, Somerset, Machinist, for certain improvements in certain machinery used for making bobbin net lace for the purpose, by such improvements, of making certain kinds of ornamented net or lace with such machinery. October 1st, 6 months.

E. Hoare, of Stonehouse, Gloucester, Clothier, for a method of preventing the darkness of colour which frequently occurs near the lists, as compared with the colour of the middle of woollen cloths, in the process of heating them in water or by steam on rollers. October 1st, 6 months.

J. Bullough, of Blackburn, Lancaster, Mechanic, for certain improvements in hand-looms and power-looms. October 1st, 6 months.

C. P. Devaux, of Fenchurch Street, in the City of London, Merchant, for certain improvements in smelting iron stone or iron ore. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 8th, 6 months.

A. Howard, of Stockport, Chester, Cotton Spinner, and J. Scattergood, of Manchester, Lancashire, Machine Broker, for improvements in looms for weaving, whether worked by hand or by power. October 8th, 6 months.

T. Jevons, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Merchant, for certain improved machinery to be used in manufacturing bar or wrought-iron into shoes for horses, and also into shapes for other purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 8th, 6 months.

R. Jupe, of New Bond Street, in the Parish of Saint George, Hanover Square, Middlesex, Upholsterer, for improvements in ornamental desert, flower, and other stands. October 9th, 6 months.

J. W. Fraser, of Ludgate Hill, in the City of London, Artist, for improvements in raising weights or substances from below to the surface of the water. October 15th, 6 months.

J. Bird, of Birmingham, Warwick, Gentleman, for an improved method of making and compounding printer's ink, paints, and other pigments. October 15th, 6 months.

S. Draper, of Basford, Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in producing plain or ornamental weavings. October 15th, 6 months.

D. Mushet, of Coleford, in the Parish of Newland, Gloucester, Iron Master, for a certain improvement in the art of making or manufacturing bar-iron or malleable iron. October 22nd, 6 months.

S. Holt, of Ludgate Hill, in the City of London, Gentleman, for certain improvements applicable to fire-arms. October 22nd, 6 months.

R. Barber, of Leicester, Cotton Winder, for an improvement in reels for reeling. October 22nd, 6 months.

S. Slocum, of the New Road, St. Pancras, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in machinery for making pins. October 22nd, 6 months.

J. Dyer, of Mark Lane, in the City of London, Merchant, for improvements in the materials used for fining or clarifying liquids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 22nd, 6 months.

W. Patterson, of Dublin, Gentleman, for an improvement in converting hides and skins into leather by the application of matter obtained from a material not hitherto used for that purpose. October 22nd, 6 months.

J. Baring, of Bishopsgate Street, in the City of London, Esquire, for a machine for combing or brushing wool, flax, and other fibrous materials, into teeth set in a cylinder, or otherwise, for the purpose of separating the longer from the shorter fibre. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 23rd, 6 months.

J. Walton, of Sowerby Bridge, in the Parish of Halifax, York, Frizer, for certain improvements for dressing, finishing, and setting the face on woollen or other cloths requiring such process. October 23rd, 6 months.

G. Baxter, of Charter House Square, Middlesex, Engraver, for improvements in producing coloured steel-plate, copper-plate, and other impressions. October 23rd, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1835.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Oct.					
23	48-38	29,69-29,53	W. & S.W.	,325	Generally clear, except the even. showers of rain.
24	52-43	29,67-29,50	S. b. W.	,225	Generally cloudy, showers of rain in the aftern.
25	55-37	29,68-29,30	S.		Morning overcast, rain from 1 till 8 o'clock P.M.
26	52-42	29,39-29,23	S.W. & W.b.S.	,725	Morn. clear, aftern. cloudy, with a shower of rain.
27	49-36	29,78-29,62	W. b. N.	,025	Generally clear. [of rain.
28	48-30	29.95-29,88	W. & S.W.		Generally clear, except the even., heavy showers
29	55-39	29,98-29,84	S. & W. b. S.	,25	Generally cloudy, shower of rain in the night.
30	47-28	30,12-30,08	N.W.	,025	General overcast, rain from 5 P.M. till 1 A.M.
31	57-44	29,88-29,83	E.b.S.&N.b.E.	,65	Rain gen. all the morn., aftern.and even. overcast.
Nov.					
1	46-36	30,14-30,07	N.bE.&W.bN.	,05	Morning overcast, afternoon and evening clear.
2	47-28	30,15-30,09	N.W. & S.E.		Generally clear, except the evening, overcast.
3	48-42	29,99-29,91	S.E.	,25	Rain from 6 till 8 A.M., aftern. and even. clear.
4	43-38	30,01-29,98	S.E.		Generally cloudy, a shower of rain in the night.
5	42-34	29,93 29,87	S.E. & E.b. N.	,05	General overcast, except the evening.
6	43-26	29,89-29,84	N. b. E.		Generally cloudy, shower of rain in the evening.
7	47-26	29,98-29,95	N. b. E. & S.E.	,025	General overcast, shower of rain in the aftern.
8	48-37	29,04-29,85	N.W.	,25	Generally clear. [raining from 5 till 10 P.M.
9	41-36	30,14-30,00	N.E.		General overcast, rain from 12 noon till 2 P.M.
10	40-32	30,30-30,22	N.E.		Generally cloudy. [otherwise clear.
11	44-31	30,31-30,24	N.bE.&N.bW.		General overcast, a few drops of rain at 1 o'clock.
12	45-33	30,18-30,14	N.N. b. E.	,025	Morn. overcast, a shower of rain about 7 A.M.
13	43-33	30,27-30,25	N.bE.&N.bW.	,05	Rain gen. from 5 till 8 A.M., otherwise overcast.
14	44-33	30,13-30,01	N.W.		Generally cloudy, rain gen. from 1 till 4 P.M.
15	46-37	30,04-30,01	N. & N. b E.	,025	General overcast, few drops of rain in the morn.
16	45-33	29,97-29,91	N.		General overcast, rain generally from 9 till noon.
17	48-33	29,87-29,83	W. & W. b. S.		Generally cloudy. [wind very boisterous.
18	54-40	29,78-29,65	W. b. S.		General overcast, rain at times during the day,
19	49-33	29,95-29,87	W. b. S.	,075	Generally clear.
20	51-32	29,95-29,90	S.W.		Morn. overcast, a few drops of rain about 9 A.M.
21	55-46	29,85-29,84	S.W.		Generally cloudy, raining about 9 o'clock P.M.
22	55-47	29,79-29,75	S.W.	,025	General overcast, a shower of rain in the night.

AURORA BOREALIS.—On the evening of Wednesday, the 18th of November, we had a more intense light than I ever before remember to have seen from the Aurora Borealis, extending from the Western point of the horizon to the N.N.E.; the bank of cloud from which the light proceeded was of a curved form, rising to the highest about due North. From eight till near midnight, the light was at its maximum; during the whole time I observed no coruscation.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.—The numerous and large spots at present on the solar disc, are well worthy of attention. Quære:—has the disturbed state of the solar atmosphere during the past few days, any connexion with the perihelion passage of Halley's Comet? which I have not seen since the 15th of November?

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

We have great pleasure in announcing to the public, that the spirited and enlightened inhabitants of Islington and its immediate neighbourhood, have recently established a union, under the name of "The Islington Literary and Scientific Society." We lend ourselves willingly to the views of the committee of this institution, as they are desirous of making the institution more extensively known than they believe it to be at present, and to explain to their friends its claims on their consideration and support; actuated as well by a desire that the inhabitants of Islington

should share with the members of the society in the present advantages of the establishment, as that those advantages should be augmented by the assistance and co-operation of increased numbers.

On the merits of such societies generally the committee feel it unnecessary to dilate. The conveniences of select and well provided news-rooms—the pleasure of friendly intercourse and intellectual association—the amusement and instruction afforded by libraries of circulation and reference, museums of natural productions, and philosophical apparatus, readings and discussions, classes of experimental illustration, and public lectures; all these appeal forcibly to the feelings and judgment of every one who enjoys any time unclaimed by the paramount duties of life, and has a taste for the pursuits of literature and science, or who may have an interest in properly directing the energies of the youthful mind. The committee have an agreeable duty to perform in showing that this society, recent as is its foundation, holds already an honourable rank mong institutions of a similar kind.

A large number of the most respectable inhabitants of Islington are on the list of members.

The reading rooms are commodious, and supplied with the leading daily, monthly, and quarterly publications.

The library consists of upwards of 1,800 volumes of carefully selected and valuable works.

The museum is enriched with collections in various departments of natural history and science, and with philosophical apparatus, some portion of which is of very superior construction.

The monthly meetings are rendered interesting by the reading of original essays, (previously approved by the Committee,) which are afterwards preserved on the records, and by discussions on subjects arising from such papers, or otherwise pointed out by the rules of the society.

Classes have been formed for the study and experimental illustration of different branches of natural philosophy, and for the acquisition of the French language, and proper lectures will be periodically given.

Linnæan Society.—Mr. Lambert in the chair. There was a very full attendance of members, this being the first meeting after the recess. A great number of books were presented; among which were the "Transactions" of several scientific societies, and the fifth volume of Professor Ledeborr's splendid work on the plants of the Altai mountains. The chairman exhibited a branch and leaves of an arborescent species of dahlia, from Oaxaca, Mexico, said to grow to the height of fifty feet. There are living plants of it in the Liverpool Botanic Garden. Mr. Lambert also exhibited the root of a remarkable fern, (*Angiopteris erecta*,) from the Society Islands, and used by the natives for food. The root weighed 14lbs. Read, a description of some new species of *Diopsis*, a dipterous genus of insects, by Mr. Westwood; also the commencement of a paper by Mr. Don, entitled, "Descriptions of Indian Gentianeæ." Mr. Lambert exhibited a coloured drawing of a new species of plantain, (*Musa*,) lately introduced from China by the Duke of Devonshire. Read, "A notice, by Mr. White, of an individual of the great black Woodpecker," (*Picus Martius*, Linn.,) having been shot in 1834, at Billingford, near Scole Inn, Norfolk. The stuffed specimen is in the possession of Mr. Drake, a farmer of that place. The bird was shot in a moist natural wood, where the *Rhamnus frangula* and *Viburnum opulus* abound. Another of the same species was seen at the same time. These are the first that have been observed in England. The conclusion of Mr. Don's account of Indian *Gentianeæ* was likewise read.

Zoological Society.—At the usual monthly meeting, the balance in favour of the society on the 1st of November was declared to be 762*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* Upwards of 8,000 persons visited the gardens in October. Among the accessions to the collection there during the last month, is a male specimen of that rare and interesting creature, the *chimpansee* (*Simia troglodytes.*) Having received intelligence of its arrival at Bristol, the council despatched one of its chief keepers to Bristol to purchase it, in which he succeeded. The keeper then made arrangements for the conveyance of his charge to London: and after some difficulty (owing to objections on the part of the coach proprietors to receive them), he succeeded in obtaining two inside places in one of the night coaches. The little fellow, the monkey, proved a good traveller, and reached the gardens in excellent health and spirits. He appears at present to be remarkably gentle and docile, very sensible of kindnesses shown to

him, and has become much attached to the old woman who acts as his nurse, and who assists the keeper in taking care of him. Capt. Wood, who brought him to this country, states that he is a native of Western Africa, was obtained on the coast south of Sierra Leone, and was captured up the interior of the country about the distance of one hundred miles. When first seen he was in the arms of his mother, who, unfortunately, was sacrificed in order to secure the young one. There was lately presented to the society, by H. B. Campbell, Esq., a white variety of the blackbird (*Turdus merula.*) It is now living at the gardens; and we present the following notes respecting it. This curious specimen is of the common blackbird kind—the *merle noir* of Temminck. It is entirely white, including the plumage, beak, legs, and feet; and was discovered near a farm-house, in the occupation of Mr. Owkam, at Bilsthorpe, Notts. There were two other young ones in the nest, the plumage of which, as well as that of the parent birds, was of the ordinary caste. The present specimen is a male bird: but though he has the quickly-repeated chirp, and all the habits of his kind, Nature, when she altered her regular course, and presented him with his snowy costume, seems therefore to have denied to him the usual vocal powers of his tribe. He is no warbler; but, from his frequent fruitless attempts, it may be inferred, that he feels the dear price at which he has been permitted to wear his novel and attractive plumage.

Astronomical Society.—Professor Airy, astronomer royal, in the chair. This was the first meeting of the season. The minutes of the last meeting of the past session were read by Mr. Epps. Among the papers included in these, was the communication made by the Philosophical Society at the Cape, through Sir John Herschel, for establishing synchronous meteorological observations throughout the world. The days recommended are, the 21st of March, June, September, and October, as being nearest the equinoxes and solstices: the observations to be made hourly. A variety of papers were then read by Mr. De Morgan, viz. "Observations on the right ascension and declination of Halley's comet, made by Dr. Pearson on the 29th of October." These observations only exceed the maximum in the ephemeris 30 min. A solution of one of Kepler's problems by the angular calculus, by Professor Wallace. Observations on the occultations and eclipses of the stars; made at Edinburgh in 1834-5, by Professor Henderson. Observations on the occultations of the fixed stars by the moon, seen at the Observatory of General Gordon, at Ardross. To several of these papers we may revert, as occasion serves. The Rev. Joseph Hunter was elected a fellow, and Captain Russell Manners was proposed

Society of Antiquaries.—This society held their first meeting for the season, Mr. Amyot in the chair. A long list of presents in books, engravings, &c. was announced. Mr. Kempe exhibited a "chart" of the lottery of 1561; considered to be an unique specimen; the bill is five feet in length by nineteen inches in breadth: it has at the top an impression of a boldly cut wood-block, twenty inches deep, representing the royal arms, the city of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, with its lofty spire, the river, and the sun effulgent, and underneath the articles of plate, money, and tapestry constituting the prizes, are curiously displayed in several compartments. This document is in the possession of James More Molineux, Esq., of Loseley, and a reduced copy of the wood-block forms the frontispiece to Mr. Kempe's very interesting work on the Loseley manuscripts. Sir F. Madden communicated a copy of the royal warrant, containing the particulars of the costly apparel and appointments of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., on her marriage with Frederic V. Elector Palatine, in 1613. He also noticed a grand masque performed on the occasion under the direction of Inigo Jones.

Geological Society.—Wednesday, the 4th of November, being the first evening of meeting for the session, the society assembled at its apartments in Somerset House, Mr. Murchison in the chair. A paper, by Dr. Buckland, was first read, on the discovery of the beaks of four extinct species of fishes, referable to the genus *Chimæra;* and found in the oolitic and cretaceous series of England. Some of these curious remains were presented to Dr. Buckland, about six years since, by Sir Philip Egerton, who had discovered them in the Kimmeridge clay, near Oxford; but it was not until a recent visit to the museum at Leyden that the author ascertained their relation to the singular genus of fishes in which he has placed them. The paper was accompanied by an appendix, by Dr. Agassiz, describing the dis-

tinctive characters of each species. A communication, by Mr. Murchison, was next read, containing an account of the quarry in the new red sandstone at Rhone Hill, near Dungannon, in which numerous ichthyolites (*Palæoniscus catopterus*, Agassiz) had been found, and of the geological structure of the adjacent district. A slab of the sandstone presented to the society by Mr. Greer, the proprietor of the quarry, was laid upon the table, and exhibited on a surface not exceeding two feet square, impressions of above two hundred and fifty fishes. Mr. Agassiz afterwards gave a succinct account of his researches in English fossil fishes. The number of species which he has noticed amounts to about four hundred, of which three hundred are new; and he stated that the specimens, too imperfect to be described at present, announce the existence of a still greater number of species. A large collection of beautifully-executed drawings, illustrative of Mr. Agassiz's labours, was exhibited.

Wednesday, the 11th, Mr. Lyell, president, in the chair. The first communication read contained an account, by Dr. Pingel, of Copenhagen, of the changes which have been noticed in the relative level of land and sea on the west coast of Greenland, between 60° and 65° N. lat. By these observations it appears, that there are at several points along this extensive range of coast, the remains of ancient buildings, which are now more or less covered by the tide. The earliest recorded observation was made by Arctander, between 1777 and 1779, on a small island in the Firth called Igalliko. On this island, then almost entirely submerged at spring tides, were the walls of a house; and when Dr. Pingel visited the place, half a century after, only the ruins rose above the water. Some notes by Captain Fitzroy, and communicated by Captain Beaufort, were then read, on the effects produced by the earthquake, in February last, on the currents of the coasts of Chili. A letter from Mr. Alison, of Valparaiso, to the president, gave an account of the destruction at that period of Conception, with the ports of Talcahuano and Maule; and stated that the earthquake was felt to the southward in the Indian territory, opposite the island of Chiloe, lat. 43° 8′; and to the northward beyond Copiapo, lat. 27° 8′; at Mendoza, on the east side of the Andes; and by a ship, one hundred miles to the westward of Conception. It gave an account, also, of the effects of the earthquake at the island of Juan Fernandez, (three hundred miles from the coast,) where the sea, agitated in the same manner as at Talcahuano, first retired, then rushed over the land, and destroyed the houses belonging to the convicts. Professor Sedgwick read extracts of letters addressed, by Mr. Darwin, to Professor Henslow. They referred principally to the writer's observations on the tertiary formations of Patagonia and Chili, and on the changes of level between land and sea, which he noticed in those countries. The letters contained, also, an account of his discovery of the remains of the Megatherium over a district of six hundred miles in extent to the southward of Bueynos Ayres; and a highly-important description of the geological structure of the pass of Uspallata, in the Andes, where he discovered alternations of vast tertiary and igneous formations, and the existence, in the former, of veins of true granite, and of gold, and other metals.

Society of Arts.—The first meeting of the session 1835-6 was held on the 4th instant in the evening. Among the numerous communications which were reported and referred to the consideration of committees, were the following, from the Hon. the Directors of the East India Company:—a sample of cloth from Assam, made from the down of the silk-cotton (*Bombax heptaphyllum*;) a fine sample of safflower from the same country; and samples of fibre prepared from the leaf of the pine-apple, with netting made of the same; also, from Assam, some extraordinarily beautiful specimens of the natural lace from the inner bark of the lace-bark tree (*Daphne Lagetto*) of Jamaica, were sent by Mrs. Landelt. An elaborate set of models, representing the new series of weights and measures of Belgium, was sent by M. H. Van Toorn. Several new members were announced. The illustrations are restricted to eight this season, but they promise to be exceedingly interesting. The first is, "On the use of Science in cases of extreme necessity," by Dr. Ritchie; there are two, we perceive, by Mr. Aiken, "On the Antiquarian History of Iron, and the Metallurgical History of the same Metal:" one by Brockedon, "On the uses of Caoutchouc;" and the others are almost of equal interest.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

TIN MINES IN FRANCE.—Tin was not known to exist in any part of France till the year 1809, when it was discovered not far from Limoges, in the department of Haute Vienne; and in the year 1817, it was accidentally found in the south of Brittany, not far from the mouth of the river Loire. A marine officer, who had long been detained as a prisoner of war in England, and had been quartered in Cornwall, in the neighbourhood of the tin-mines, returned to his native town of Piriac, a small sea port of the department of the Lower Loire. Going out sea-fishing one day, and wanting some weights for his lines, he picked up a pebble on the shore, which appearing to him unusually heavy, he took it home to compare with a piece of Cornish stream tin which he had brought from the place of his captivity, and found it to be the same substance. He gave notice of his discovery in the proper quarter, and M. Dufrenoy, now a distinguished French geologist, then a young aspirant of the School of Mines, was sent with another to investigate the matter, and the report they made shows a remarkable uniformity of structure between that part of Brittany and the tin district of Cornwall on the opposite side of the channel.

NEW HYDROSTATIC ENGINE.—The Rev. J. Porter, of the Close, Salisbury, has, it is stated, discovered a hydrostatic engine, which, if it succeed, will vie with the astonishing power of steam. The principle upon which it acts is the pressure of fluids. The construction of the apparatus is simple, consisting of four cylinders, two of which act as pumps, the other two as working cylinders, each of them having proper pistons. The double-acting power (of the model) is put in motion by only twenty-five ounces of water, assisted by the lever. Some idea may be formed of the force of the pressure, when we say that, with the stroke of one of the cylinders of the piston, an ash bough, an inch and a half in diameter, was broken with the greatest ease. The reverend gentleman is very sanguine as to the ultimate success of his discovery, and affirms that a ship, laden with the usual freight, may take a trip to the East Indies and back, the engine requiring for its total supply not more than a half hogshead of spring water.

FOSSIL TREE.—In the quarry from which stones are at present being taken for the new church erecting at the Miltoun of Balgonie, the quarryman lately discovered, what he at first sight supposed to be a great stone imbedded in the rock. As his operations proceeded, it shortly became apparent that this was a large fossil tree. It is lying nearly horizontal, and is as yet attached by about two-thirds of its circumference to the sandstone. It is about fifteen inches in diameter, and about seven feet of it are at present visible. As it tapers slowly to the outer end, the portion still undiscovered is probably considerable. It is wholly composed of white sandstone, similar to that in which it is imbedded. This quarry is remarkably rich in vegetable impressions. Casts or marks of palm trees are to be found in great beauty and abundance.

Married.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Captain John Sidney Doyle, second son of Major-General Sir Charles Doyle, to Lady Susan North, daughter of the Dowager Countess, and of the late George Augustus, Earl of Guilford.

At Marylebone Church, the Hon. Charles Lennox Butler, youngest son of the Right Hon. Lord Dunboyne, to Eliza, only child and sole heiress of T. Lindsey Holland, Esq.

At the Parish Church of Ham, Surrey, Rt. Moorson, Esq., of the Scots Fusileer Guards, to Henrietta Frances, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Cambell, K.C.B., and G.C.H., of Richmond Park.

Died.—In Hanover Street, St. George's, Lieutenant the Hon. John Forbes, of the 79th regiment, son of General Lord Forbes.

At Hayle Cottage, near Maidstone, Theophilus Jones, Esq., Admiral of the White.

At Holmwood, the Countess of Antrim, last surviving daughter of the late Marquess of Antrim.

At Dunham Massey, in Cheshire, the Lord Grey of Groby.

At Park Place, Paddington, Henry Hoghton, Commander, R.N.

Wadham Locke, Esq., M.P. for Devizes, after a few days' illness.

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